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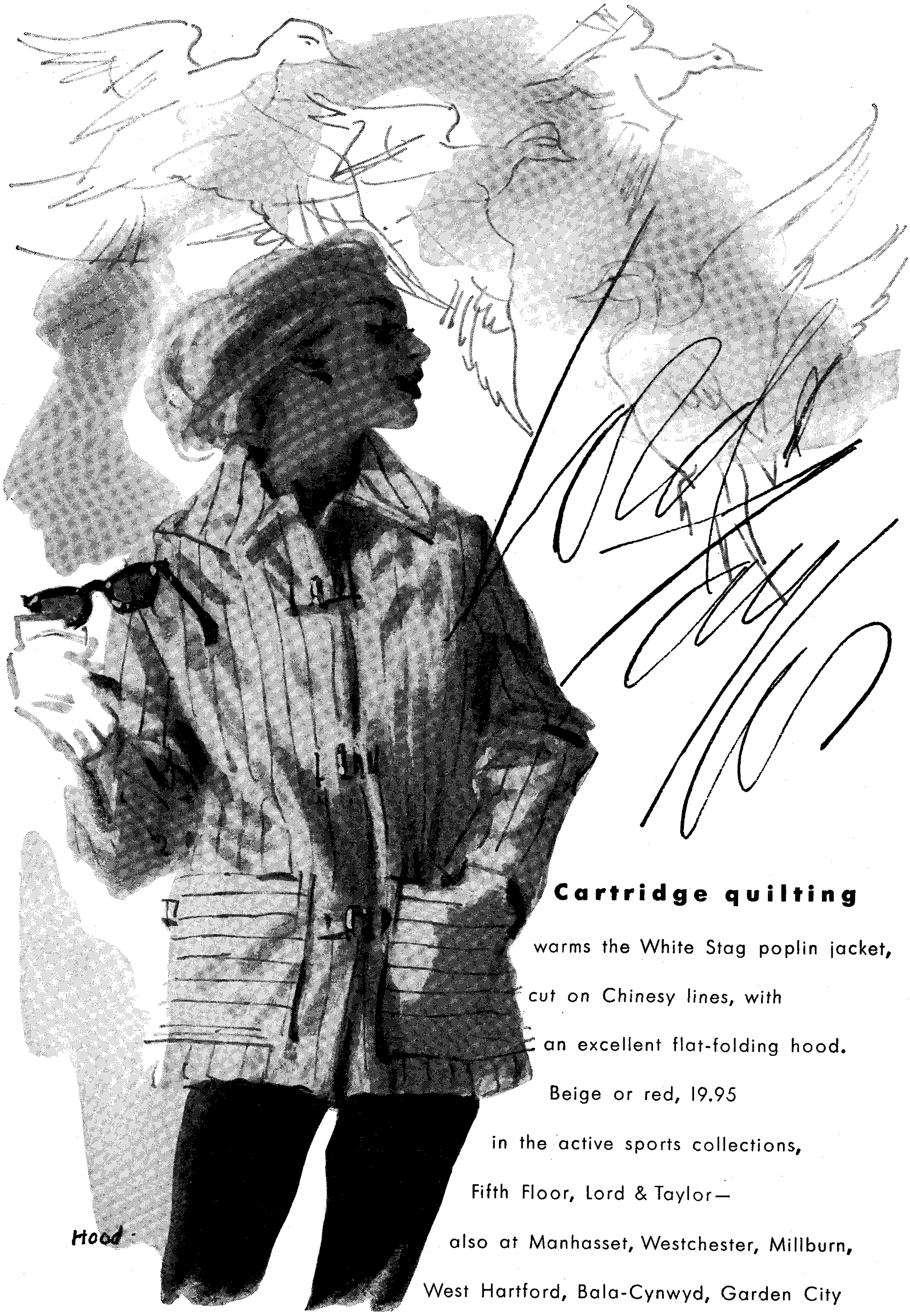

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Boy Growing Up—Emlyn Williams' one-man show centered on the stories of Dylan Thomas, including "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Dog" and "Return Journey." (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

The Egghead—Molly Kazan's play about a liberal whose ideas are a few years behind the times makes some interesting points, but it is not nearly as eloquent or dramatic as it might be. Karl Malden and Phyllis Love head a cast that was directed by Hume Cronyn and includes Eduard Franz, Biff McGuire, and Lloyd Richards. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

I Knock at the Door—Aline MacMahon and Staats Cotsworth head the cast in a reading of Sean O'Casey's autobiographical work. Paul Shyre did the adaptation, and Stuart Vaughan is the director. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 9.)

Look Back in Anger—The hero of John Osborne's play hates just about everything in the world, but he is articulate enough to make it all quite stimulating. The talented cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov, as the author, has provided himself with a wonderful part as the star of this intermittently hilarious fantasy about high jinks in a nation much too small for any map. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tunnel of Love—Tom Ewell gives a very nice performance in this gag-ridden but occasionally diverting comedy, by Peter De Vries and Joseph Fields, about sexual carryings on in Westport. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—A funny account of the adventures of a Spaceman who drops out of the beyond into a home in Virginia. Cyril Ritchard, as the astral visitor, is endlessly amusing. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—AUNTIE MAME: An adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. Rosalind Russell is Auntie. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Eugene O'Neill's attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., are members of the haunted family, and José Quintero is the director. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Nature's Way—Orson Bean, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Audrey Christie in a comedy by Herman Wouk. Produced and directed by Alfred de Liagre, Jr. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Under Milk Wood—Dylan Thomas's play, a London import. Donald Houston, Diana Maddox, Francis Compton, and Powys Thomas head a company directed by Douglas Cleverdon. A presentation of Gilbert Miller, Henry Sherek, and Roger L. Stevens. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill turned out the generally excellent songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—"Romeo and Juliet" as it might have turned out if Shakespeare had been preoccupied with juvenile delinquency and had known his way around a musical score. A not very believable book has been provided by Arthur Laurents, and perhaps the music and lyrics of Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim, respectively, won't excite you too much. But Jerome Robbins has done some splendid choreography. Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence lead a hard-working cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BELLS ARE RINGING: Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that also includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAPPY HUNTING:** The only thing to be said about it is that Ethel Merman is in it. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LI'L ABNER:** A reproduction of the odd folkways of Al Capp's comic-strip hero and his playmates. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and the lyrics and adapted the book for this operatic treatment of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." With Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Moves on Monday, Oct. 21, to the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Rex Harrison and (for the moment) Lola Fisher in a musical version of "The Last Mile." The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Copper and Brass—Nancy Walker and Benay Venuta in a musical with a book by Ellen Violett and David Craig, music by David Baker, and lyrics by Mr. Craig. Burt Shevelove is the director, and Lyn Austin and Thomas Noyes are the producers. Opens Thursday, Oct. 17. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Cave Dwellers—A new comedy by William Saroyan, with Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, and Wayne Morris. Produced by Carmen Capalbo and Stanley Chase, and staged by Mr. Capalbo. Opens Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Compulsion—An adaptation of Meyer Levin's novel about the Leopold-Loeb case. Frank Conroy, Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, and Howard Da Silva are in a cast under the direction of Alex Segal. Presented by Michael Myerberg and Len S. Gruenberg. Opens Monday, Oct. 21. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Monique—A play by Dorothy and Michael Blankfort, based on a novel by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac and starring Patricia Jessel and Denholm Elliott. Directed by Shepard Traube and produced by him in association with Stephen W. Sharmat. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 22. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Oct. 18-20: "Don Giovanni."... ¶ Starting Friday, Oct. 25: "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is

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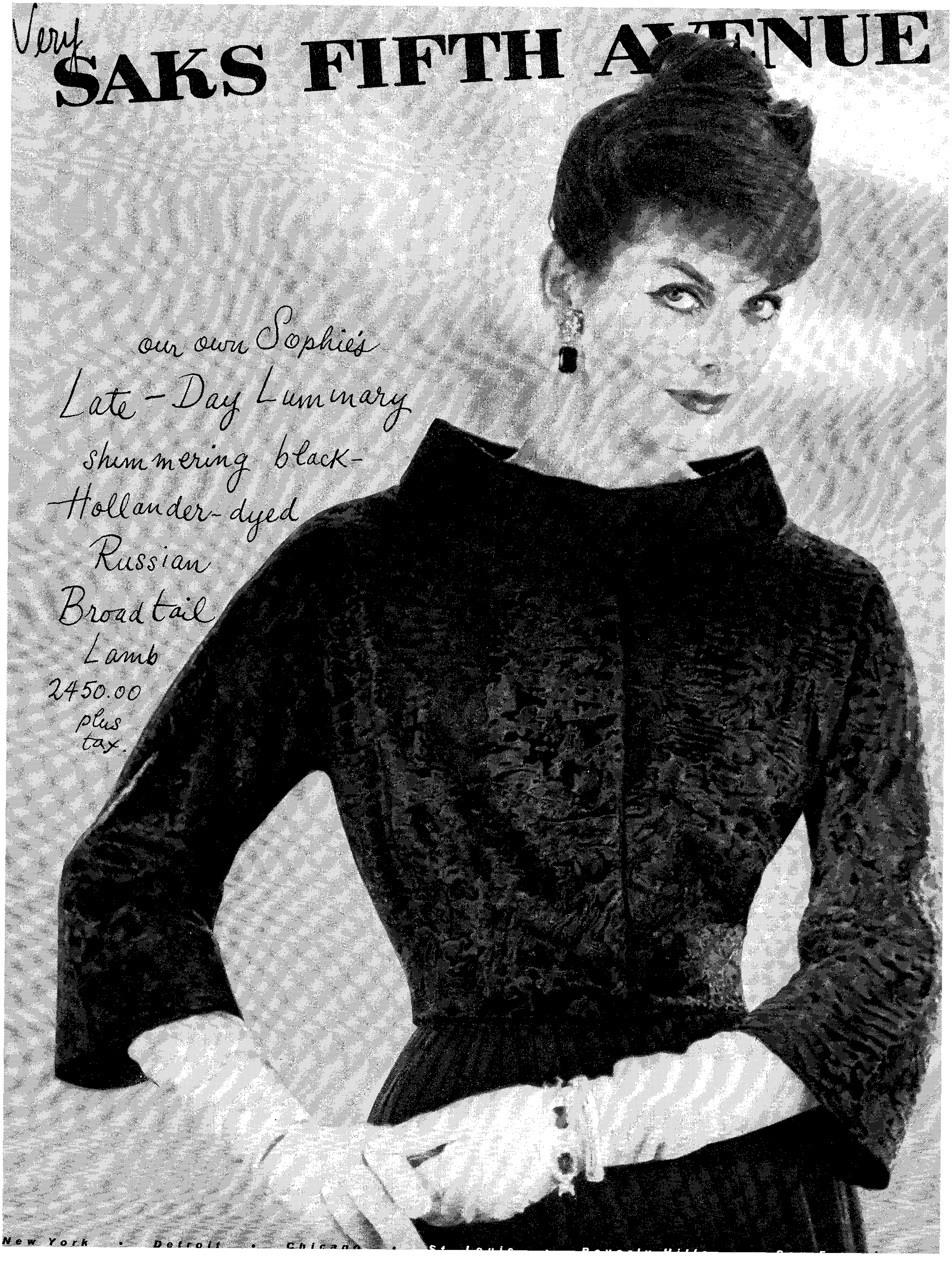
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 35, October 19, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—"Tevya and His Daughters," a play by Arnold Perl, based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5 and 8:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Eva Le Gallienne, Irene Worth, and Max Adrian in Schiller's "Mary Stuart," adapted by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich, and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Shakespearewrights—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. Opens Wednesday evening, Oct. 23. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Dancers of Bali—A company of forty-five, headed by Mario and Nguruh Raka and including the palace gamelan (native orchestra), from the village of Tabanan. A ten-day engagement that opens Thursday, Oct. 24, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 2. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Variations Classiques," "Sombreros," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: "The Mikado," "Harlequinade," and "Schéhérazade." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

MISCELLANY

The Best of Burlesque—A nostalgic reconstruction of famous skits, songs, and strip routines, narrated by Sherry Britton and featuring Tom Poston. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, practically the last survivor of the Park Avenue showplaces, is playing it safe and sane; that is, dinner music until ten and dancing after that. The after-that part is the work of Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba squad. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are on the dead run all night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room this year is solely a *palais de danse*, operated by a remarkably cheerful orchestra, led by Joseph Sudy, and a large choir of violinists, who sometimes swarm all over the customers and sometimes just do waltz music. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There's dancing in the Café Pierre, too, from cocktails through supper, to a small group that is generally Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Ted Straeter's band is serving up Moët & Chandon music at débutante speed, and Mark Monte's quintet is playing along with the mob. At dinner and supper, Katyna Ranieri, hitherto known only to assiduous discographers, does words with music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A life of luxury and ease is within grasp at the Rendez-Vous, a dining room of long standing, where the dance tunes of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen start at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians whisper from four to seven every afternoon in the templed Palm Court and then play dinner music in the Edwardian Room, which is yard-wide plush. No dancing in either locale.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Sammy Kaye's performing seals make dance music while their trainer gets the audience into the act, too. Folksy, but funny, in a way. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Paradise enow, always with a jug of wine (bottled at a good château, of course), is available in the Maisonette, where one prances all evening to the gossamer music of the small bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. The ritual is broken during dinner and supper by Ona Ainsley, girl soprano on her Manhattan trial run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day of the week in the Café Lounge, from cocktails to dinner and supper, Irving Conn's orchestra takes care of anyone in a mood for exercise.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The Café Rouge, big enough for a barn dance, has rural (or at least provincial) music by Buddy Morrow's band from time to time during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, who occupy the Empire Room, are in a boys-will-be-boys state of mind, singing, playing, bounding, casting sheep's eyes, and acting as accompaniment for the sassy dancing of their mascot, Trini Reyes. They work out at dinner and supper; Emil Coleman's orchestra and the Béla Babai gypsy band keep the customers on the move in between. On Thursday, Oct. 24, a new floor show—Anna Maria Alberghetti, singing in public instead of on a sound track. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In an estuary of the voluminous Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's gang and Bernie Leighton's trio plunk down genuine, handmade, New York dance music from eight until one. On Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the plunking.

Note—*The Rainbow Room, a well-known hill,* presents hushed non-dance tunes with cocktails from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The choice seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A most coöperative apartment, with everything the urban heart requires for a fine evening at home—built-in bar, built-in kitchen, and polite piano, this last by Addison Bailey, who's on duty from cocktails through supper. Paul Morse is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Quite a few owls who are in the public domain see the night through on these premises. The accompaniment is Kurt Maier's piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Louis (or Goldie) Hawkins' combination civic center and canteen, where good neighbors gather for an evening's pastime. The counterpoint to the chatter is the blithe piano of the owner and the romantic piano of Ralph Strain and Wayne Sanders; i.e., three piano-men, no waiting. The sound begins at cocktail time. Closed Mondays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): An admirable setting, small and casual, for the songs of Mabel Mercer, who is an expert on when to handle love with kid gloves and when to handle it with pistols at ten paces. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, also alternates at the piano with Don Evans during the evening. Miss Mercer arrives around ten-thirty, except Sundays. The other music begins at cocktail time. On Sundays, things are quite the other way: Stella Brooks, serpent of the Nile, offers her sardonic causeries on a lot of popular snares and delusions. Mr. Evans is her aide-de-camp. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): How to do as the Romans do, in one nourishing lesson. Among the *plats du jour* (or *nuit*) are Teo Fanidi's lilting choir of circumnavigating violinists, who keep going all evening, and a vocalist or two after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S**, 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Few of the East Side antique shops can match it in antiquarian splendor, and none of them set the same sort of table. The man at the piano is Fred Witmer, who keeps fairly late hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): You could cut the decorum with a knife. A better plan is to just listen to the guitar recitals of Renato Rossini, who keeps the night warm and nostalgic from nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A very nice part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. There's rambling piano from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The hands of Cy Walter, professor emeritus of the Steinway, are as light-fingered as ever, his portfolio as selective. He's around this miniature Vanity Fair from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty or even later, every night but Monday, when Joel Forbes is in charge of polishing the ivory. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Possibly the oldest, and certainly one of the most cheerful, of the Spanish settlements on this continent. The inhabitants hew faithfully to the line of their ancient customs, which are principally singing and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The armor room of the Metropolitan Museum has nothing on the medieval array of tin plate here. The menu is twentieth-century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Until ten, the amusement is the roguish art gallery (mostly paintings of damsels in distress); after that, it is the buoyant jive of the Lee Evans trio, which has Denzil Best at the drums, and the drolleries of Donald Harvie, a talkative young pianist fresh out of Montreal. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Three candelabras grow where only one grew before, and plush flows like water. Piano, violin, and

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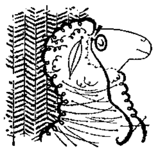

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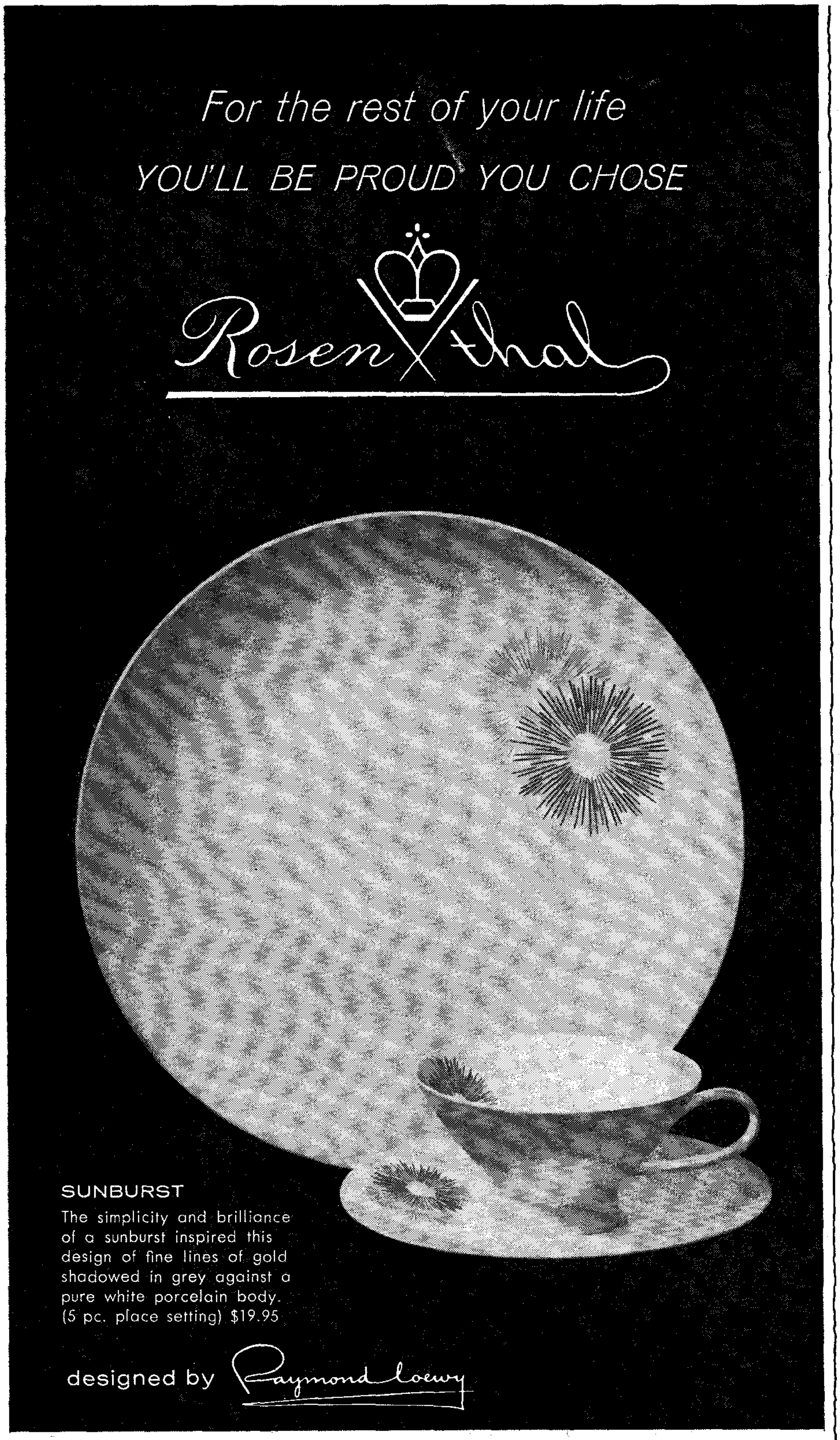
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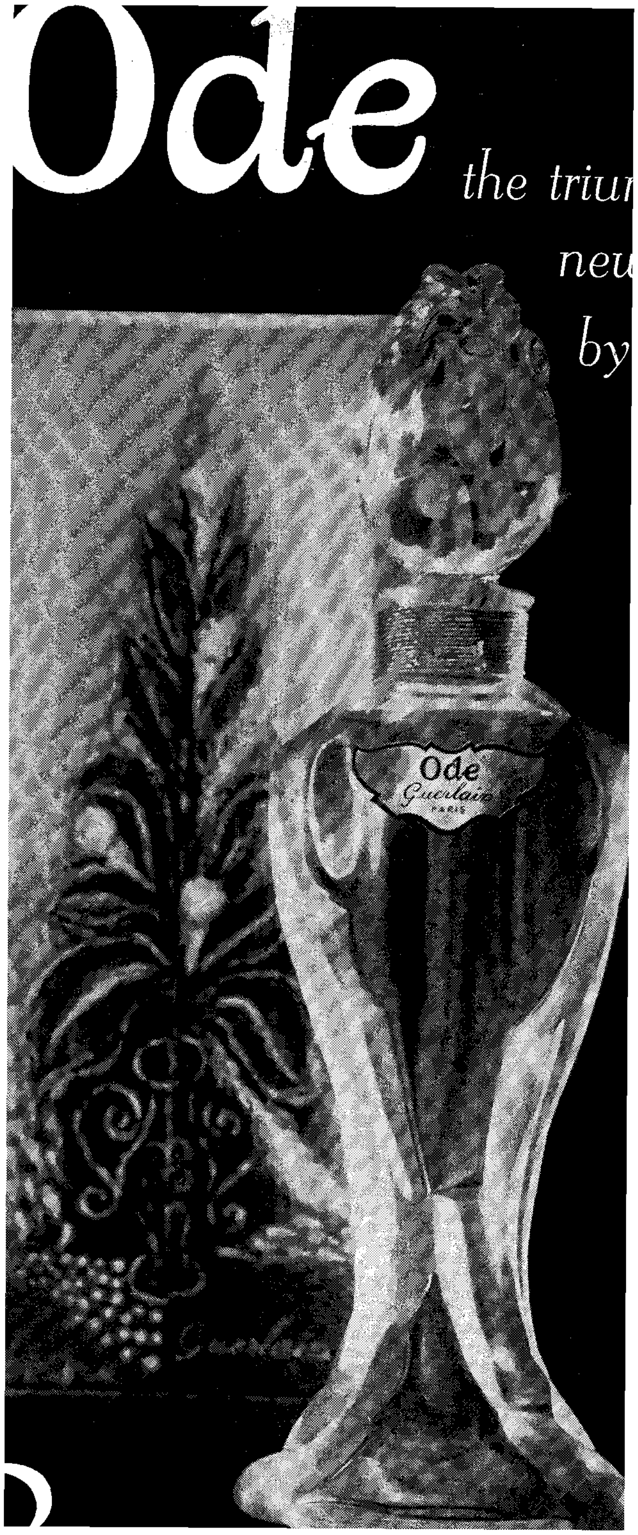
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

voice are among the many condiments. All this is available every evening but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): One of those wayside inns that exist only in postcard albums. Sopranos, bassos, violins, zimbalons, and other quaint Central European artifacts abound. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a happy-go-lucky pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely piano and small talk, in an extremely relaxed household. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A complete set of new faces is now at the controls. One of them is Hubbell Pierce, a man about the world who'd rather play piano than canasta, and does, every evening but Sunday, from five to ten.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder, in real life) are up to their old trick—living in a fool's paradise and making everyone present like it. Their silly symphonies have a good effect on the other inmates—Carol Burnett, an elf with a song about wanting John Foster Dulles for Christmas, and George Matson, a parodist who approaches womankind, his pet topic, in the spirit of a picador. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The Davises, incidentally, aren't there Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyons trio and outlandish uproar by the Davis family from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Beware of chips falling where they may as Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law, the inmates of Julius Monk's third annual portmanteau revue, take forty whacks at the pomp and circumstance that is often called civilization. The disrespectful words and music come from such clear thinkers as Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, and Bud Redding; the orchestra is the double piano of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A lot farther off Broadway than Sixth Avenue ever was before. The little-theatre mood is enhanced by the airy nonsense of Lovey Powell and Brooks Morton, ostensibly just a song-and-piano couple; the music of Tom O'Horgan, who plays the harp that once through Tara's halls, and declaims the ballads that went with it; and the love lyrics of Warren Vaughan, who's also no slouch at a piano. Julius Monk, entrepreneur of the Downstairs Room, is master of these revels in his spare time. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The lunacy is in the hands of Charlie Manna, who serves his guests his very best jokes, all from private stock; the team of Tony and Eddie, loud-singing cuckoos not always aware of their own strength; and the Three Flames, who are manic musicians. The rear is commendably brought up by Felicia Sanders, whose ballads are frequently small gems of emotional crisis, and Jimmie Daniels, a declaimer of boulevardier ditties. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The permanent party in the bar is Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who have been playing piano since Beethoven was a pup. Mickey Deems, to whom plenty of funny things happen even when he spends a day at home, tells all every night but Sunday, when there are silent movies. Gloria Hamilton sings every night but Monday, when amateurs have their first public fling. A new show arrives on Tuesday, Oct. 22. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): At the bottom of this underground duplex there is Bobby Short, Hollywood's official greeter of the dawn, singing all about what to do with rosebuds after you've gathered them. This season, he's mostly standing on his own two feet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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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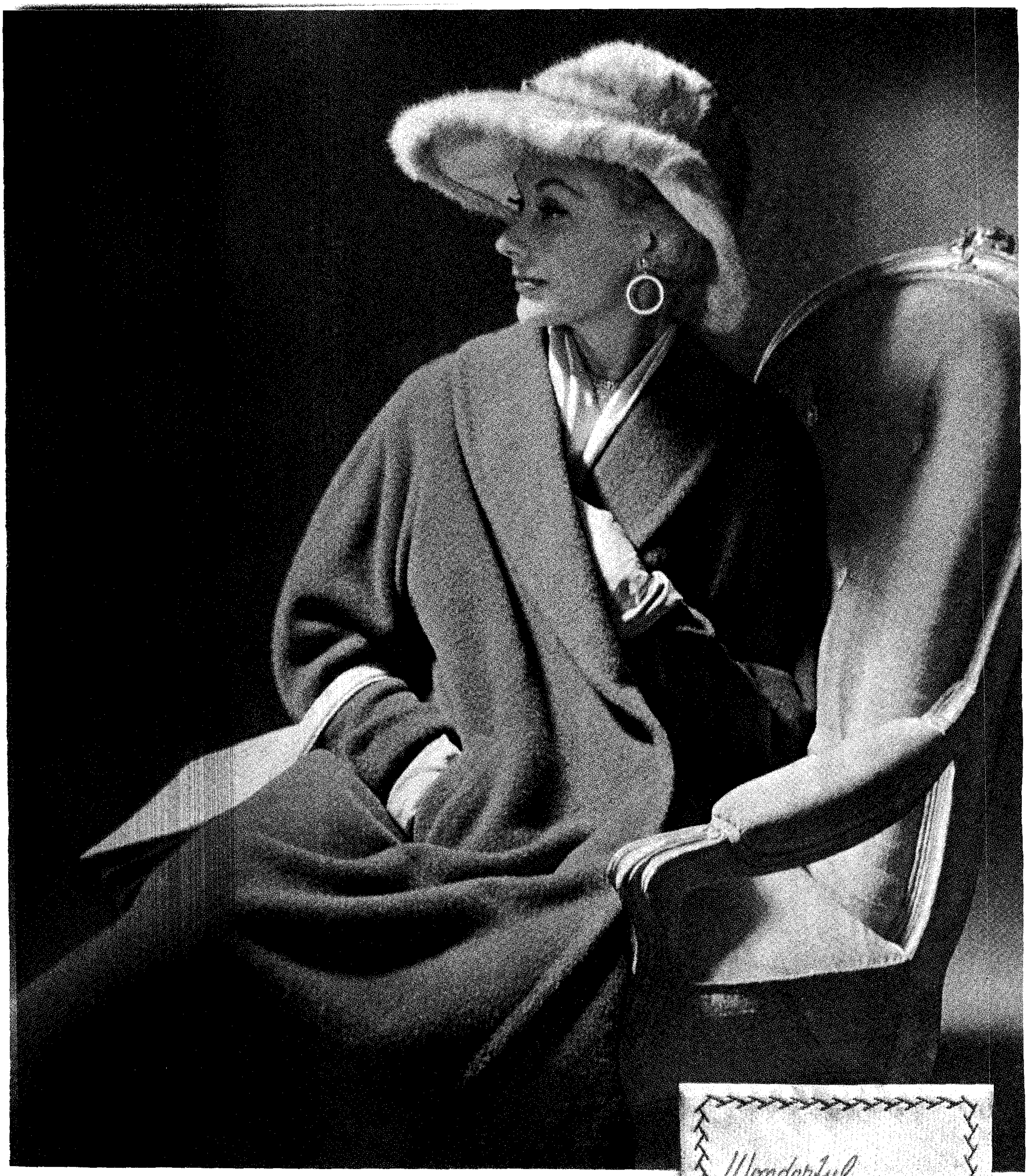
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Exactly the right kind of music for muskrats to ramble to is being made by Pee Wee Erwin, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and the perpetual guest artist, Mr. Condon, who always has a good table down front. Between sets, Cliff Jackson keeps the piano as warm as toast. Tuesdays, which are visiting days, are often real hurricanes. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Another in this grotto's series of all-star revivals—Anita O'Day, founder of a new school of thought in singing, and a quintet in which Sonny Rollins and Donald Byrd, both of the hard-bop persuasion, have starring roles. On Sunday, at 4:30 P.M., a jazz concert by the musicians in residence, plus another session in the evening; Monday, the place is closed. Tuesday, Oct. 22, Miss O'Day will be replaced by Blossom Dearie, of a one-girl school of jazz (baby voice and full-grown piano). . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): There's more than one way to skin a piano, and Dorothy Donegan, the technician in charge of the instrument after nine, knows them all. Johnny Costa's trio is hard-hitting, too, but no harder than the talkers at some of the tables. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day; on Sunday nights, guest musicians hold the fort. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): For the second year in a row, it's the winter quarters of Billy Maxted's hot potatoes. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and others of the faith turning time back to the days when jazz was plain, simple, unaffected jazz. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Mary Lou Williams, who comes back to earth no oftener than Halley's comet, is expounding on her piano the music of the far-out spheres she moves among. Her trio and the threesome of Billy Taylor sound like two pianos that beat as one. They inhabit the rear room after nine. The Taylors hide out on Sundays, the Williamses on Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the eminent Juilliard pedagogue, and his thoughtful piano études are on tap from six to around nine every evening but Saturday; Sundays and Mondays, he's there all night. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Some of Birdland's best front-line troops, such as the quintets of Miles Davis and Stan Getz, are mowing down any opposition to the music of tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Every night is still lady's night, for the newest hands on the piano inside the oval bar belong to Marian McPartland, who's having herself a vintage year. Her trio reports at nine-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **BOURBON STREET**, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): Turk Murphy's septet does a good job of reconstructing the Old South, a land it is too young to have known first-hand. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some veteran musicians, worthily engaged in painting the town red, hot, and blue. They are Tony Parenti, Marty Napoleon, J. C. Higginbotham, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, and Claude Hopkins. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays. It's at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays, when Charlie Shavers, Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin and Russell Moore join forces with the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon. . . . **JAZZ CITY**, 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): It'll never get by on its good looks, of which there is barely the legal minimum; the music is the thing. At the moment, the trio of Slim Gaillard, practitioner and self-made spokesman for bop, is on hand, except Mondays, when Billy Butterfield brings in a troupe of old-school blockbusters. . . . **MANNEQUIN**, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): After the dinner hour,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Barbara Carroll is at the piano, proving beyond doubt that there's nothing like a woman's touch around the house. Her touch is modern, but never to the point of austerity. She and her trio are there every night but Sunday. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Silver tones among the brass when Bobby Hackett takes a solo flight on his trumpet. He is surrounded in this colossal drill hall of the Henry Hudson Hotel by such valuable assistants as Ernie Caceres, Buzzy Drootin, and John Dengler, who injects a rare note (tuba) into the Early Americana on display. They play for both listening and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): It's not all beer and skittles. Behind the foaming flagons is music from the past, dished up at the boiling point. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, it will emanate from the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Charlie Shavers, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Bohemia indeed, operating on a timetable subject to change without notice. The Roy Eldridge quartet may be there now, and on Friday, Oct. 18, the quintet owned by Phil Woods and Gene Quill may be added to the collection. Two facts, though, are incontrovertible—the room is closed Tuesdays, and the musicians in general hold that the end justifies the means.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEO AMINO—Recent abstract sculptures, done in plastic and bronze; through Friday, Oct. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist canvases by a painter of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—Polychromes (metal or wood sculptures with color added), plus paintings sculptured in wood, metal, and Bakelite; through Nov. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MAX BECKMANN—Late portraits (1925-50) by one of the leaders of German Expressionism; through Nov. 2. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

E. BOX—Oils; through Nov. 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DORIS CAESAR—A loan exhibition of small bronze sculptures, mostly figures; through Nov. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

MARY CALLERY—New sculptures, more varied in style than heretofore, plus a selection of her earlier ones; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Abstract oils; through Nov. 2. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—Figures, still-lifes, and landscapes broadly Abstract Expressionist in style; through Nov. 2. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS EILSHEMIUS—Paintings; through Nov. 2. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—A loan show of figure paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

FLETCHER MARTIN—Water colors and oils; through Nov. 2. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

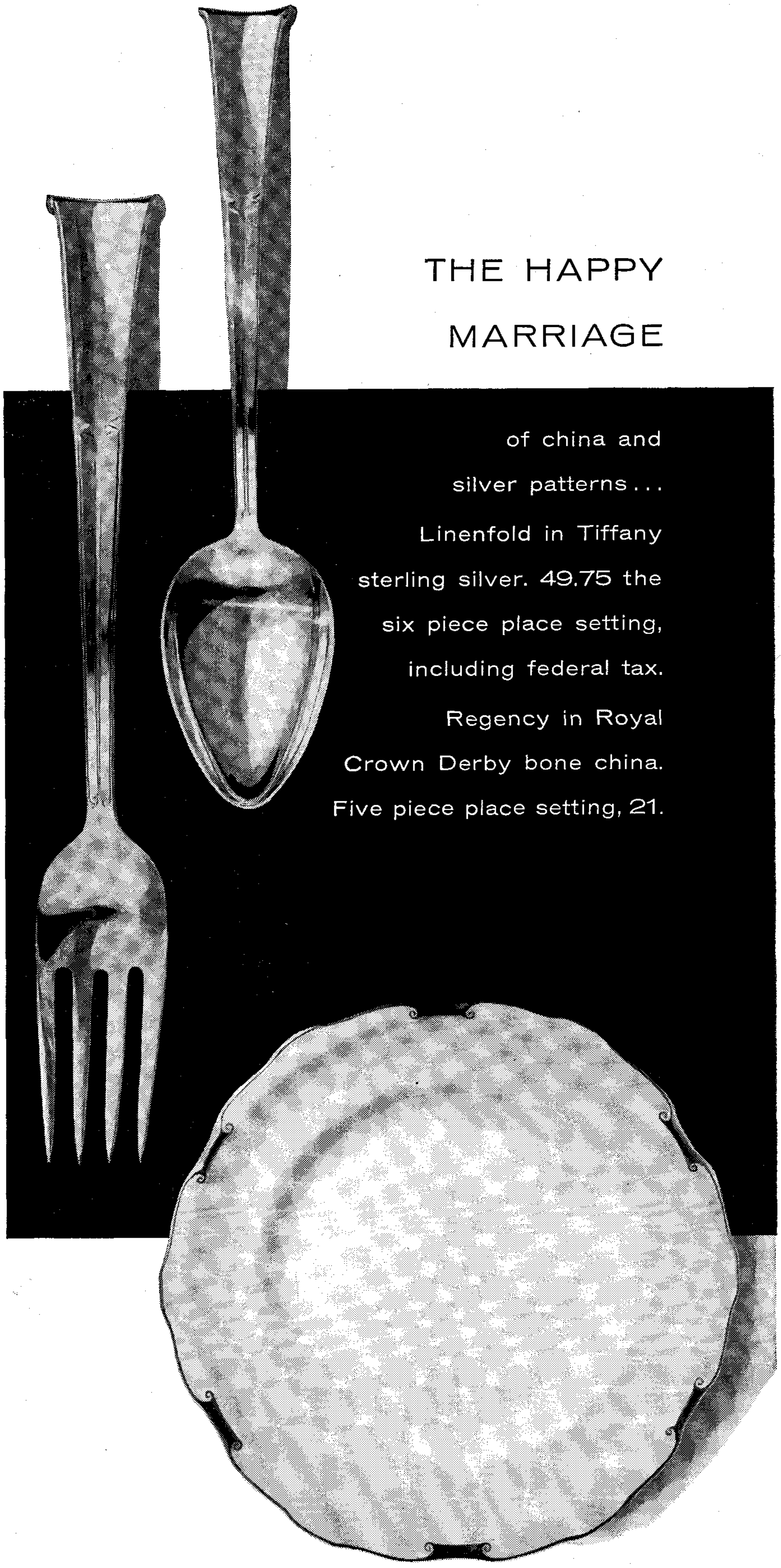
GEORGES MATHIEU—Abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

FELICIA MEYER—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes; through Nov. 2. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

LASZLO MOHOLY-NAGY—Paintings and other works in a memorial to one of the early Bauhaus masters; through Oct. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

HANS MOLLER—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 9. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

PIET MONDRIAN—A selection of the Dutch mod-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ernist's oils, including some rare early ones from as far back as 1900; through Nov. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Emil Nolde—Oils, water colors, and lithographs by the early German Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Picasso—Paintings, drawings, and ceramics, dated 1954-57; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

David Smith—Drawings and silver sculptures in an exhibit that coincides with his big show (ending Sunday) at the Museum of Modern Art; through Nov. 2. (Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Keith Vaughan—Semiabstract paintings by an English contemporary; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Wald—Delicately colorful abstract oils; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ben Wilson—Paintings, mingling Expressionist feeling with a semiabstract design; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Expressionism—At the BORGENICHT, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: German paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Oskar Kokoschka, Christian Rohlfs, and Ernst Barlach; through Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Richard L. Feigen collection, including works by Max Pechstein, Ludwig Meidner, and other lesser-known Germans in the movement; through Nov. 2.

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: A painting apiece by Georgia O'Keeffe, Max Weber, Stuart Davis, and others; through Nov. 2. . . . NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-fourth annual exhibition by the Allied Artists of America, containing paintings, sculptures, and drawings by members and non-members; through Nov. 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . WILLARD, 23 W. 56th St.: Early American sculptures in wood and metal—weathervanes, trade signs, decoys, and the like; through Nov. 9.

French; Group Show—Early-nineteenth-century paintings by Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Ingres, and Monticelli; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Philip Reisman; starting Monday, Oct. 21. . . . BARONE, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: James C. Leong; starting Tuesday, Oct. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . BARZANSKY, 1071 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Rose Schaffer; starting Monday, Oct. 21. . . . GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Lamar Dodd; starting Tuesday, Oct. 22. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Karl Knaths; starting Monday, Oct. 21. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Nicholas Marsicano; starting Monday, Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Group shows at the ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.; starting Monday, Oct. 21. KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Tuesday, Oct. 22. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: "The American Vision;" starting Wednesday, Oct. 23. For the benefit of the American Federation of Arts.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit of photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two exhibitions in the "Artists in Mid-Career" series, one of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by the abstractionist David Smith, the other of paintings and drawings by the abstract-Surrealist Matta; through Sunday, Oct. 20. (A good complement to the Smith exhibition is a showing of his works at the

Widdifield, 818 Madison Ave., at 69th St.) . . . ¶ A survey of twentieth-century German Art, comprising paintings, sculptures, and prints by Lehmbruck, Kirchner, Klee, and others; through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and other Europeans; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Primitive art of the South Pacific, including painted wooden figures, war clubs, and feathered masks, all probably done during the past hundred years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second section of an exhibit of recent acquisitions and works on loan is composed of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty artists, among them Brancusi and Burri. After Sunday, Oct. 20, the Museum will be closed for several weeks. (Thursday through Saturday, 10 to 6; Sunday, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell. In addition, a group of fourteen newly acquired items, among them a large Greek marble head, an ivory Polynesian figure, and Middle American gold objects. After Sunday, Oct. 20, the Museum will be closed until Wednesday, Oct. 30, when there will be a new show. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The fortieth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, a group of Brooklyn and Manhattan artists that includes Lily Ente and John von Wicht; through Oct. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by the American painter Bradley Walker Tomlin, who died in 1953; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Paintings and a thirty-two-foot mural by Stuart Davis; through Nov. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: The company's premières of Manuel de Falla's "La Vida Breve" and "El Amor Brujo." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Faust." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Die Fledermaus" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:30: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "La Vida Breve" and "El Amor Brujo." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: The company's première of Verdi's "Macbeth." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "La Vida Breve" and "El Amor Brujo." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Carmen." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Thomas Schippers conducting—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 (both with Louis Kentner, piano); Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:45 (no soloists); Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3 (with Louis Kentner, piano); and Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2:30; and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:45 (no soloists).

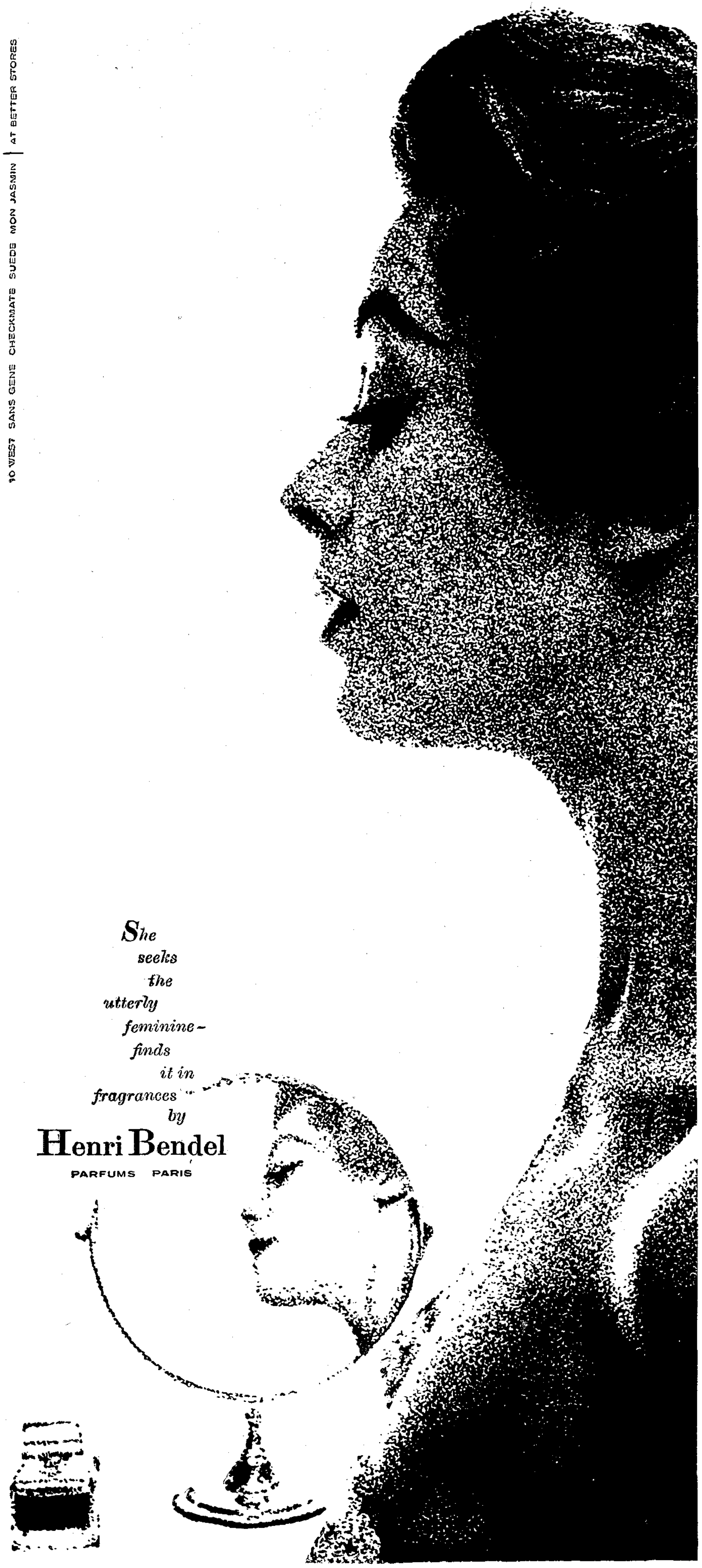
Twilight Concerts—Margaret Hillis conducting the New York Chamber Soloists, a chamber orchestra, with Adele Addison, soprano, and Blake Stern, tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 5:30.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting and playing the piano, with Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, duo piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Fine Arts Quartet—The last in a series of four programs presenting a Beethoven-Bartók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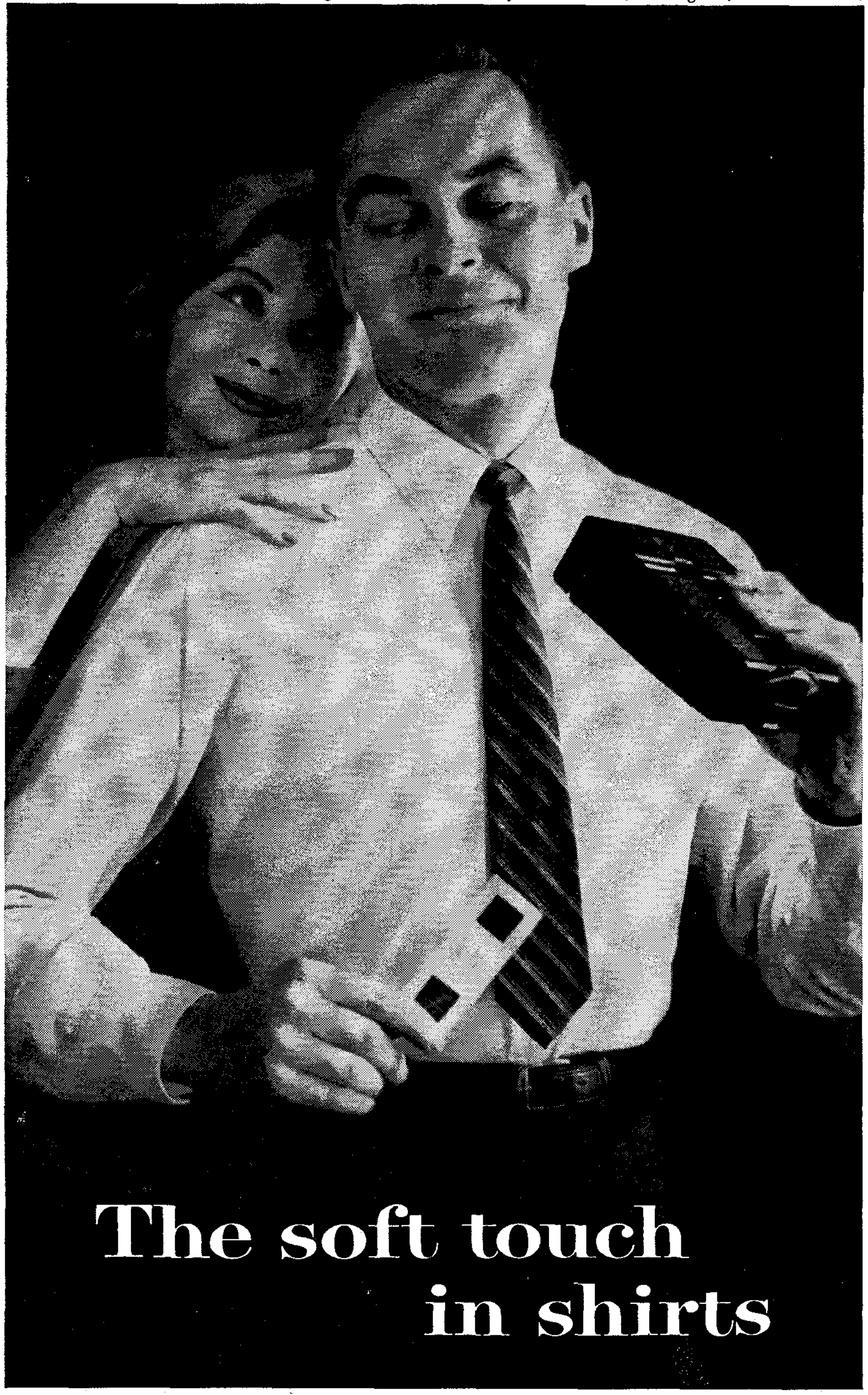

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cycle. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:40.)

Richard Tucker—Tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Amparo Iturbi—Piano, in an all-Spanish program. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Earl Wild—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Leonard Hungerford—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Barylli Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Oct. 19: Harlem Globetrotters vs. Washington Generals, and Knicks vs. College All-Stars. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 7:15.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 18: Rory Calhoun vs. Rocky Castellani, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25: Paoli Rosi vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 19: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 26: Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 19, and Monday through Saturday, Oct. 21-26.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 19.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 26.)

Polo—At Meadow Brook Club, Jericho: Final game of the season, Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3:30.

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Thursday, Oct. 17, through Saturday, Nov. 30. The Interborough Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 17; the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 19; and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Monday, Nov. 11. The Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 26. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Variety Show—"The Littlest Circus," involving six actors and dancers (who double as acrobats, animals, and magicians), a one-man band, and a hurdy-gurdy. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Saturdays at 12 and 2:30, and Sundays at 11.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The opening exhibition in the new Junior Museum is entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel" and is equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The solar system and its various planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors are described in the current show, "Captives of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

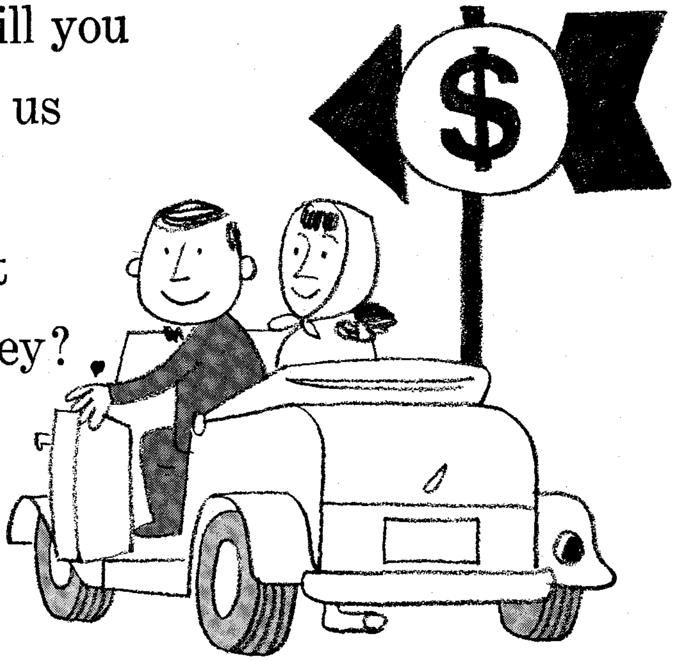
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The fall show, at which a hundred and twenty-five or so dealers are offering such diverse items as Italian and Spanish furniture, a portrait of George What's-his-name by Gilbert Stuart, and Chinese temple carvings. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17-18, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 6.)

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE BICENTENNIAL—Two exhibitions in honor of the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth—At the **MORGAN LIBRARY**: Letters, maps, documents, prints, and paintings associated with the French hero during the American Revolution; through Nov. 30. (29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.) ... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**: Charles Ingham's portrait of Lafayette, a collection of Staffordshire china commemorating his visit to the United States in 1824, and other memorabilia; through Dec. 31. (170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, at 1:45: French furniture; gold-mounted and jewelled *objets de vertu;* Paris, Meissen, and Ludwigsburg porcelains; a Beauvais tapestry, circa 1710, signed by Duchaine; Savonnerie, Oriental, and other carpets; from the estate of Mrs. Elsa L. Oppenheimer and from other sources. ... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 22-23, at 1:45: Autograph letters and documents, among them specimens by Hamilton, Jackson, Washington, and others; the property of the late Forest G. Sweet.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings, as well as Barbizon and Dutch landscapes, by Pieter de Hooch, Romney, Corot, and others; from various sources, including the estate of Mrs. William K. Bixby. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 19.



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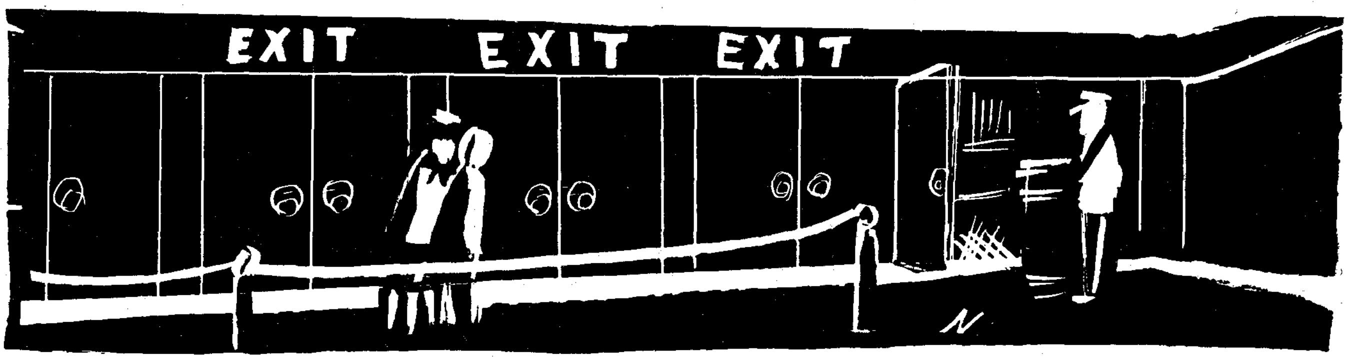
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A big, splashy, funny adaptation of the Jules Verne fantasy. The film has a huge cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas, all of whom are fine. As for the scenic effects, they're tremendous. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GREEN MAN—Alastair Sim in a droll English farce having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 22.)

A HATFUL OF RAIN—Adapted from the Broadway play about drug addiction and directed by Fred Zinnemann, this picture, after a slow start, works itself up into a tense, melodramatic mood as it approaches its climax. The plot revolves around a Korean veteran who has taken to the needle; his wife, who is baffled by his conduct; his brother, who is full of sympathy for him; and his father, who is extraordinarily obtuse. Don Murray, Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa, and Lloyd Nolan are all commendable in these central roles. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Oct. 23, tentative.)

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK—It happens in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, in five episodes, all of them beguiling and all concerned with Roman love of one kind or another. There is a splendid cast on hand, including Vittorio De Sica, Franca Valeri, Giulia Rubino, and Anna Maria Ferrero. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he does not have the stamina and she gets him in the end. A great deal of the film takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

MAN ON FIRE—Bing Crosby contributes a memorable performance in the complicated role of a stubborn, loving father who refuses his ex-wife custody of their only son. Anne Seymour is persuasive as a domestic-relations judge, and so is Malcolm Brodrick as the lad over whom the sad fuss has been raised. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Oct. 19.)

THE SUN ALSO RISES—A reasonably literate version of the book. They're all there—Jake Barnes and Lady Brett Ashley and Paris and the bullfights and Mike Campbell. With Ava Gardner, Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, and Eddie Albert. In accentuated color. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Oct. 23.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, which lasts for almost four hours. Included in the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

THE THIRD KEY—Jack Hawkins as a Scotland Yard gumshoe plodding along after a murderous safe-cracker. An English film not long on excitement but pretty interesting as it goes about explaining the methods policemen have at their command. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 22, tentative.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 19.)

I'LL CRY TOMORROW (1956)—Lillian Roth's autobiography, which has much to say on the matter of drink. Susan Hayward is Miss Roth's proxy. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Oct. 21-22.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 22-23.)

OKLAHOMA! (1955)—Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country. (Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Oct. 19.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 19.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE (1945)—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith in a musical biography of George Gershwin. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 20-21.)

SABRINA (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Oct. 22-23.)

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 20-21.)

THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 18-21.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The last two programs in a series entitled "The Early Films of Charles Chaplin"—Through Oct. 19: "The Count," "The Pawn Shop," "Behind the Screen," and "The Rink" (all 1916). . . . ¶ Oct. 20-23: "Easy Street," "The Cure," "The Immigrant," and "The Adventurer" (all 1917). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Helen Morgan Story," Ann Blyth, Paul Newman.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Joker Is Wild," Frank Sinatra, Mitzi Gaynor.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Les Girls," Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Jet Pilot," John Wayne, Janet Leigh.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Black Scorpion," Richard Denning, Mara Corday.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

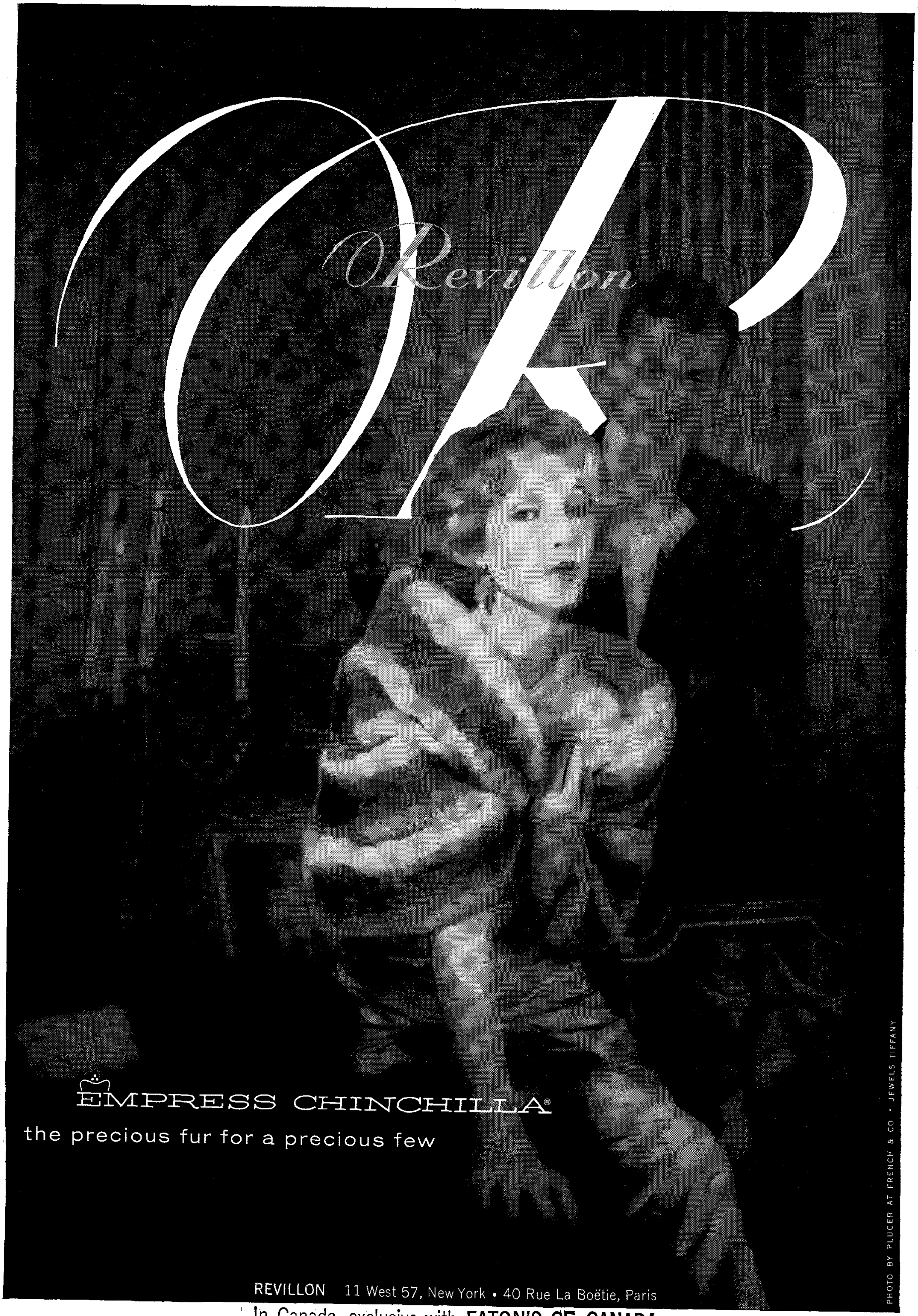
ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"My Man Godfrey," June Allyson, David Niven.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Mister Rock and Roll," Teddy Randazzo, Alan Freed.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Oct. 22: "The Three Faces of Eve," David Wayne, Joanne Woodward, Lee J. Cobb.
From Oct. 23: "Time Limit," Richard Widmark, Richard Basehart.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).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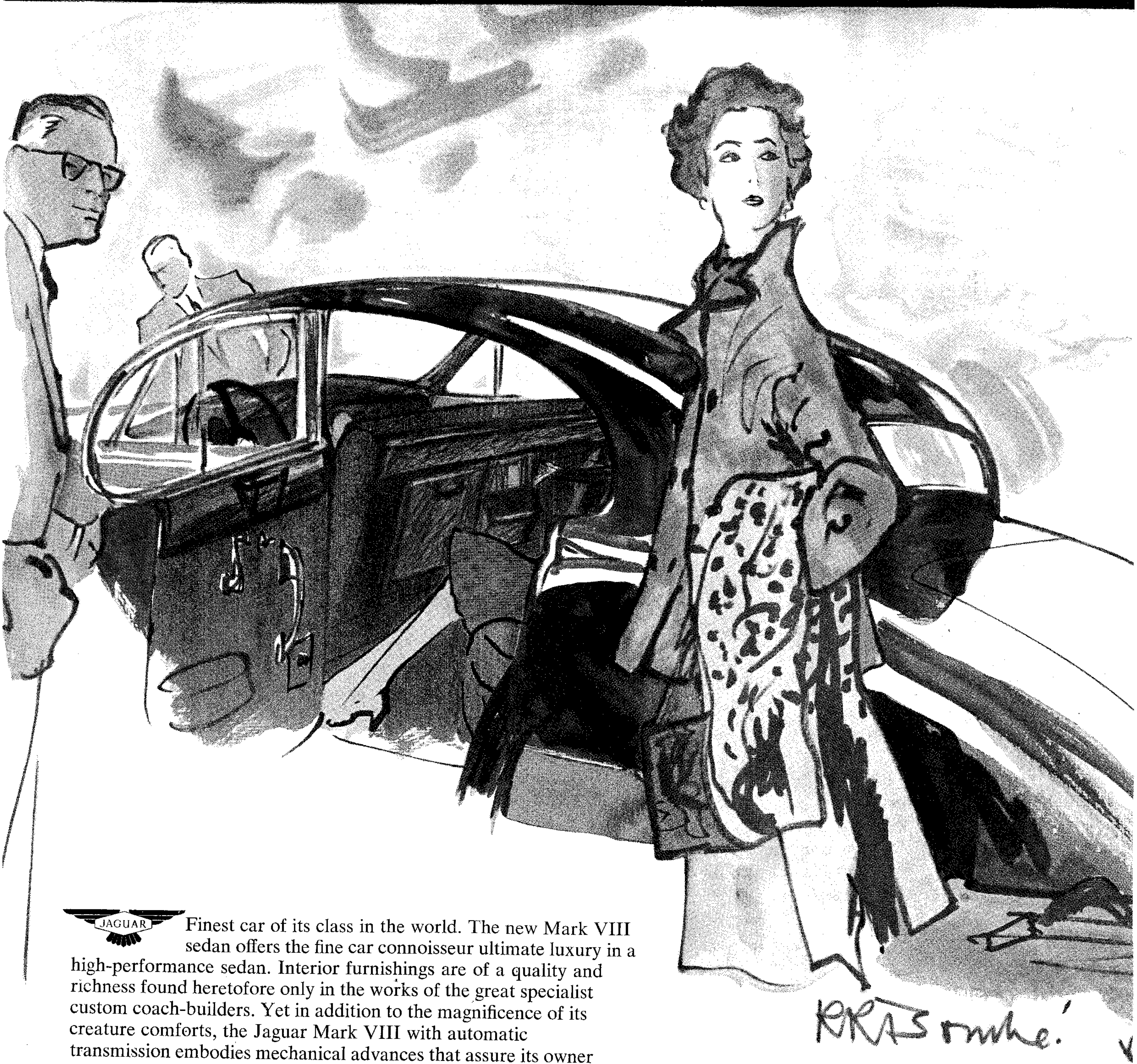

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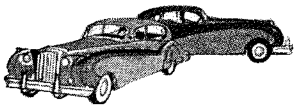

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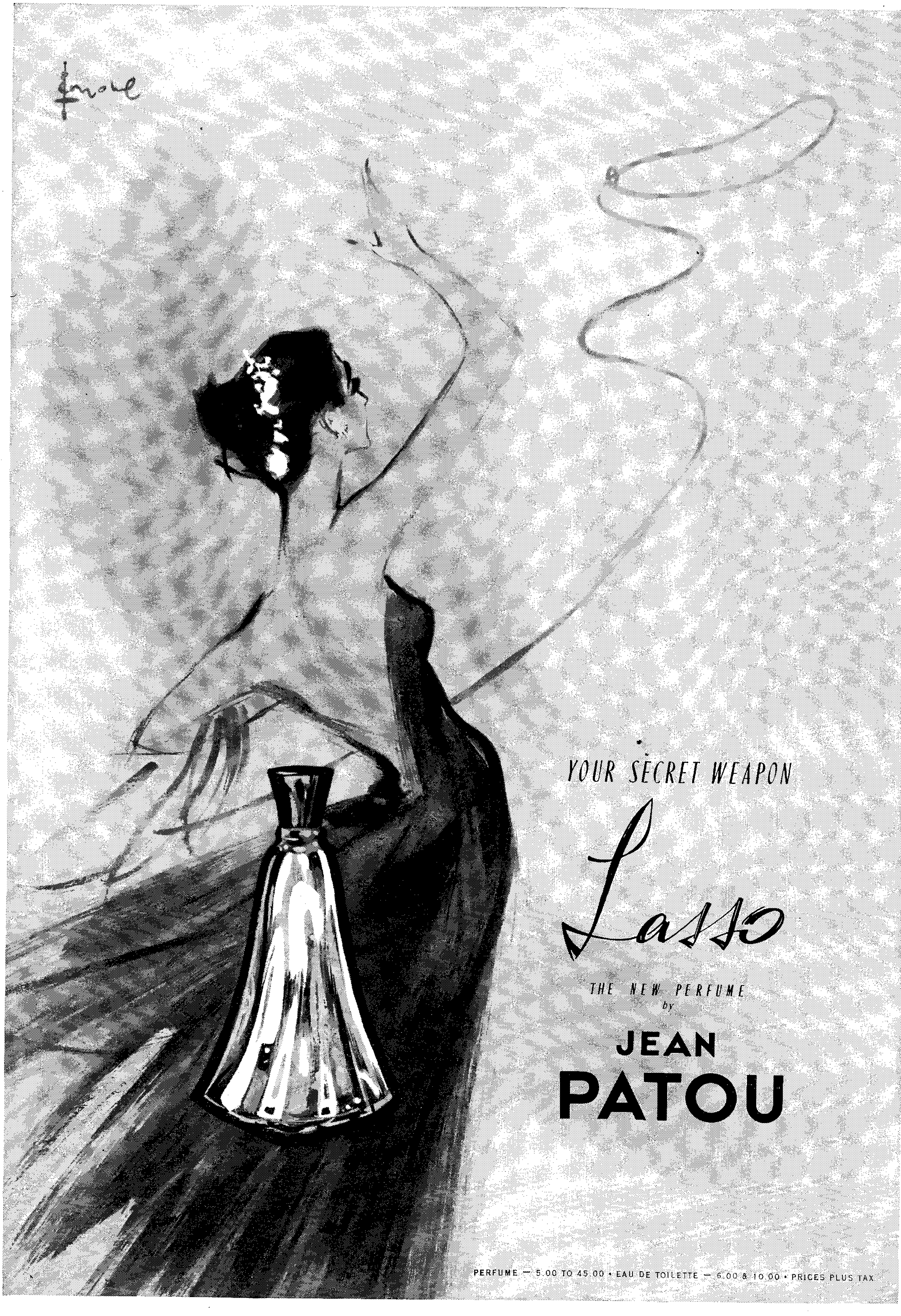
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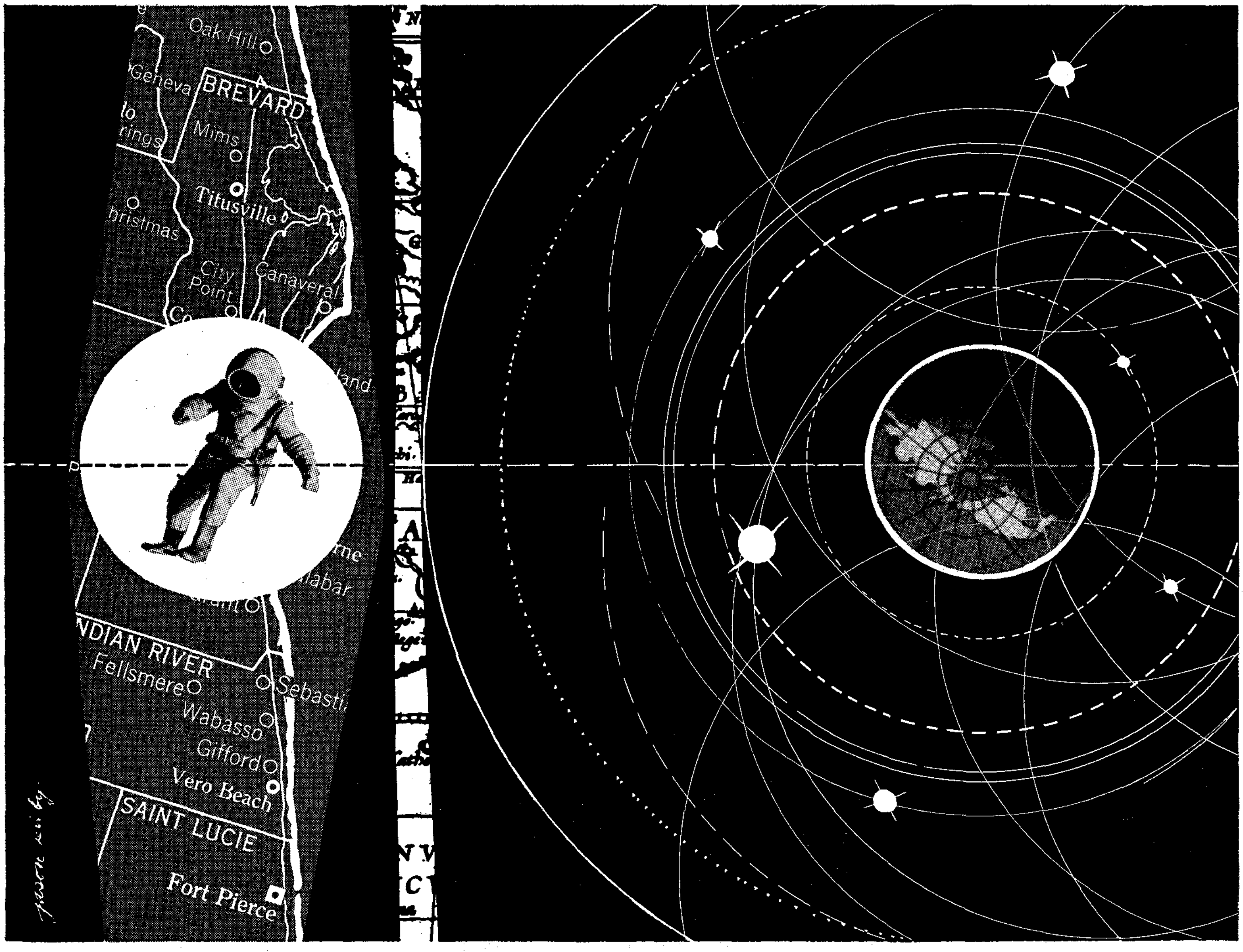

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The earth has now launched its first man-made satellite . . . a shiny metallic alloy moon, with built-in radio transmitter to tell us about outer space. This is only the first of many man-made satellites, some of which may eventually carry living human beings and serve as refueling stations for future space ships. When that day arrives we hope there will be a Rand McNally map on board. It would certainly be strange if there weren't.

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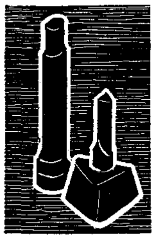

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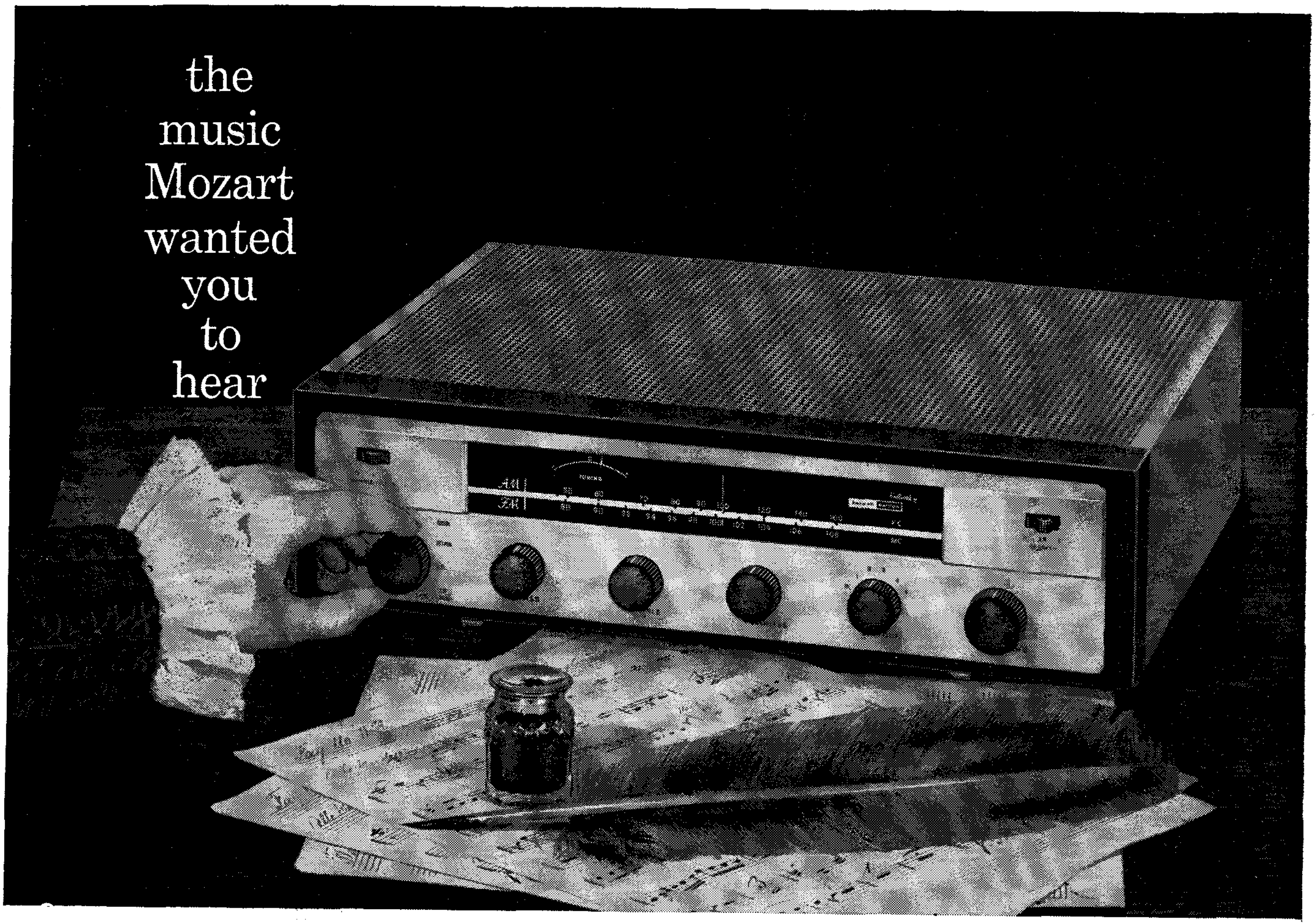

Most experts hesitate, then take refuge in an old saw when asked to define high fidelity. "Concert hall realism" is the phrase they usually conjure up. Actually, this begs the question.

The concert hall is one special area of musical experience; listening to music in your own home is another. Each has its place for the music lover.

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We don't recommend high fidelity *in place* of the concert hall. It has certain advantages over a live concert but it does not bring live musicians into your home. Nor is high fidelity a mere *substitute* for the concert hall: it stands on its own as the best way to create fine music in your home.

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A symphony, a concerto, any real musical form, is a wondrous complex of sound and energy, tonal range and loudness, color and balance. This incredibly intricate relationship of sound moved through the composer's mind as he fashioned the music and it is this complex which must be perfectly recaptured if the listener is to experience *all* the music Mozart wanted him to hear.

In a concert hall you hear it all if you're fortunate enough to sit in the right seat. Harman-Kardon high fidelity does it for you every time *in your own home* because it takes perfect program material, created under ideal conditions, and retells it with authenticity. The special sonorities of the instruments and the coloration and balance among them are completely retained. Adjustment is made for the acoustic conditions in your room and for your own hearing characteristics.

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The Harman-Kardon Festival II (Model TA-1040), illustrated above, is an outstanding expression of high fidelity thought and design. Here in a graceful compact unit, only 16-1/8″ wide, 14″ deep and 4-5/16″ high is a complete high fidelity electronic center: Magnificent Armstrong FM with Automatic Frequency Control to insure accurate tuning — automatically — and Automatic Noise Gate to eliminate noise between stations when tuning; sensitive AM with 10KC whistle filter; complete preamplifier and 40 watt distortion free, hum free power amplifier.

Features include: Dynamic Loudness Contour Control to provide precise balance for your own hearing characteristics; separate bass and treble tone controls; selectable record equalization; remote speaker selector switch; illuminated tuning meter and rumble filter. All this expressed in six simple to operate controls.

The cage and control panel are finished in brushed copper; the knobs and escutcheon frame in matte black.

The Festival price is $250.00. *Slightly higher in the West.*

FREE: beautiful, new, fully illustrated catalog. Describes complete Harman-Kardon line and includes guides on how and where to buy high fidelity. Send for your copy now. Write: Harman-Kardon, Inc. Department N-10, 520 Main Street, Westbury, New York.

Harman-Kardon also manufactures a group of excellent, integrated high fidelity systems in fine furniture cabinets. For the full story on these instruments write for free catalog

harman kardon

Isn't it about time you bought the silver you promised yourself?

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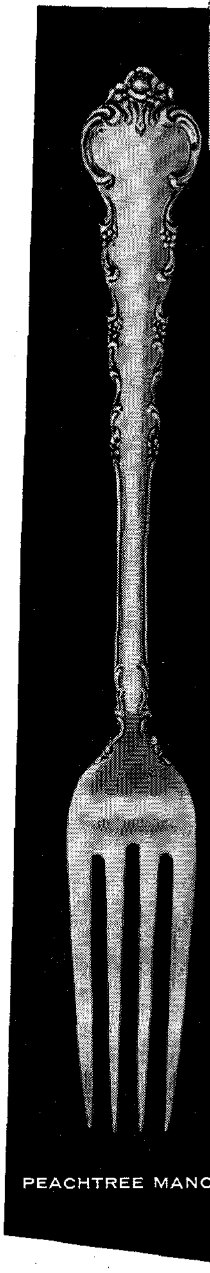
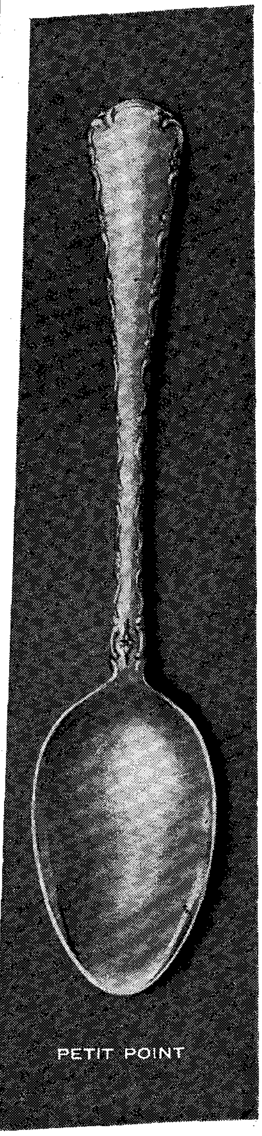
Tōwle has specially designed two new patterns to bring you the pleasure and pride of solid silver at a modest price!

In a service for four with 2 serving pieces, only $96



PEACHTREE MANOR



PETIT POINT

Nothing adds more to your pride in your home, your pleasure in family meals than a table graciously set with fine solid silver. What better way to teach the children to appreciate nice things... and remember the manners that go with them!

And now, thanks to Towle, you can keep that promise to yourself... and set your table with fine sterling! For now Towle brings you two new patterns at a *really modest price!* Each is specially designed to be correct and harmonious with present-day table settings, either modern or traditional. Each has the luxurious weight, the carefully finished detail that you have come to expect from Towle Silversmiths. Which is yours?

Each set includes 4 place knives, 4 place forks, 4 salad forks, 4 teaspoons, a sugar spoon, a butter knife. Additional place settings at $21 apiece. Ask your dealer about convenient Budget Terms.

Almost 300 years as craftsmen in fine sterling give Towle Silversmiths the special skills needed to bring you solid silver of such weight, such elegance at such a moderate price ...truly within the most sensible budget. Why wait to enjoy the beauty... the assurance... the daily delight that comes only from using your own solid silver! Why not see these beauties today?

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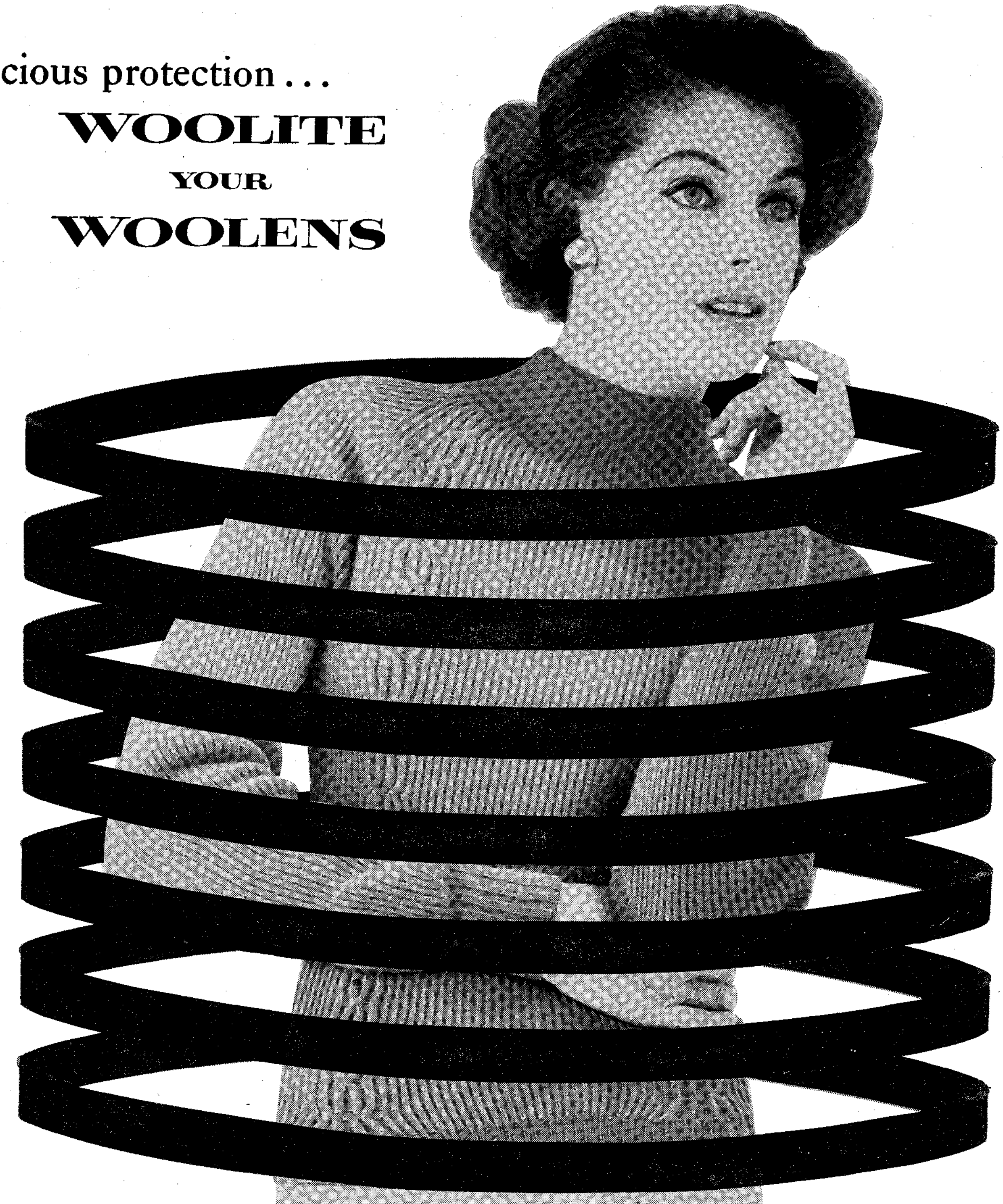

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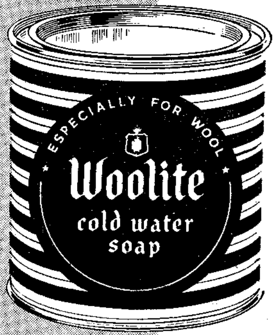

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WOOLITE

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FRANCES DENNEY Make-up with Royal Jelly

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LIPSTICK with Royal Jelly... so lasting and not drying. Refills interchangeable in a jiffy. In 24 K. gold-plated case, so thrilling to possess . . 5.50

FLUID CREAM MAKE-UP with Royal Jelly . . . not a fluid, not a cream, but an entirely new foundation that defies comparison 15.00

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Prices plus tax

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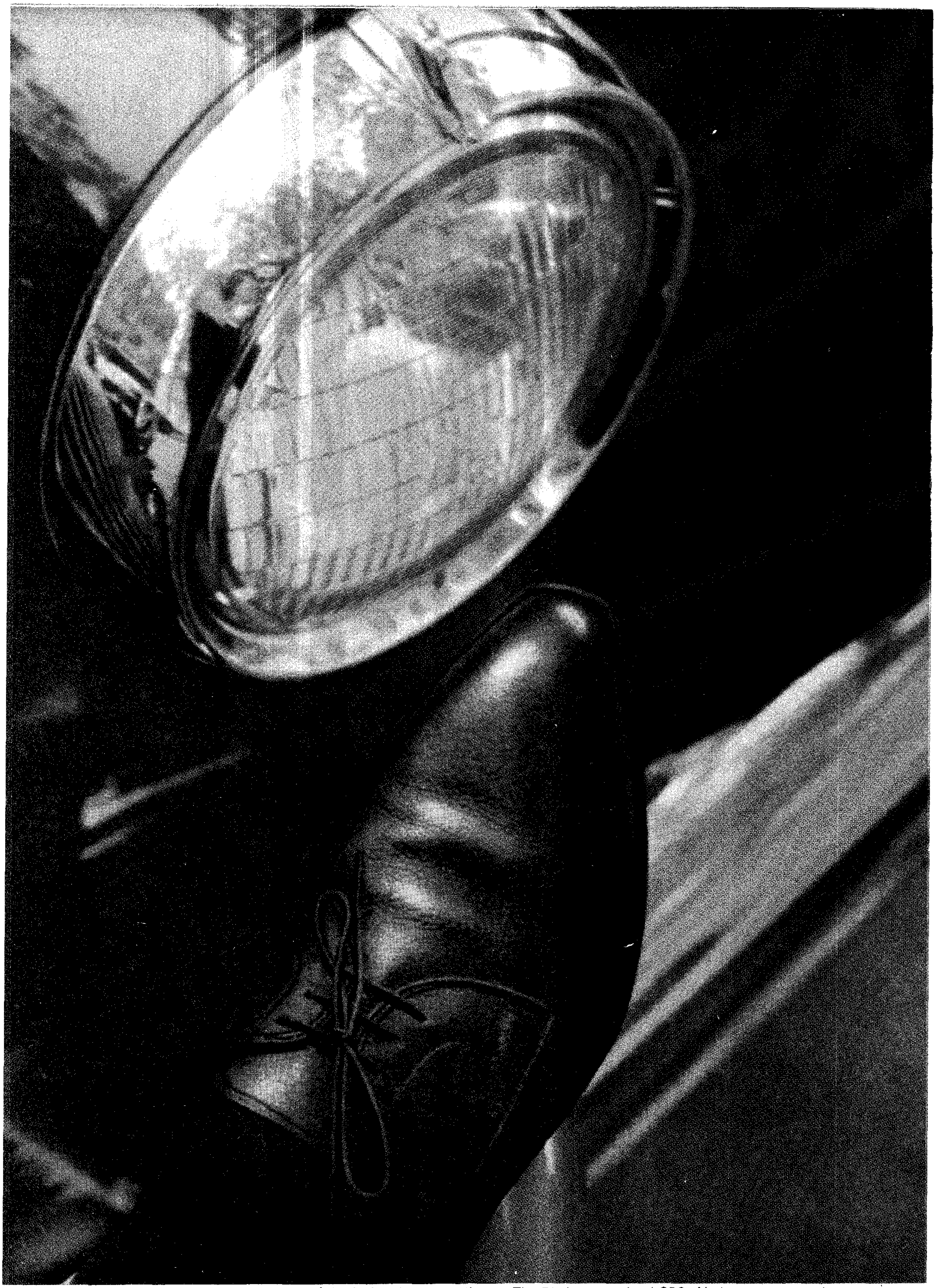

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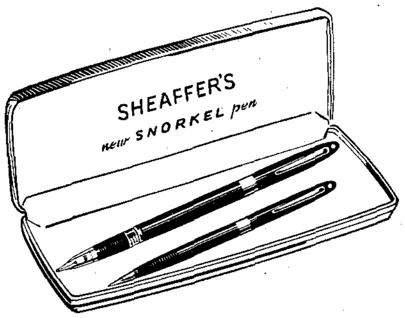
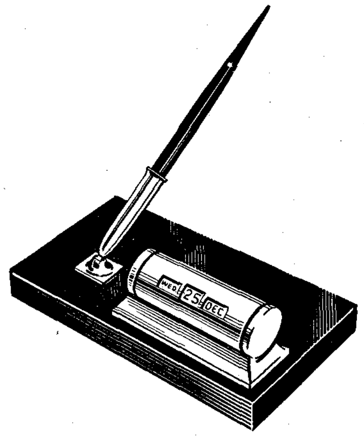
for VIP's and top prospects



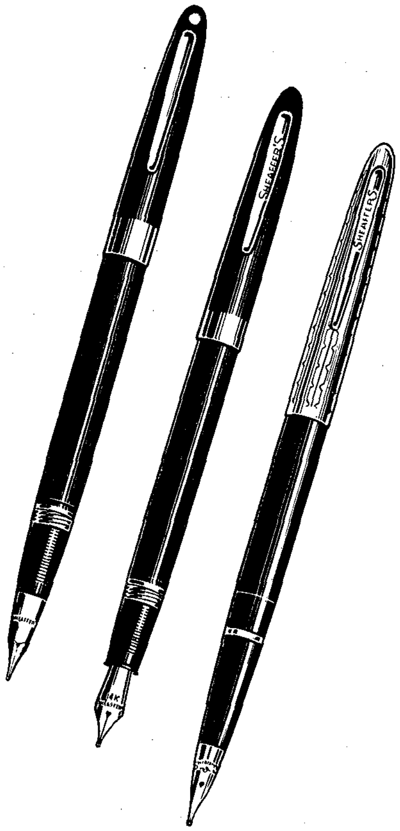


Where only the very finest will do, *Sheaffer's* famous White Dot will make your gift a prized possession for years to come.

Top: Valiant ensemble, new *Snorkel* Pen with matching pencil, $27.00.

Bottom: Desk set in jet crystal with *Snorkel* Pen and perpetual calendar, $30.00.

for valued customers



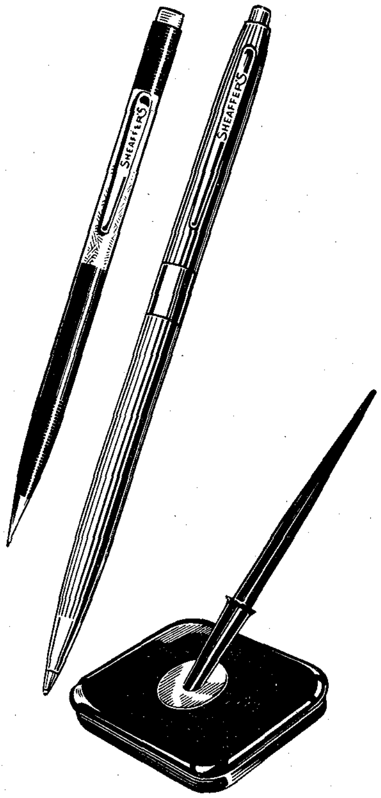
Your choice of *Sheaffer's* quality will be a constant reminder of your appreciation and esteem.

Left: Statesman *Snorkel* Pen, $15.50.

Center: Admiral *Snorkel* Pen, $10.00.

Right: New Cartridge Pen, $8.75.

for low cost reminder advertising



It costs no more to give the added prestige of *Sheaffer's* famous name and quality.

Left: Pearl center automatic pencil, $1.95.

Center: *Sheaffer's Feathertouch* Ballpoint with sterling silver tip, $2.95.

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THE
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

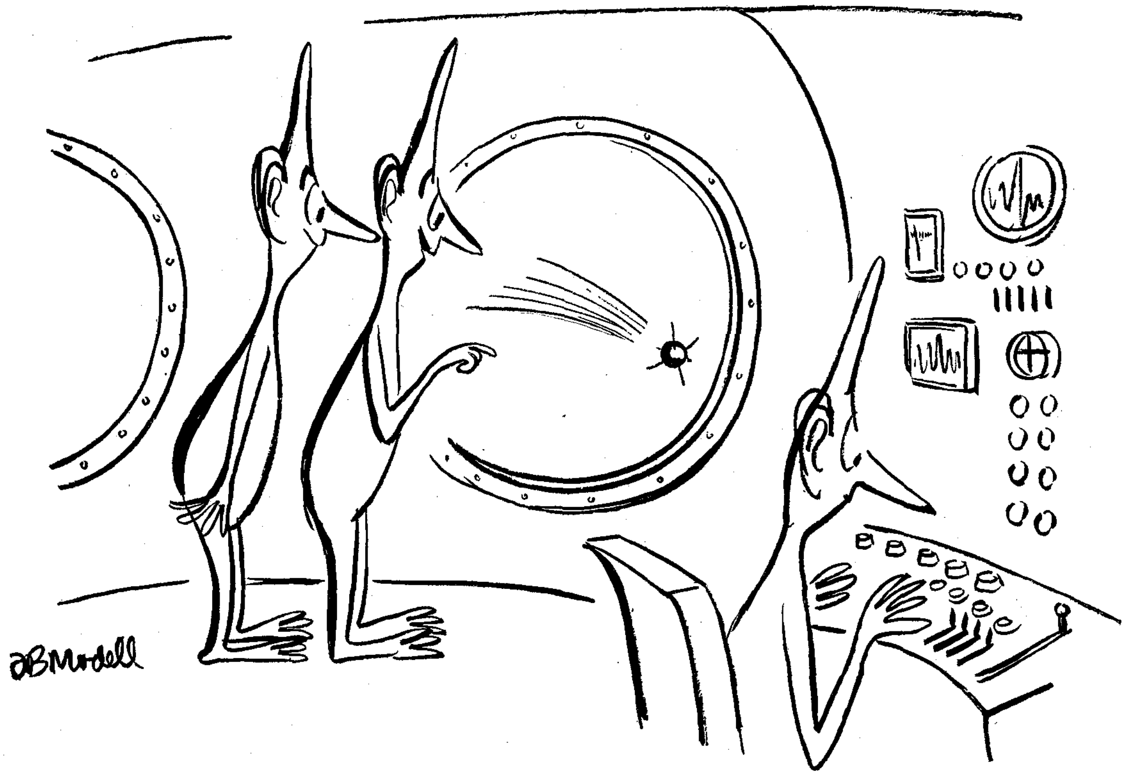
WE have been thinking about a church that opened for services recently in Alexandria, Virginia. Called the Little Country Church, it was built with money received by the television program of the Hand to Heaven Evangelistic Association, Inc., and it boasts an artificial graveyard. It is the graveyard, chiefly, that we have been thinking about. The Reverend Joe Uhrig, who conducts services at the new church, was quoted in the papers as saying, "No one will ever be buried in the graveyard, and it is the only one of its kind in America." Now, the desire to add to the charm of the Little Country Church by scattering tombstones about the lawn indicates a fine sensibility on Mr. Uhrig's part, but we wonder if his decision never to put anyone under them is altogether wise. An empty graveyard, in our opinion, is no more desirable than an empty church. It isn't the sentiment on a headstone that induces meditation but the explanatory footnote beneath the sod. Besides, if this vacant graveyard becomes as famous as Mr. Uhrig seems to hope, is it likely that it will long remain the only one of its kind? Not, we think, when anyone with a shovel—and the disinclination to use it—can easily duplicate his achievement. But if, as we are prepared to believe, Mr. Uhrig's chief concern is that his graveyard be unique, rather than merely empty, there may be another and better course open to him. At last reports, the Brooklyn Museum was still the unenthusiastic owner of an Egyptian mummy whose packaging it had admired and removed. If Mr. Uhrig were to take this unwanted possession off the Museum's hands, he could, at a single stroke, provide an unfortunate Egyptian with a decent burial in Alexandria (whose name, at least, would be familiar), furnish his new graveyard with a respectable tenant, and establish his church as the only one in America to have both television facilities *and* a mummy more than sixteen hundred years old.

Lovers

OUR old friend Henry Hope Reed, Jr., one of the few beardless architectural historians we know, conducted one of his celebrated walking tours of the city on a recent Sunday afternoon, under the joint auspices of the Municipal Art Society and the local chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians, and, needless to say, we were among those tagging along. The starting point of the tour, in which about fifty people participated, was St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, at Tenth Street and Second Avenue, whence we zigged as far south as Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Mott Street, and then zagged boldly back uptown, finishing the tour in the welcome shelter of Grace Church, at Tenth Street and Broadway. The shelter was welcome for physical as well as architectural and spiritual reasons, for the weather was foul; rain fell with abandon throughout the tour, and a malevolent wind turned umbrellas inside out, blew off hats, and did everything else it could to make Mr. Reed and the rest of us miserable. Fortunately, the lovers of this city are a sturdy lot, and no one complained or fell by the wayside. Loiterers in dry doorways along the Bowery, seeing us pause entranced, the rain streaming down our faces, before some ancient and dingy loft building, plainly assumed that we had lost our marbles, but we were not abashed; devotion has the look of eccentricity in any weather, and if the building was ancient and dingy, it was also, to us, precious.

In the cast-iron porch of St. Mark's, Mr. Reed delivered a brief preliminary lecture, pointing out that much of the district through which we would be strolling had been built up in the architecturally romantic era before the Civil War and contained admirable specimens of both Greek Revival and Gothic Revival architecture, as well as occasional hints of Egypt and Rome. In those days, he said, the city was dominated by a small, wealthy, and conservative merchant class, many of whose members—Joneses, Lees, Fishes, Anthons, and Minthornes—lie buried in St. Mark's churchyard. When, little by little, these families gave up Broadway and the Bowery in favor of lower Fifth Avenue, the district was engulfed by successive waves of Irish, German, Italian, and Jewish immigrants. In a city with almost no reverence for its past, the district has survived as a sort of museum of various architectural styles simply because there has been so little economic inducement to destroy it. "Prosperity is a blessing to architects but a curse to architectural historians," Mr. Reed said. "From my point of view, the ideal city would be just rich enough to keep adding new buildings and just poor enough to insist on saving all the old ones."

Leading us bravely out into the rain, our cicerone began a rapid-fire account of the old wonders to be found on every hand. "St. Mark's stands in what used to be the garden of the Peter Stuyvesant mansion," he said. "Stuyvesant Street follows the lines of the driveway that led to the mansion. The church proper was built in the seventeen-nineties, the spire was added in the eighteen-thirties, and the porch was added in 1854. Right over there is the birthplace of Stanford White. His father was Richard Grant



"Well, I'll be darned! That looks like an old 78K Zelmar. I never thought I'd be seeing one of those *again."*

• •

White, the critic and editor, and *his* father was a South Street merchant." Reed's information, like his energy, appeared boundless; the rain came down harder and harder, and Reed spoke faster and faster. "Here's a good place to stop and take a look at Cooper Union. Brownstone. Italianate style. Opened in 1859 . . . . That statue of Peter Cooper is by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, whose father made boots for old Peter. Saint-Gaudens himself studied at the Union. The stone canopy sheltering the statue is by Stanford White. Saint-Gaudens didn't like it. . . . Those handsome buildings on the far side of Lafayette Street are Colonnade Row, originally known as La Grange Terrace, after Lafayette's estate in France. Designed by Alexander Jackson Davis and James Harrison Dakin. Built in 1831, of Westchester marble. Note the stone acroteria on the roof. . . . A fine view from here of the old De Vinne Press building, designed by George Flatcher Babb. A building in what I call the best Roman utilitarian manner. . . . Here's the Old Merchant's House. Owned by the Tredwell family from 1835 to 1936, and still has all the old family furnishings. Run as a museum by the Landmark Society. What we need in this city is more landmarks and more Landmark Societies." Mr. Reed wiped the rain from his glasses. "The storm seems to be getting worse," he said. "Anyone feel like quitting?" Fifty voices assured him that nobody did. Reed beamed, and headed south. "Next stop, Old St. Patrick's," he said. "Designed by Joseph-François Mangin, in 1809. One of the oldest Neo-Gothic buildings in the country."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (CONCERTO AND SHELLFISH DIVISION): A restaurant called Bogatin's, on Pacific Avenue, in Atlantic City, recently posted this notice outside the establishment: "Wanted—Piano Player Who Can Open Clams & Oysters."

Mechano

MAN-MADE moons, I.B.M. brains, and other electronic marvels had us so bedazzled and bewildered last week that it was with vast relief that we came upon a man pretending to be a machine, rather than vice versa. Our mechanical pretender, a small figure, was doing his stuff in top hat and tails in the window of the Swissair headquarters, on West Forty-ninth Street—a window in which we'd previously observed such unsettling things as white pythons and baby leopards. While we and many others gaped, the supposed automaton, slow and angular of gesture, impassive of mien, and shuffling of gait, moved amid a set of Wagnerian props from the Metropolitan Opera House bearing signs, agonizingly picked up from an easel in the corner, that encouraged one and all to take a Grand-Opera Tour of Europe with Swissair. Presently, a debate broke out among the onlookers—some contending that the figure in the window was a giant doll put into action by a great big spring, others that it had to be human or else it wouldn't be able to go on for more than a couple of minutes. Meanwhile, the sign displayer, never blinking or grimacing, jerked about, and finally disappeared behind a curtain to the rear of the window. Shortly afterward, just visible beyond the curtain's edge, there appeared a white-gloved hand and a portion of a top hat. "See?" said a lady to our right. "It was a dummy, after all."

To settle the matter, we stepped into the lobby of the Swissair offices and buttonholed a gentleman we know there named Roger Jones. Mr. Jones assured us that the figure we had seen was indeed real, and forthwith led us to the rear of the lobby, where we came upon our mechanical man, twitching back and forth and smoking a cigarette. Only slightly less angular in gesture than he'd been in the window, he advised us nervously that it would take him a couple of minutes to unravel. We suggested that he sit down. "Can't sit," he said. "I hate to sit." We shuffled about with him, and after a while he became reasonably articulate. "I love to horse around with makeup," he said. "Once, I made up like a monster in Spokane on Halloween, and a woman looked at me and fainted. It took me two hours to put that monster makeup on, and more than that to take it off, but it was worth it when that woman fainted. I've been a mechanical man since I was seventeen, and I'm twenty-five now, but I've also been a clown and, of course, a monster. I used to hope that my mechanical man, whose name is Mechano, would catch on, like Dracula, but it never did."

"What's your name?" we asked him.

"Robert Lawrence," he said. "By that I mean that that is my professional name. My real name is Robert Lawrence Brimacomb, but Brimacomb, which is Welsh, is too hard to handle for professional purposes. I come from Rochester, New York, but I work out of California—Los Angeles. My grandmother once told me I was related—a cousin or something—to an actress called Ellen Terry, in England. I wouldn't know. Anyhow, my father, who is a railroad superintendent, and my mother, who died when I was five, never did anything in the theatre. They did roller-skate like wizards, though, and one time my father ran a rink. He still gets the skates out to oil them every year, but he never does any skating. I had a grandmother—not the Ellen Terry one—who ran a riding academy outside of Rochester. When I was about sixteen, I hightailed it out West to become a cowboy. I went up to this ranch, in a place called Beaumont, California, and everybody laughed at the high-toned togs I was wearing, but they gave me a job as stableboy, and I got to be a kind of cowboy."

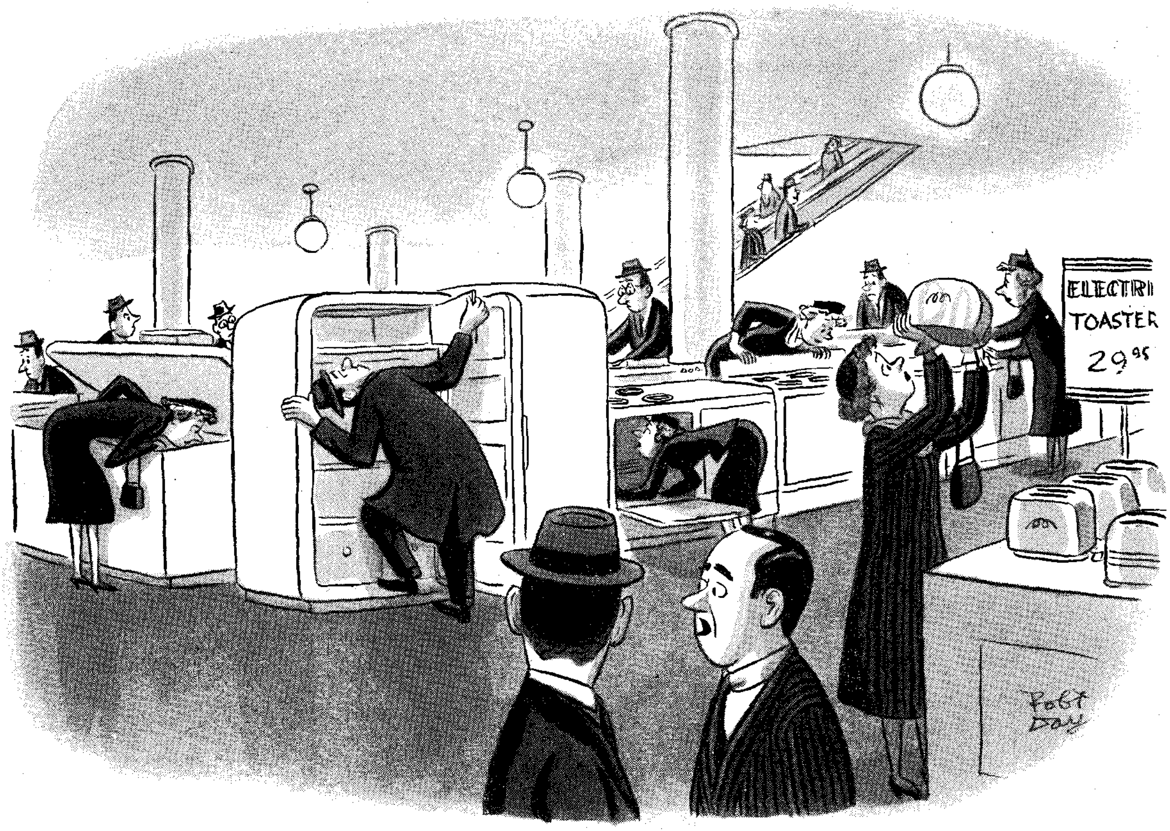
Mr. Brimacomb's speech was as spasmodic as his movements, and we held him up a moment to ask him how he got to be a mechanical man. "I went from this ranch in Beaumont to another one that was like a Wild West show," he said, "and when I was there I got to substitute one night for a clown who was drunk. When he stayed drunk for two weeks and came back, they fired him, and I got his job. There was an Indian at this ranch who had been a mechanical man, but was resting from it, because it made him nervous. I was surprised when he took off his hat and his long hair came with it, and what he had underneath was a crew cut. But he wouldn't teach me how to become a mechanical man, although it was him who gave me the idea in the first place. Anyhow, eventually I went to Hollywood and met Ginger Lee, who was a theatrical agent who had been a mechanical doll. Her office had a kind of penthouse, even if it was only a two-story building, and I was allowed to sleep there, provided I'd watch the premises. This penthouse had a big mirror in it, and soon I was practicing being a mechanical man. First time I tried the backward step, which you have to do if you're a mechanical man, I fell down, because I had on rubber heels. But I haven't had any accidents since, except when some fresh guy stuck a pin in me when I was being a mechanical man outside a movie where 'House of Wax' was playing. I get a lot of assignments to parade around outside horror movies, which I love. I've been in the menagerie with Ringling Brothers—what you would call a sideshow—but I don't last on such jobs too long, because I'm not a freak and there's only so much you can do as a mechanical man. The thing that gets me about this is that all the credit goes to Mechano, and none to Robert Lawrence Brimacomb. You'd think he was doing it all, wouldn't you? What I want to do is some comedy bits and stuff like that, so at least I'll get a little credit—I mean personally. I do wish I could relax."

Eternal Combustion

AN automobile addict of our acquaintance has been grounded the past couple of weekends while his Jaguar XK 140 MC was undergoing extensive body repairs. As it was participating in a back-road Fairfield County sports-car rally one recent Sunday, it got caught at an intersection in the cross-current of a vintage-car rally and was rammed by a 1912 Pierce-Arrow, which got off with no more than a scratch on a bumper.

Museum's Progress

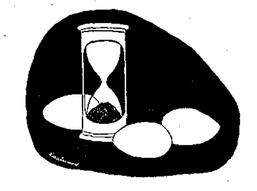
NELSON ROCKEFELLER'S efforts to save the Dodgers for Eastern civilization may have gone blooey, but his other cultural interests flourish apace. His Museum of Primitive Art, which we visited on the occasion of its opening last winter, is robustly holding its third exhibition, consisting of fourteen new acquisitions: six gold, one limestone, one ivory, one stone, one marble, one volcanic rock, three shell. As befits a baby of a founding father of the Good Neighbor Policy, the former Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, the possessor of the Order of Merit of Chile, the National Order of the Southern Cross of Brazil, and the Order of the Aztec Eagle of Mexico, and a considerable stockholder in the Creole Petroleum Corporation, of Venezuela, the emphasis is on the more southerly Americas, with Mexico accounted for by the limestone head of a rain god and the crouched volcanic-rock figure of a fire god bearing a bowl,



"We're not all that busy. They're looking for serial numbers. Then off they run to a discount house."

Colombia by four gold nose pendants and one gold breast pendant, and Panama by a fifteenth-century chieftain's gold plaque depicting a crocodile god, intended as a battle insigne. Greece is represented by a third-millennium-B.C. marble head of a fertility figure; Polynesia by a female-figure pendant carved out of a sperm-whale tooth; Melanesia by a breast ornament and an openwork plaque, both labelled as having been made of Tridacna shell; Central Australia by a churinga, or small stone tablet carved with designs symbolizing incidents or personages in ancestral myths; and the Mississippi Valley by a conch-shell gorget. Tridacna, our Webster's Unabridged says, is "a genus of marine bivalves having no anterior adductor muscle, and an equivalve shell the valves of which are very thick and heavy and strongly plicated at the margin." To plicate means "to fold, to pleat."

We inspected these treasures in the company of Dr. Robert Goldwater, who has been upped from acting director to director since our previous visit, and learned that the Greek head, which comes from the Cycladic Islands and is ten and a quarter inches high, is not only of exceptional size but pretty darn rare. "The Metropolitan has one, lent by Alistair Bradley Martin," Dr. Goldwater said, "and the Louvre has one, and the Athens museum has a few, but it won't say how many. Only one on exhibit. The whale-tooth figure was made in the Tonga Islands, on the western end of Polynesia, but was collected in Fiji, five hundred miles away. Very rare. A good deal of trade went on between the Tongas and the Fijis. The Museum is rich in Central American gold. A number of interesting gold objects have recently been discovered in Colombia and Panama. Those nose pendants were worn on the septum."



One of them was over a foot long, and we asked Dr. Goldwater what kind of septum would carry it.

"It may have been used just for burial purposes," he said. "The pendants were found in graves, but since no scientific notes were taken, we know nothing of the stratification or how far back they go. Our attendance has been above expectations. *Brisk.* I was in Europe last summer, making contacts and looking at possible purchases in France, England, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium. I ended up at an African-art exhibition in Cannes. No one used to go to Cannes in the summer, but now! Creeping democracy!"

Dr. Goldwater took us to his office, and we found its floor littered with objects that he was considering for the Museum's next exhibit, which he asked us to keep under our hat. "Here's one twelve feet high," he said, "but our galleries are only eleven feet high. We have storerooms in the basement, but large stone pieces are a problem. The Mexican stone jaguar—almost two feet high—that you saw in our first show is now in the garden of Mr. Rockefeller's Tarrytown house."

We thanked him and plicated.

Familiar

A SUBURBAN grandmother's heart momentarily leaped up the other evening when she heard her grandson—a ten-year-old apprentice demon and non-intellectual—whistling Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" as he did his nightly minimum of homework. She asked where he had learned the music. "That?" he said. "That's just what they play on television whenever someone gets bopped on the head."

Club Life

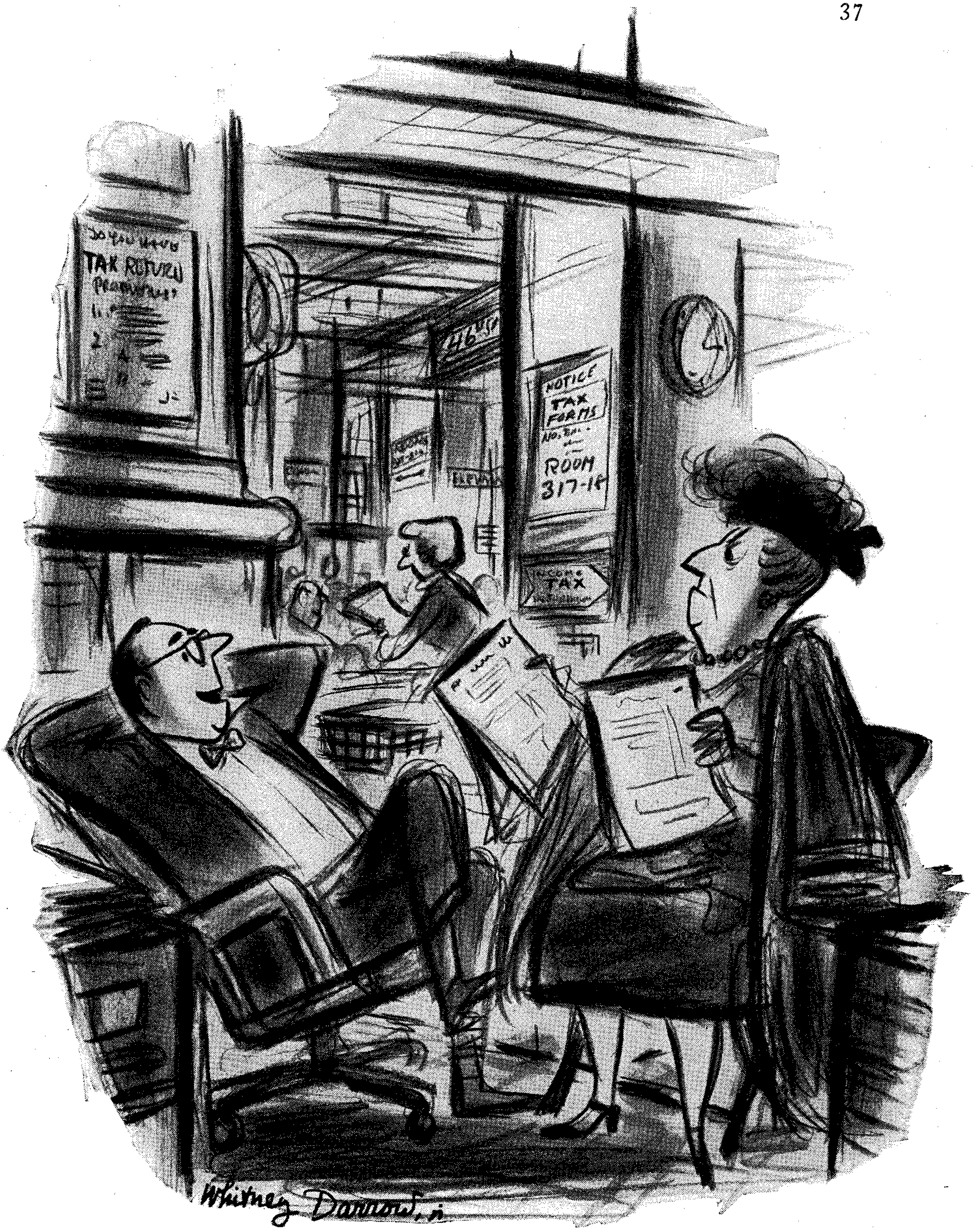
A SPY in the Yale Club! Right in the lounge! That's what we got wind of early this month, when, traveling downtown in the subway one morning with the Wall Street contingent, we peeped at the mail the man sitting next to us was reading. "Mr. Boris Morros, United States Counter Espionage Agent," we read on a card from the Yale Club, "will speak in the Lounge of the Club on Thursday evening, October 3rd, at 8:15 o'clock. Mr. Morros' account of the time he spent in this work for the United States Government will be interesting and should not be missed. Ladies are invited."

That was enough for us. In we trailed with the crowd on the appointed evening, and, in a huge Adam-ceilinged room, which at ten after eight was well-nigh chock-full, nabbed one of the few vacant seats, next to a fireplace whose mantel bore the legend "Lux et Veritas." No lux was blazing, but veritas rose on all sides: "Sorry, I'm saving this seat." "Didn't get here a minute too soon." "This guy has got a capacity audience, hasn't he?" A feminine buzz permeated the room, so rarely penetrated by females; pipe and cigar smokers lit up guiltily, as though they were in the ballroom of the Colony Club; other members pushed their way through rows of folding, or plicating, chairs, bringing their ladies whiskey-sodas from the adjacent bar. A lady on a sofa began to knit, and at eight-thirty—the lounge now full to its chaired capacity (five hundred and fifty), standees bursting out of its seams, and a few rather old ladies with fur neckpieces sitting on the floor—Mr. Joseph T. P. Sullivan, chairman of the Activities Committee, rose and said, "Good evening! And welcome to the 1957-58 lectures, entertainment, and uplifting influences!"

Mr. Sullivan, after announcing that this was Mr. Morros' first public appearance on the lecture platform, went on to say that for this appearance the club had to thank Thomas B. Gilchrist, Jr., Yale '33, the Chief Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York State. Mr. Gilchrist, who recently presented evidence to a grand jury that indicted six persons accused of being Soviet espionage agents, took a bow, and Mr. Sullivan asked Mr. Victor Riesel, on whose blinding by acid Mr. Gilchrist presented evidence to a special federal rackets grand jury that indicted Johnny Dio, to take a bow, which he did, to great applause, whereupon Mr. Sullivan introduced, as the introducer of Mr. Morros, "a great public servant, a great lawyer, a man who knows Boris Morros and the secret he carried so long, a man who has journeyed all the way from West Forty-fourth Street, which is the site of the Harvard Club, to see how the other half lives, the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York State—the Honorable Paul W. Williams, who will tell you the inside story, with a proper introduction of the speaker."

After proclaiming his astonishment at the size and distinction of the group present, Mr. Williams, Harvard '25, said that the speaker of the evening was a musician who had played the cello in his native Russia at a very early age, a motion-picture producer, musical director of Paramount for fifteen years, a photographer, an inventor, and "a man of the world and a *bon vivant*, whose father, now ninety-six, invented the Bloody Mary." After being interrupted by a deafening burst of applause, he went on to say that Mr. Morros had come here from Russia thirty-five years ago, was a man with nerves of steel, and, at the request of the F.B.I., had served for ten years as an undercover agent operating in the very heart of a Soviet spy ring.

All rose, including the floor sittees,



"O.K., Madam, I'm a stiff-necked, niggling, stupid little bureaucrat, but that doesn't alter the fact that you still owe the government seventy-nine dollars and thirty-two cents."

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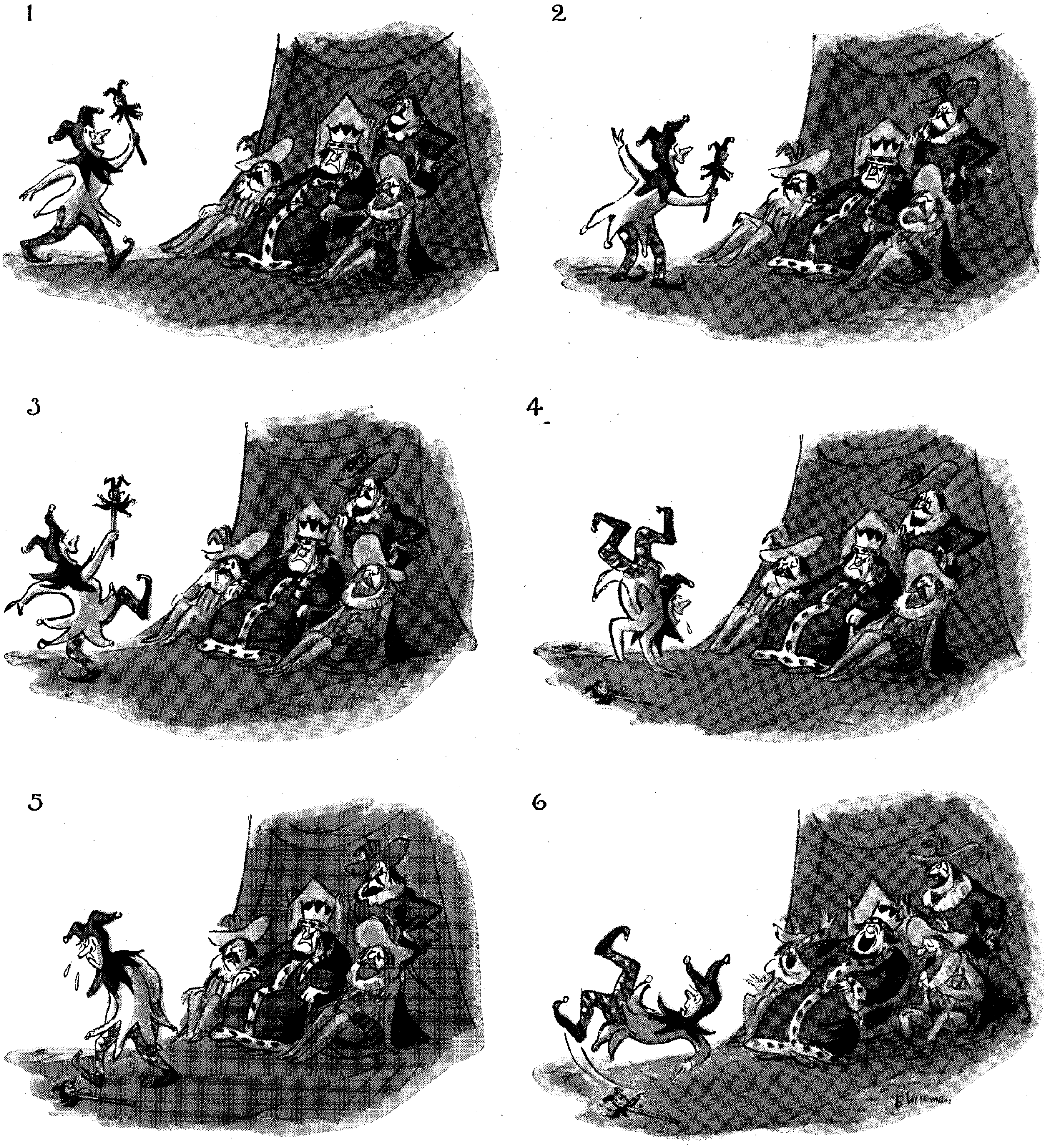
as Mr. Morros, a small man with a light-gray suit and a Russian accent, got up and thanked God Almighty "for giving me the opportunity to talk here tonight." Then everybody settled down again, and Mr. Morros said that when he came to the United States, in the early twenties, leaving his parents behind, he began sending packages to them, and soon noticed that "bad people were trying to help me, supposedly." "One day I noticed myself surrounded by the bad people," he continued. "I went to the F.B.I. and told them, 'I don't like the people who offer to help me with packages.' They told me to coöperate. I thus met Jack Soble and others, in a tiny Chinese restaurant on Columbus Circle. I was taken to Geneva, Switzerland, and introduced to the head of I.N.O., the foreign division of G.P.U. He met me again in Lausanne, Switzerland. In 1950, they took me to Russia. I didn't have a chance to remove my coat before a beautiful girl approached me. Soviet officials told me that American prisoners would soon be building their highways. I was asked, 'Why did you assassinate President Roosevelt?' They refused Chesterfields when I offered them publicly, but as long as the light is down, the whole package disappears. That gives me hope. The life is full of contradictions. The entire Marxism is a hoax. There is no equality in that Marxist paradise. They know it but hate to admit it. When you start to talk about America, they want to hear bad news. They know the word 'weekend' now. Soon they will say they invented the weekend. They swear the Cadillac was made in Russia. They found out that I am personally very fond of Cardinal Spellman. They wanted me to place a secretary in his office. I went from Moscow to Prague and from Prague to Vienna. I found that the richest man in Vienna is a Communist, and that his wife is the sister of the wife of an American atomic scientist. It took me over a year to learn the name of the man. Soviet spies will tell you anything when they have had enough vodka. I drank vodka with them, but I am immune to it. They planned the assassination of Tito at one time, and made trial murders of innocent people in preparation for it, in the tunnel between Vienna and Salzburg. It was called off at the last minute. They envy us our Corn Flakes. The greatest country in the world cannot produce Corn Flakes!"

At the conclusion of Mr. Morros' talk, we joined a knot of well-wishers surrounding him and Mr. Wil-



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liams. One of them asked Mr. Williams what kind of information about this country Mr. Morros had had to give the Russians in order to keep in with them. "Nothing that could possibly help them," he said. "I saw it all." And down the stairs we went, past reassuring portraits of Elihu Yale and A. Whitney Griswold, into streets lined with boxes of Corn Flakes.

Alas and alack! The very next day, Mr. Gilchrist resigned from Mr. Williams' office to return to private practice, and the Russians came out with, if not a Cadillac or a Corn Flake, a moon.

Escape

A Park Avenue gentleman has sent us what he regards as exhilarating proof that the grand gesture is not a thing of the past. While en route to England aboard the United States a few weeks ago, he fell into conversation with a distinguished-looking lady occupying the deck chair next to his, and learned that she planned to disembark at Le Havre, run down to Paris for a few hours, and return in time to take the liner back to New York. "You see," she explained, "we're having the painters in at home."

BIG GAME

"IF you want to do any shooting while you're up here on the plateau," my French host in Abyssinia said, "you might have the men build you a shooting platform in that wild fig outside the gate." He pointed to a great tree beyond the *zeriba*—the hedge of euphorbia and thorn that shut in the plantation. The trunk of the fig tree was as gnarled and gray as that of an olive tree in Provence, and the spread of its branches could have sheltered a town meeting.

"Shoot what?" I asked, although I had no intention of shooting my way, so to speak, into Africa—"riding a bullet," my French husband called it. There was only one beast that I had theretofore associated with Abyssinia. "Lions?"

"Lions are down there in the 'hole,'" said the Frenchman, with the faintest flicker of a smile. He indicated with a wave of the hand the broad Erer Valley, which lay far below us, swimming in tawny dust. "We have lots of panthers around here, but I wouldn't advise taking a crack at one unless you're a dead shot."

"I'm not," I said, trying to picture myself taking a crack at anything as considerable as a panther. "What else is there?"

"Not much, unfortunately. Hyenas aren't worth a bullet, and besides they have their uses, like the vultures. You can shoot monkeys, of course; they're destructive little beasts, and the neighbors would thank you. I never enjoy killing them, myself. You know, they cry like babies when they're hit. But if it amuses you, you can pot one easily any morning over in the river bed. You meet them there in couples, walking hand in hand."

"I think, after all, I'll stick to a camera," I said.

The Frenchman laughed. "Don't count on much of a bag, then. This is Galla country. Around here nearly everyone is a Moslem, and you know how Moslems feel about photography."

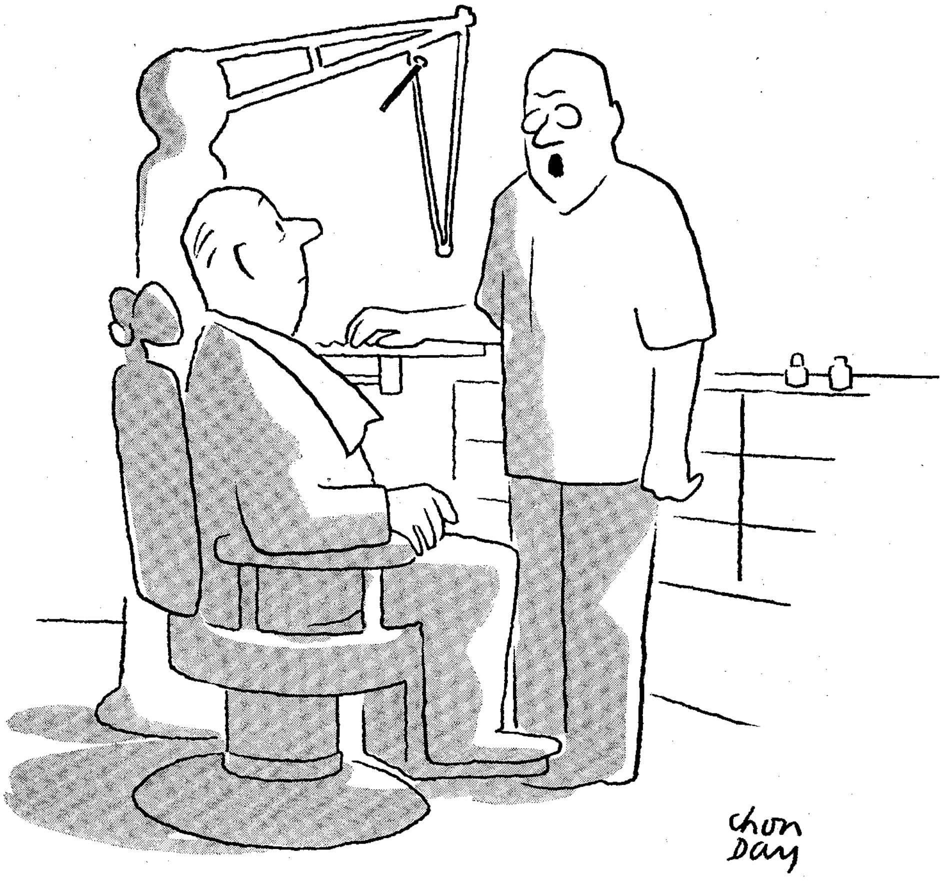
THAT autumn in the thirties, I had come down from Paris—alone, since my husband could not leave his work on a Paris newspaper—to visit French friends in Abyssinia and study African folkways. This was my first trip to Africa, and I was finding it a land of violently contrasting highlights and shadows, with a good many values curiously in reverse, as on a photographic plate.

On the coast, I had met black smallpox. (I say "met" deliberately, for it lay—and walked—all around us.) Inland there was famine, because of the locusts. All down the Red Sea, on the ship that had taken me from Marseille to Djibouti, I had seen clouds of the insects spiralling overhead like smoke, or whirling in dense columns above the stony desert. On deck one morning, an Ethiopian *dedjasmatch*—nobleman and diplomat—found me admiring a winged creature, orange-pink, that had plummeted out of the sky. Draped like a Roman in his white *chamma*, or shawl, he paused in his stately promenade and, with a glance that was singularly aloof, said in a voice full of hollow resonance, "You hold Death on your palm, Madame."

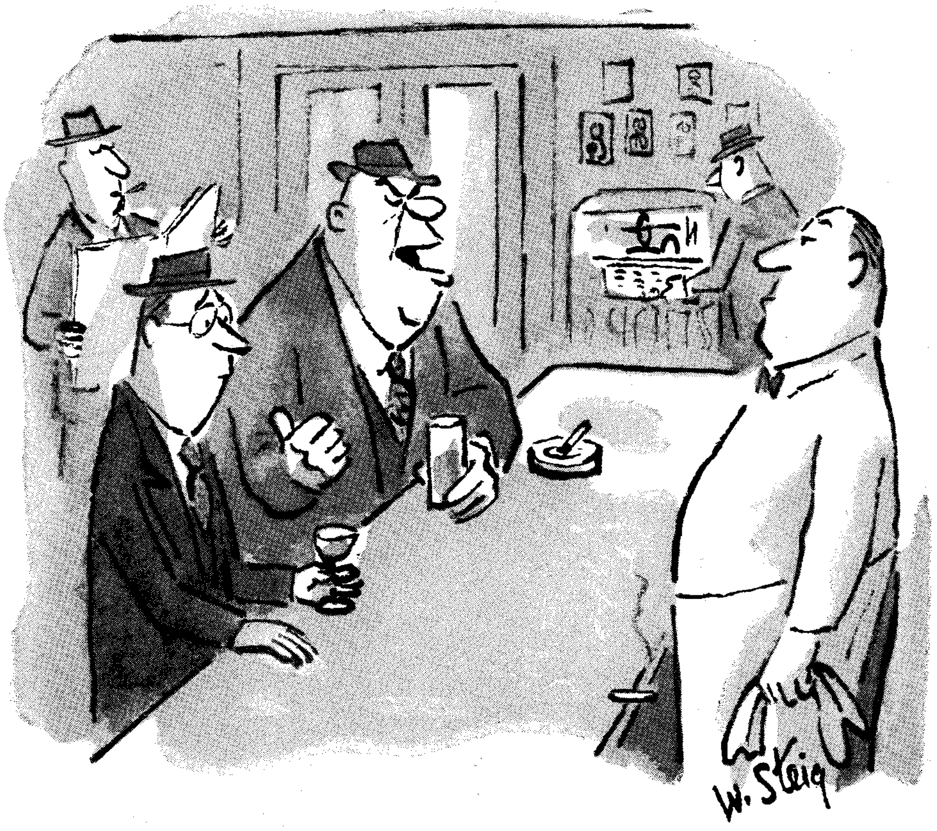
When I reached Dire Dawa, the city, near the eastern border of Abyssinia, where my host had his home, the battle was on to save the gardens and the crops—a losing fight, in spite of drum-beating and bonfires and prayers. In the old quarter of Dire Dawa, hungry folk from the bush combed the dust of the grain market with their fingers or lay inert in the square—gaunt black shapes, each with a begging bowl, generally empty, set in the angle of a shrunken arm. "If Allah wills these men to die, they will die," the Dankali who—whip in hand, presumably for my protection—steered me through the crowds remarked with laconic fatalism. He was a sailor named Kassim, one of the crew of the Frenchman's dhow, whom my host had assigned to me as guide and bodyguard—a tall fellow, with the Semitic features of the Dankalis. No cruising was planned, so Kassim could be spared.

The locusts ate the Frenchman's garden. We fought them—vainly—with insecticides, kerosene, and arsenic, and finally, in despair, with a blowtorch. And still they came—the wingless "crawlers" like a moving carpet, and the winged adult insects in funnel-shaped clouds that twisted up from the horizon to crumble down on us in a rain of pinkish dust.

When nothing remained of the garden but a wilderness of blackened sticks, my host offered to take me to a small coffee plantation on the high plateau some fifteen miles to the southwest of Harar. (This was one of several "concessions" he had; foreigners are not permitted to own land in Ethiopia, except by direct grant from the Emperor.) "At six thousand feet, you will be above the locusts," he said. "You can keep Kassim as your bodyguard, and our Somali servants on the plantation will



"You have thirty-two cavities."



"Give this fella another Pink Lady, or whatever it is he's drinking."

take good care of you. I'm sure you will like the place—it's a kind of Eden after what you have seen so far."

He was right. At the end of a long day in the saddle (he and I, with an escort of half a dozen Gallas went the whole way on horseback, for the auto road through the rough country between Dire Dawa and Harar had not been completed then), those twenty acres of terraced hillside, with a cluster of round, mud-walled huts perched at the top among flower beds and fruit trees, looked to me like the other-world garden that awaits True Believers. Bright-blue morning glories festooned the peaked roofs, climbing roses and bougainvillaea overhung reservoirs filled with floating lilies, and everywhere—under the peach, papaw, and mango trees, and down the terraces, with their rows of shiny-leaved coffee shrubs—hurried glistening threads of water. From the topmost terrace we could look for miles across the barren plain. We were as far above it as Heaven.

I was given one of the plantation's two "master" huts—the only huts with windows and with metal roofs instead of thatch—and after a couple of days the Frenchman, having given directions to his servants about how to care for this strange American guest, returned to Dire Dawa.

"I'm glad you're not nervous about staying here alone," he said to me the night he left, as he stood by his saddled horse at the plantation gate, which was really a sheet-iron door in the *zeriba.* In view of the fact that eighteen people (thirteen Gallas, four Somalis, one Amhara) lived on the plantation, and that I had Kassim besides, this was perhaps a queer way of putting it, but I knew, of course, what he meant. He himself was setting off "alone," accompanied by two stalwart Somalis. As he swung himself into the saddle, the night emitted a long-drawn-out groan—or perhaps something between a groan and a growl—that ended in a sharp cry. It sounded very near. The Frenchman's horse shied and snorted. He reined it in and spoke over his shoulder. "I forgot—always take someone with you when you go outside the *zeriba.*" As the horse danced away into the night, he called back, "Since the famine, hyenas prefer fresh meat!"

It was an odd sort of farewell. Flanked by my bodyguard and Ali, the Somali cook, I stood listening to the ring of hoofs on the hard-packed earth of the trail. Along with it, other sounds—a succession of not untuneful howls—floated back to us. "Somali song. For *waraba* [hyena]," the cook said, in his pidgin French. If the song was intended to soothe the hyena, the one in our neighborhood remained untouched. Its groan-and-yip made itself heard again, louder than before. I retreated inside the iron door, followed by my escort, and it clanged shut.

"I thought hyenas laughed," I said to the cook as Kassim made fast the lock.

At first, Ali didn't get what I meant; when it penetrated, *he* laughed. "*Waraba même chose messieurs,*" he explained. "*Beaucoup manger, beaucoup rire.*"

Later, as I lay listening to those hyena noises—they kept up, it seemed to me, for hours—I pictured the hungry beast trotting up and down outside the hedge, and I was nervously conscious of the hut's three windows, paneless and unscreened. It occurred to me—and I couldn't help smiling at the thought—that I had not been fearful of the night and its creatures since my childhood. I spoke to myself firmly about it, but just the same I was a long time getting to sleep.

A TROPICAL downpour waked me the next morning, roaring over the metal roof of the guest hut like a subway train. This was one penalty of living under such a roof, and it was also hotter than the native thatch, but it was free from termites. The rain drummed without letup until I had nearly finished dressing, but when I stepped out on the terrace for my morning coffee, the storm had passed. Everything dripped, sparkled, and steamed; the dawn sky was as empty as if there had been no rain.

The guest hut and the owner's more pretentious one, both of them built of red-brown earth taken from termite mounds (it was antproof and hard as mortar), opened onto the topmost terrace. Outside my door, Kassim was waiting for me. As a seaman from the coast, he was almost as much a stranger to the plateau as I was. I had felt sorry for him the day we rode up from Dire Dawa, through a series of downpours—a forlorn figure in a drenched turban, clinging uncertainly to his unfamiliar mule amid the jeers of our Galla escort. After two days on the plantation, he no longer excited pity. Wearing a spotless white *futa* (a skirt-like sarong) and turban, he sat on a low stool in the pale sun, a study in black and white, to which a hibiscus flower over one ear added a note of scarlet. He sat at ease, as if on the steering bench of the Frenchman's dhow—one foot tucked under him, the other leg extended—his bare black torso and fine Semitic features in sharp relief against the green. In that garden setting, he had the elegance of a figure from a Persian manuscript (the *futa* masked his bandy legs and their skin ulcers), and evoked Arabian Nights tales of princesses and poor fishermen.

He rose lazily as I approached, gave me a morning salaam in Arabic (the international language of our mixed group on the hilltop), and began waving a fluffy white monkey tail like a fan, for after the rain the flies had risen in swarms. Kassim did not mind flies himself, but I did, owing to my "skinless" state. (I had already learned that the superior white skin is no skin at all.) That morning, the Dankali's fly-chaser was merely a badge of office, for I carried a swatter of my own—a giraffe tail, which I switched as I walked, much as its original owner must have done.

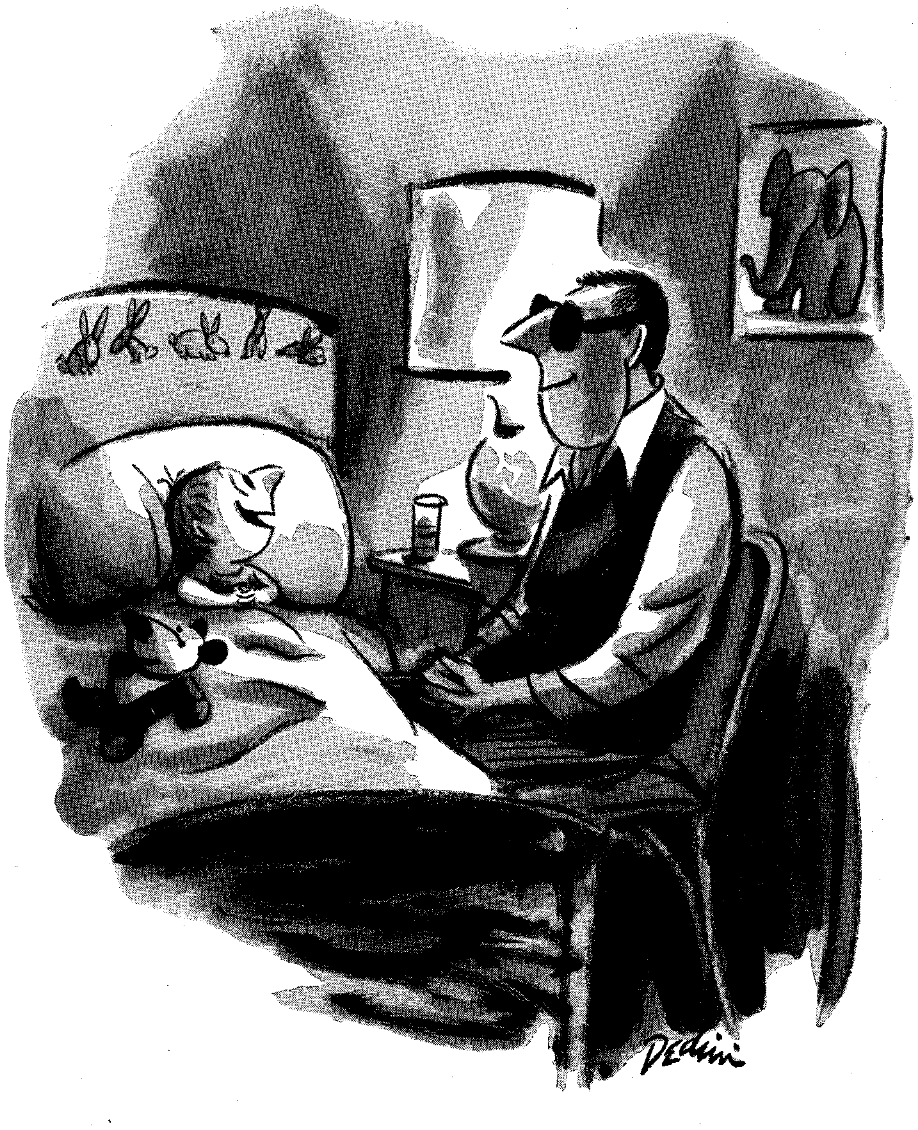
While I was finishing my coffee, Ali-the-cook came up the steps from the kitchen hut on the terrace below. He carried a shotgun, for he was on his way to the lemon grove outside the hedge to shoot green pigeons for my lunch. A Somali houseboy followed him, bearing a big knife—to bleed them, Moslem fashion, by striking off their heads as they fell. I walked with them to the gate, and the Dankali with his monkey tail sauntered in our wake.

Beyond the hedge, the narrow trail, worn hard and smooth by countless bare feet, led off toward Harar across unfenced pastures and between fields of durra. Under the fig tree by the gate, a party of brush gatherers had spent the night; they were former slaves from Harar, my host had told me, who now earned their living by gathering firewood in the bush, to sell in the Harar market. At intervals during the night, I had heard their voices and laughter, and the crackling of their bonfire. When Ali opened the iron door in the hedge, the campers were already on their way to the city, visible only as a procession of faggots moving along the trail on thin black legs. From off to the left another file approached—men and women from distant Ugaden, carrying on their heads gourds of liquid butter and flat baskets of grain. As they passed at a rapid step, erect as caryatids, I noticed that there was barely the flicker of an eye in my direction. Not a head turned.

Behind them came a solitary marcher—perhaps some missionary sheik, touring the Galla country to teach the Koran to village boys. For baggage he had only a water gourd, slung from the staff he carried horizontally across his shoulders. I smiled at him, and our glances met as he went by—or, rather, his slid past me as if I had been a tree, a gatepost, or nothing at all. It was the cut direct. Something in the aloofness of that regard reminded me of the *dedjasmatch* on shipboard, and I recalled a remark of the Frenchman's: "This is distinctly *not* a white man's country. You'll see. They don't let you forget it."

Standing by the gate, with my unwanted smile and my pink skin that was no skin, I looked after the moving line of figures, black against the green. "Strings of black ants," the Frenchman called them. Ants or not, they and their peaked huts belonged to the landscape. I didn't. The thought had occurred to me earlier, at breakfast, as I watched Ayesha, the plantation's Galla shepherdess, at her morning toilet beside one of the irrigation ditches. Her dark skin, with its protective coating of butter, glistened like bronze, and she draped her *futa* about her in classic folds. I had wondered then whether my European clothes looked as contrived and outlandish to her in that setting as they did at the moment to me.

As I stood with the two men by the gate, the shepherdess herself came toward it, preceded by her mixed herd—two horses, two mules, two cows, two goats—which had spent the night in close fraternity in one of the huts, and which she was driving to pasture outside the hedge. They went through the gate one by one; everything in this country seemed to march single file. The cows came last—nice little humped Brahman cows, tawny as lions. The first sauntered past, hips and tail swinging, and the second approached, loose-jointed and unconcerned. Then it saw me. After one amazed look, it stopped in its tracks, put its head down, and, with a whoosh, lunged. Though the move was sudden, I managed to put a gatepost between us; the horn caught only



"Pop, tell me again how jazz came up the river from New Orleans."

the hem of my skirt. The cook and my bodyguard drove off the outraged little Brahman with yells and much laughter. The shepherdess made cooing sounds over the torn skirt, but I could see that she was enjoying the joke, too. It took an effort for me to laugh, for my feelings were as badly lacerated as the skirt. It wasn't humiliation alone, though it *would* have been humiliating to come all the way to Abyssinia to be gored by a domestic cow. What I resented most was the laughter, and its implications.

THAT morning—and a good many times afterward—I pondered my status in this small Moslem community. As a woman, an infidel, and white, it presumably could not have been lower. The Frenchman had made that perfectly clear when he explained to me that we whites have no skin. "Altogether, whether we like it or not," he said, "to these black Moslems we're a stench in the nostrils. I suppose you've seen the gesture?" I had. It was not flattering.

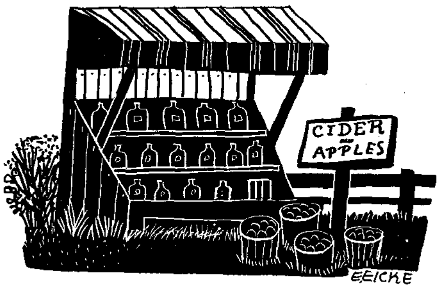
On the plantation, the male workers tolerated me for a very obvious reason: I was the guest of their employer, a rich man. I doubt if they thought of me in any other light. But with the women, or at least with two of them, I succeeded better.

Fatuma, the Somali housekeeper, and I could talk together a little in a pidgin French, or in Arabic, of which I had a smattering, and, as women, we had several things in common. To begin with, both our husbands were absent: mine in Paris, and hers— well, she couldn't be absolutely sure, but she suspected he was in jail. A few years earlier, he had got into trouble with the British at Zeilah (she did not specify how), and since "the *Inglis* never forget," she concluded that they had probably locked him up.

Fatuma and I were also professional women. To her, papers of any sort meant "accounts," although she kept hers in her head. Once, when I was at my typewriter, she asked me if I received pay for my figuring, as she did, and if I had to give it all to my husband. Fatuma told me in confidence that since her wages were now her own—it was one of the advantages of the single state—she had already accumulated an important sum: fourteen silver Maria-Theresa dollars.

Ayesha, the shepherdess, had no such luck with her earnings. Furthermore, her arms were bare of bracelets, and her ears of earrings. This, so Fatuma told me, was the husband's doing. When I came to the plantation, Ayesha wore two long nails in the lobes of her ears to keep the holes open, which showed she had not abandoned hope. But who would give earrings to Ayesha? Not her husband, surely, Fatuma said. And who else? Poor Ayesha, so old and so ugly! (She was twenty-four, and to my eyes she was slim and lovely—a black Botticelli.) "A thin cow," Kassim called her. In his eyes, her only merit was that she had borne a son.

I set out deliberately to buy Ayesha's affection, and did so by spending a small sum—two or three silver dollars, as I remember. When I gave her the tiny packet that contained my gift, wrapped in a scrap of red calico, she mistook it for a charm, and prepared to tie it alongside a charm she was already wearing on a string about her neck. But when I told her to open the packet, and she saw what it contained—filigree earrings from the Indian jeweller's at Harar—she was stunned at first, and speechless. Then she threw herself on me like a black whirlwind, and kissed my shoulders and breasts and hands and knees. Gripping me by the arm, she hurried me off to find Fatuma and have her translate what she wanted to say to me: "I will think of you until my last hour. When you die, I will say, 'She is dead—the one who gave me earrings.'" With that, Ayesha wept in anticipation and kissed me again in detail.



The gardener's wife, Zenaba, with her supple body, her satiny brown skin, and her long Bedouin eyes, had no need of gifts from me. She wore a dozen bracelets on each arm, and strings of amber and silver about her throat. I noticed that the houseboys found countless errands daily to take them by her door; the Abyssinian watchman was forever hanging about her hut, and the field hands strutted like cocks when-

A MEETING

Meeting the first time for many years,
What do they expect to see
Of the beings they made once, for better and worse,
Of each other—he and she?

A shrine to lost love? A hovel for guilt?
A vacant historic pile?
Something in ruins? Something rebuilt
In a grand or a makeshift style?

Whatever is here to be freshly scanned,
Their view will be overcast;
Though they'll encounter, smile, shake hands,
They can only meet in the past,

Meet at the point where they parted, in
The house of what once they were,
Haunted by ghosts of what they might have been
Today, had they lived on there.

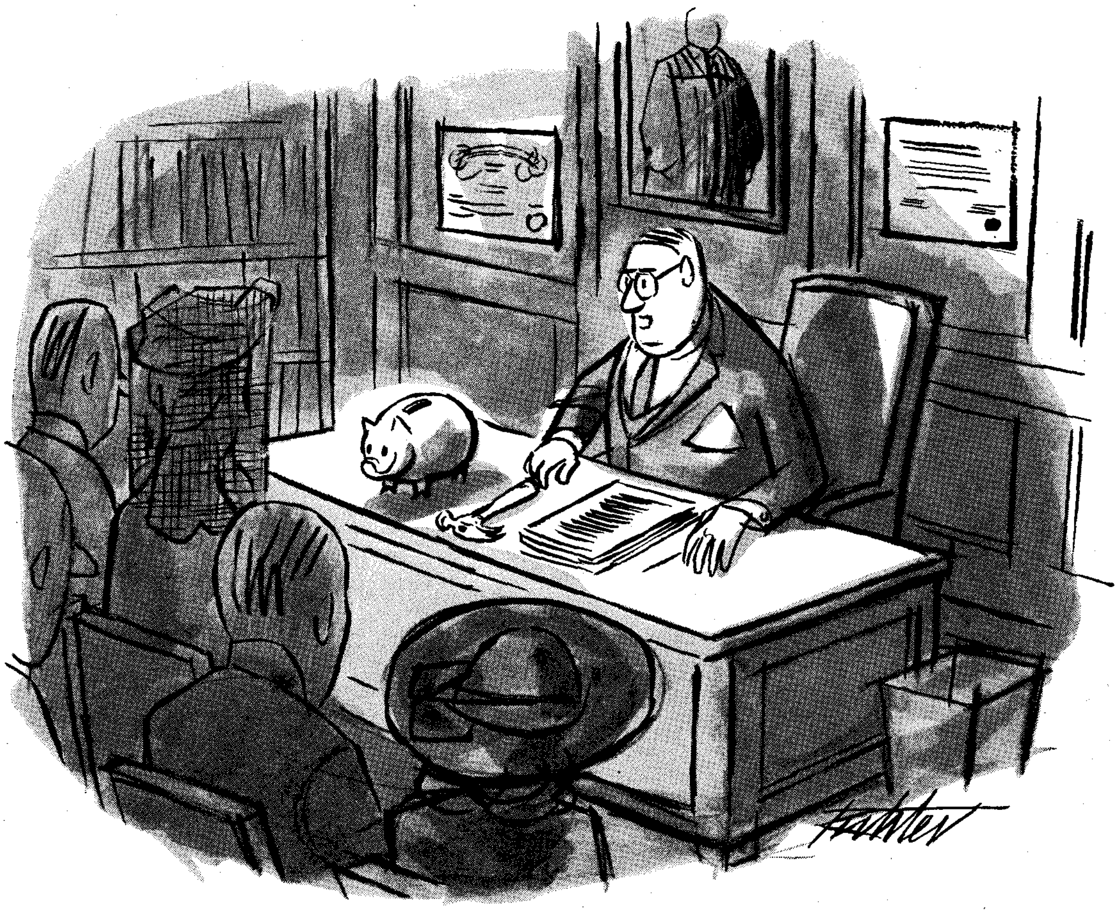
The life they had fashioned long ago
Seemed close as a honeycomb;
And if anything couples these strangers now,
Who were each other's home,

It is grief that the pureness and plenitude of
Their love's long-flowering day
Could, like baser, flimsier stuff,
Corrupt or melt away.

Nothing left of the cells they stored
With joy, trust, charity
For years? . . . Nature, it seems, can afford
Such wastefulness—not we.

—C. DAY LEWIS

ever they crossed her path. They called to her across the garden—"Zenaba-O!"—and Zenaba answered with peals of throaty laughter and lazy gestures of the round arms with the heavy bracelets. "When I am rich, I will buy me a Galla wife," Kassim announced wistfully. As for the Frenchman, he measured the gardener's wife with a man's eye. "*Belle fille*" was all he had said in explanation of her before he left, but I suspect that he saw the three women on the plantation strictly in terms of their separate functions: a housekeeper, a shepherdess, a— well, Zenaba's function in life was clear enough.



"If everyone is ready, we will now proceed with the reading of the will."

• •

DURING my first few days on the plateau, I tramped industriously about the countryside in the heat, with the Dankali at my heels, and the housekeeper or the cook to act as interpreter. We visited nearby villages and plantations, and I saw farmers turning up the red earth with their stone-weighted digging sticks; boys, armed with slingshots, standing watch on a platform in the middle of each durra field, to keep marauding birds and monkeys away from the crop; and women gathering kat (the narcotic plant), or pounding grain in tall mortars that looked like churns. I used my camera freely, thanks to the cook, who, as a travelled man of the world, was liberal-minded about such things. He had hit on the brilliant idea of asking our neighbors in while I developed film. Everyone came, but few of the visitors could identify themselves on the negatives, and those who claimed to recognize their friends were visibly unimpressed by what they saw. So word got around that the black box contained magic of a very mediocre sort, not worth making a fuss about.

The chief thing I acquired during those first energetic weeks was a decided skepticism as to the question-and-answer method of learning about people—particularly when the information you glean has to filter through several tongues (in this case, Galla to Arabic to French) and several makeshift translators. I also picked up three or four leg ulcers, and an interesting creature (insect or worm, I have forgotten which) that deposited a transparent sac of eggs in the sole of my foot. Ali-the-cook expertly extracted the sac unbroken (very important), with a splinter of wood, but the neat little cavern that was left in the skin was a long time filling up. Ulcers and foot worms, however, were purely minor matters—the usual *petits inconvénients* of life in the tropics, the Frenchman called them with a dismissive gesture one day when he rode up from Dire Dawa to see how I was making out. Among these petty annoyances he listed malaria; I had picked *that* up during my brief stay down on the plain. He had malaria, like everyone else, he said; he refused to "make himself a slave" to quinine every time he visited a fever district. Anyhow, he assured me, ordinary malaria was no more of an inconvenience than a cold in the head.

True or not, I got little sleep after the malaria colonies began growing in my blood. At night, I would lie awake for hours, or else I'd have nightmares. There was a recurrent one, absurdly reminiscent of a dream that had terrified my childhood. In my memory, that early dream was associated with eating unripe peaches, and it had to do with a beast—nature unspecified—that crept or sprang out at me through the fringes of an overstuffed chair in the family parlor. The new beast was equally anonymous, and it, too, leaped out at me from its lair in the dark.

I blamed my bad dreams on the hyenas, for they continued to make the nights hideous with their groaning. They also loomed large in the news of our district, since they now attacked human beings in broad daylight—women and children, for the most part, or men travelling singly. This was because of the famine, people said; so many creatures had died that the *waraba* had temporarily lost its taste for carrion. One day, a hyena came into the pasture where Ayesha sat watching her herd, and it would have dragged off the gardener's goat if men from the plantation had not come when she screamed, and stoned it away. When I walked with Kassim outside the plantation, people we met on the road were sure to say half humorously as we passed them, "Hurry home, now, or the *waraba* will get you."

One afternoon, as Kassim and I

skirted the restless jungle of banana leaves down by the river, he touched me lightly on the shoulder with the tip of his fly-chaser. "*Waraba*," he said conversationally, as a stroller in Central Park might indicate a gray squirrel, and pointed toward the deep shadow under the leaves at our left. I looked, but I am not sure that I saw anything—a deeper shadow, perhaps, and two bright dots that may have been only flecks of sunlight. But I got the stench, all right—as if something unspeakably foul had breathed into my face. At the yell Kassim gave—it was sudden and earsplitting—I jumped, but I didn't notice whether the shadow stirred. I was fighting down a wave of nausea.

The Dankali had not bothered to use his sling, although it dangled from one hand as he walked. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw me glance at it. For a few steps more, he continued swinging it carelessly; then, squinting up at the sky, he set it rotating in humming circles. With a crack and a zing, the stone soared. Something—a small vulture—fell in a dishevelled heap beside the path. Kassim did not give it a look. He walked on, aimlessly twirling the sling. An American boy would have whistled. As for me, for the first time I really believed the story of David and Goliath. Also, after that glimpse of the hyena in the banana grove the dream beast that haunted me acquired a new horror—smell.

But if the nights were grim, each morning was a delight: the cool flower scents from the garden, the mighty bird chorus, the flash of water in the irrigation ditch that ran past the door of my hut, and, from the terrace just below, the tang of wood smoke and coffee.

THE day that now stands out in my memory in the succession of days on the plateau began like the others. Coffee was served on the terrace at sunrise by the cook, his head muffled in a *chamma* against the morning chill, though a generous expanse of bare stomach was exposed to the same air. The shepherdess's five-year-old son, Omar-*tico* (little Omar, also known as *basho-tico*, little cat), came to sit cross-legged under the breakfast table, literally to catch the crumbs; a baby goat that Fatuma had christened Chancalla because it was so black—the very dark Chancallas were a so-called slave race—played leapfrog over the irrigation ditch; and a little humped calf came to crouch at my feet like a sizable and phlegmatic dog.

As the sun climbed, the thermometer climbed with it, and the flies multiplied. The sticky swarms were everywhere, and more aggressive than usual; if the monkey tail checked its steady sweep for an instant, they settled and stung. Although the sky was almost cloudless, there was a heavy something in the air that made breathing an effort. Sounds took on volume and intensity: the ceaseless chatter of the birds; the voices of men who were breaking ground on the hillside to set out more coffee plants. The hard earth rang like metal under the rhythmic blows of their digging sticks, each blow accompanied by a yell. Over in the lemon grove, Ali-the-cook, who had cleared away the breakfast dishes, now popped away at green pigeons. From the repeated reports, I judged him to be a poor marksman.

To top it all, as I sat at the table fussing with my week's bag of notes, I had melody over my left shoulder. It began as a vague humming; then it acquired rhythm and articulated syllables. Kassim was feeling tuneful. His song went this way:

"*Ai-ó! . . . Yál! . . . Ai-ó-ó!*
Ai-o, o-yál-o, oy-yáy . . ."

Ali-the-cook, who came along the terrace just then, dangling one headless pigeon, completed the song:

"*Oy-yál-áy!*"

He beamed, and said, "Somali song."

"The hyena one?" I asked. "What's it about?"

He grinned foolishly and said, "Just song." He and the Dankali took up the air again, one on each side of my chair:

"*Ai-ó! . . . Yál! . . . Ai-ó-ó!*
Ai-o, o-yál-o, oy-yáy,
Oy-yál-áy!"

There was a lot more to it, and they let me have it full blast. It must have carried to the end of the plantation, if not to Harar. I caught up my papers in a surge of anger that astonished me as much as it did the singers, and, upsetting the bamboo table in my haste, I made for the doorway of the guest hut. "Go away, both of you!" I called back to them. The song broke off; the monkey brush paused in midair. Abashed, the two men backed away out of sight.

I spent the rest of the morning on my bed. While I waited for my heart to stop its hysterical thumping, I had time to reflect on the folly of giving way to emotions at high altitudes in the tropics. Also, to the mild annoyance of the cook, that brief fit of temper effectively quenched any appetite I might have had for green pigeon. There was no sleep for me during the siesta hour, but I attributed this to the presence of the plantation hands on the terrace outside my door. They sat around a smoking incense pot, drinking salt tea and chewing kat (their noon meal), and for once I found nothing soothing in the light voices and lazy laughter. It was all I could do to keep from shouting to them to take their chatter elsewhere; in fact, the effort made sweat break out all over me. I felt it trickle through my hair and drip behind my ears. When the

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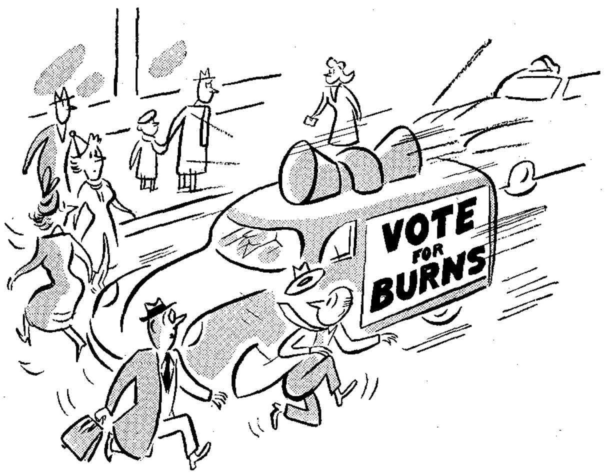

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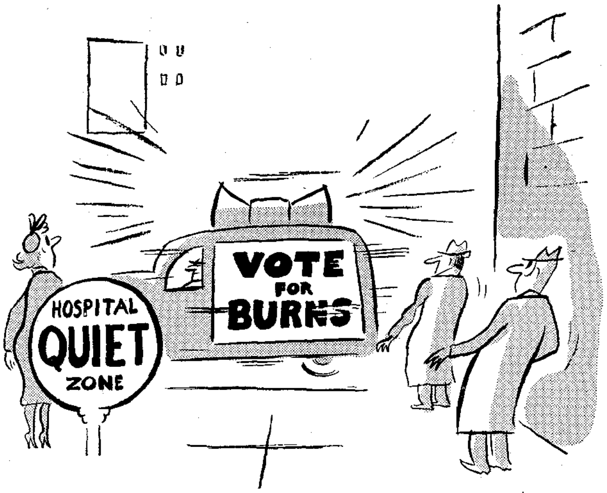

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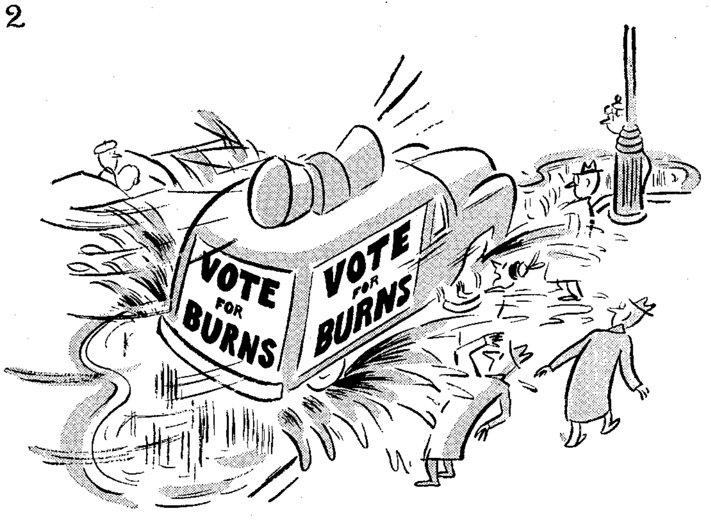

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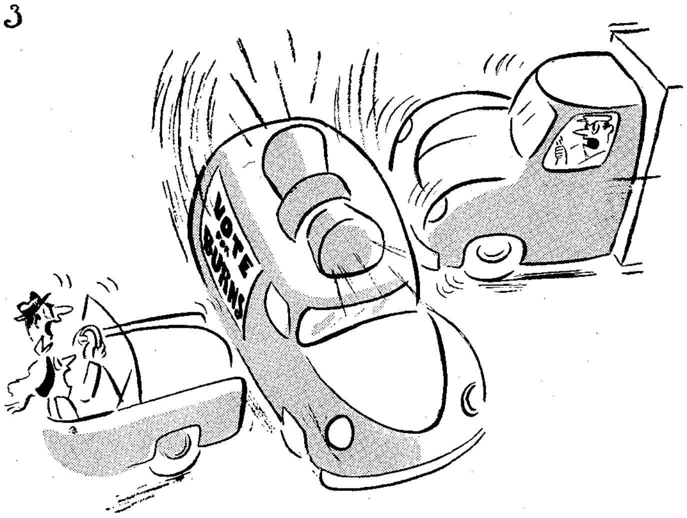

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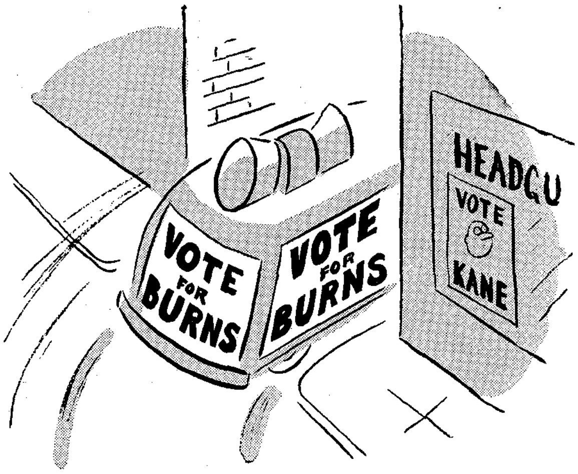

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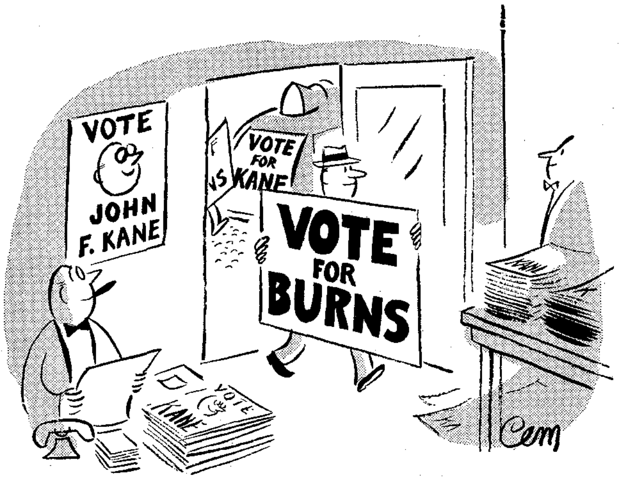


meeting on the terrace broke up, there remained the snapping of the iron roof, above its lining of reeds. It crackled like an oven each time a cloud passed over the sun.

By four o'clock, the heat under that metal roof had become unbearable, but out on the terrace it was scarcely cooler. The air felt as thick as water—you needed gills to breathe it. As I stood panting in the doorway, an odd procession mounted the steps from the terrace below. At its head walked the gardener, naked except for a G string, his brown body shining with butter. Two Galla field hands came behind him, their skin as buttery and their costume as scanty as his. One of them carried an incense pot. The cook, in the same abbreviated garb, brought up the rear, bearing a wooden bowl. As I soon learned, the bowl, the smoke pot, and the well-greased, bare skins all went with the operation I was to witness.

"*Canissa*," said a voice beside me. My bodyguard had materialized at my shoulder and was viewing the parade with elegant detachment. He added a "zzz" through his teeth to make his meaning clear, and pointed the monkey tail at a row of hives—bamboo cylinders daubed with mud—that hung from the peach trees bordering the terrace. Given the number of dialects spoken on our hilltop, I had no idea whether the word "*canissa*" was Galla, Dankali, Somali, Amharic, or Arabic, but obviously it meant "bee." An angry hum came from the first hive as the gardener removed its round lid, and then a black column of bees poured out of the opening. "*Canissa fâchée*," said the cook, grinning at me through a cloud of incense. As he spoke, the gardener plunged an arm into the hive and brought out a round cake of honey. Laughing, he brushed off the bees that encrusted his forearm, and deposited the honey in the wooden bowl.

At the sight of the honey, Kassim lost his bored air and edged nearer. He had taken only a few steps when his face froze in a look of horror. With a howl, he dropped the monkey brush and, clutching his leg cloth with both hands where a bee had stung him, scuttled away, followed by peals of derisive laughter. As the air was loud with bees by that time, I picked up the fly-chaser that he had let fall and retreated to the far end of the terrace. Chancalla, the black kid, appeared from somewhere and came skipping after me. And Omar-*tico*, who had been sitting on his heels in the shade of a Japanese lilac, left off his building operations with flower petals and bits of twig, and ran to join us.

"Want to come for a walk?" I asked him, holding out my hand. I spoke French and Omar-*tico* answered in Galla, but we understood each other perfectly. His hand lay on my skinless palm, cool and fine, like a little starfish. He trotted contentedly beside me, and Chancalla capered ahead.

When the black kid was still without a name, the housekeeper had asked me to find one for it, and I had proposed Shaitan (Devil), but the suggestion was ill received. "Bad luck—*toi porter malheur*," she had said severely. Just the same, the kid did look like a lively demon, and never more so than that afternoon when he led Omar-*tico* and me straight to the iron door in the hedge.

Once we got there, we came to a full stop. I looked back for my bodyguard; he was nowhere in sight. At the far end of the terrace, the four buttery and all but naked men squatted on their heels around the wooden bowl, separating the "good" honey cakes (for the master's table) from the ones containing larvae, which they munched contentedly. I turned to the iron door again. Well, why not, I thought. After all, the shepherdess was out in the pasture by herself. "Shall we go find your mama?" I asked Omar-*tico*. (Again I spoke French and again I was understood.) The black kid, too, had a mama in the pasture; he bleated pitifully when I prevented him from slipping through the door with us, and made pattering sounds with his feet and forehead on the sheet iron after I pushed it shut. A party of brushwood gatherers sat under the fig tree outside the hedge. Gray-skinned and gaunt, they rolled their eyes at me in unfriendly silence. Some grimaced; some held their noses and looked away. After I had passed, they pelted me with laughter; it felt like showers of stones.

Outside the shade of the great tree, the sun was leaden and the trail gave off waves of reflected heat, but the landscape had taken on color again; it had lost the bleached and ashen look it wore at midday, under the vertical sun. The trail led straight ahead—a strip of red across the green durra fields and pasture land. On the far side of a narrow gully, I saw the men terracing the hillside for the new planting. They worked in pairs, two men to a digging stick. In the sultry air, their work song rose and fell in marked cadences:

"Ay lá áh!
Aya lá!"

Omar-the-kitten still clung to my hand as we walked on. Beyond a small Mohammedan cemetery, which had the neglected look of country graveyards almost everywhere, the path skirted a field of durra—a forest of tall stalks, taller than a man. Passing, we heard the voices of the boy watchers on their platform in the middle of the field. A few hundred yards ahead I could see the shepherdess, sitting on a green slope with her herd grazing about her. The slight figure, its drooping pose, the diffused light, and the pastoral setting reminded me of something—of Puvis de Chavannes, to be sure, and his neoclassic *pauvretés*. To complete the reference, an old white horse was grazing nearby—the very phantom of a horse, with sagging spine and ribs like barrel hoops. Too old to work, it went to pasture with its former mates during the day, but at night, when the other horses were brought inside the *zeriba*, it was left outside, for a hyena or panther to finish off. Before we reached the end of the durra field, Omar-*tico* slipped his hand from mine and pranced ahead on the path. Flourishing an imaginary stick, he drove an imaginary herd before him and sang shrilly, "I drive my goats on the road to Harar." To our left, an imperceptible breeze rustled the durra stalks. Over in the west, two vultures drifted, flat and black against the sun.

I WAS conscious of shouts from the workers across the gully before I caught what they were shouting. That is, I heard a sudden racket, and I recall thinking how rarely one heard black men's voices raised to that pitch. Then I saw the men drop their digging sticks and leap down the steep bank. At the same instant came a scream from the shepherdess as she sprang to her feet and started toward us, stooping to pick up stones as she ran. Omar-*tico* stopped driving his goats and pivoted on his tiny black feet. "*Waraba*," he said, coming back to me, and pointing, like a child at the zoo. At once, I wheeled.

About twenty yards behind us, on the path that led back to the *zeriba* and safety, slunk a humped shadow. Against the low sun, it seemed all head—one ear upright, the other lopping over at the tip. (I can see it vividly to this day.) During one stunned second I gaped, for here was the nightmare beast of my childhood, come creeping out at me through the green fringes of durra. In the same flash, though, I grasped that the creature was real, and that this time *I* was not the "child." I caught Omar-*tico* close and quickened my step, and then promptly slowed down again. Something told me I must not run. Every few steps, I glanced back. The hyena came after us, muzzle lowered, keeping its distance and adapting its gait to ours. I caught its eye (hyenas in cages never look at you, but this was a free creature and it did), and fancied I saw there the same blend of elation and uncertainty with which a big-game hunter squints along the barrel of his gun. Or it may be that this reflective comparison came to me later, along with the fear. At the time, I didn't do much reflecting. I merely walked on. Since I could not turn back, there was nothing else to do, and I felt myself to be precisely what I was—an ambulating chunk of meat.

Of course, I didn't walk far before the rescue party got there; the shepherdess, the men from across the gully, the boys from the durra field, and, last of all, the cook and my bodyguard—the latter whirling his sling as he raced toward us—came up and began flinging stones at the hyena. Some of them found their mark. With a snarling yelp, the hyena swung aside and made for cover among the durra stalks. At this, Omar-*tico* broke away from me and, rotating his arm, let fly a nonexistent stone. "*In giru! In giru, waraba!* [Hyena gone!]" he called shrilly.

The cry was echoed on all sides, and everybody grinned delightedly. Such a joke on the hyena! Ali-the-cook acted it out, crawling after me on all fours and making horrid noises, punctuated by bursts of hyena laughter at the sight of such a good meal. Then an imaginary stone on the rump, another in the ribs: "*In giru, waraba!*" On the way home, we had the Somali song. Everyone, including me, shouted it, although few of us knew the words.

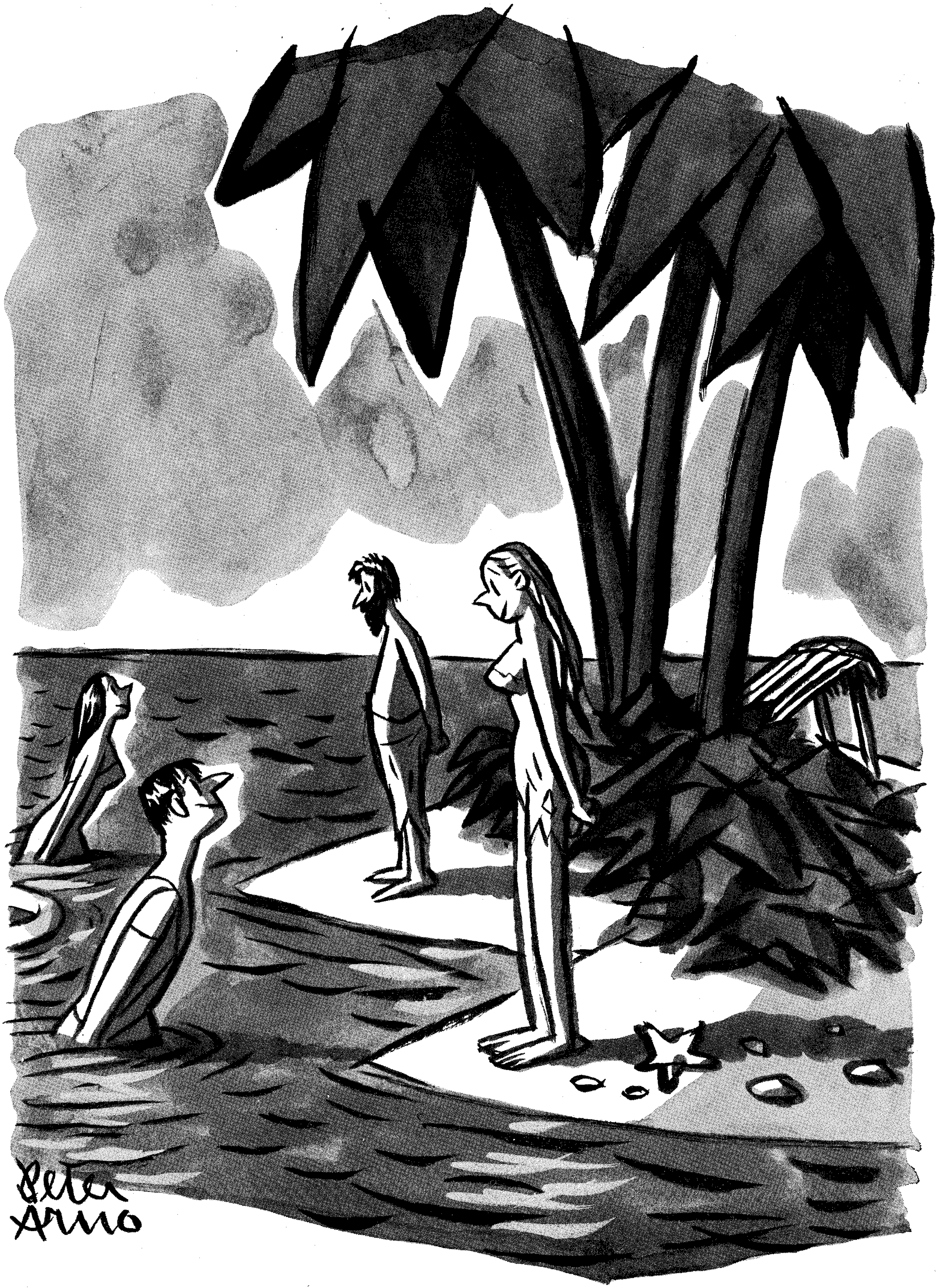
SO that was the hyena incident. When the Frenchman heard about it, he dismissed it with a laugh, and quoted Daudet's story of M. Séguin's adventuresome nanny goat as a reminder that ladies who go exploring alone must expect to meet the wolf. Since I had *not* been alone, I took the encounter less lightly. Still, it freed me from the beast-nightmares; apparently the flesh-and-blood animal exorcised the dream one. And there was something else, the significance of which I didn't grasp until afterward; it took on importance the more I thought about it. That afternoon, as we all trooped singing back to the plantation, only Ayesha's animals went single file. The rest of us walked in a group.

—IDA TREAT

●

Few people realize that newlywed Charles Van Doren, who was signed up by NBC at $50,000 a year as a consultant and program originator after winning $129,000 on the "21" quiz, won the Pulitzer Prize in 1939 for his biography of Benjamin Franklin.—*The Mirror.*

Not bad for a fourteen-year-old.

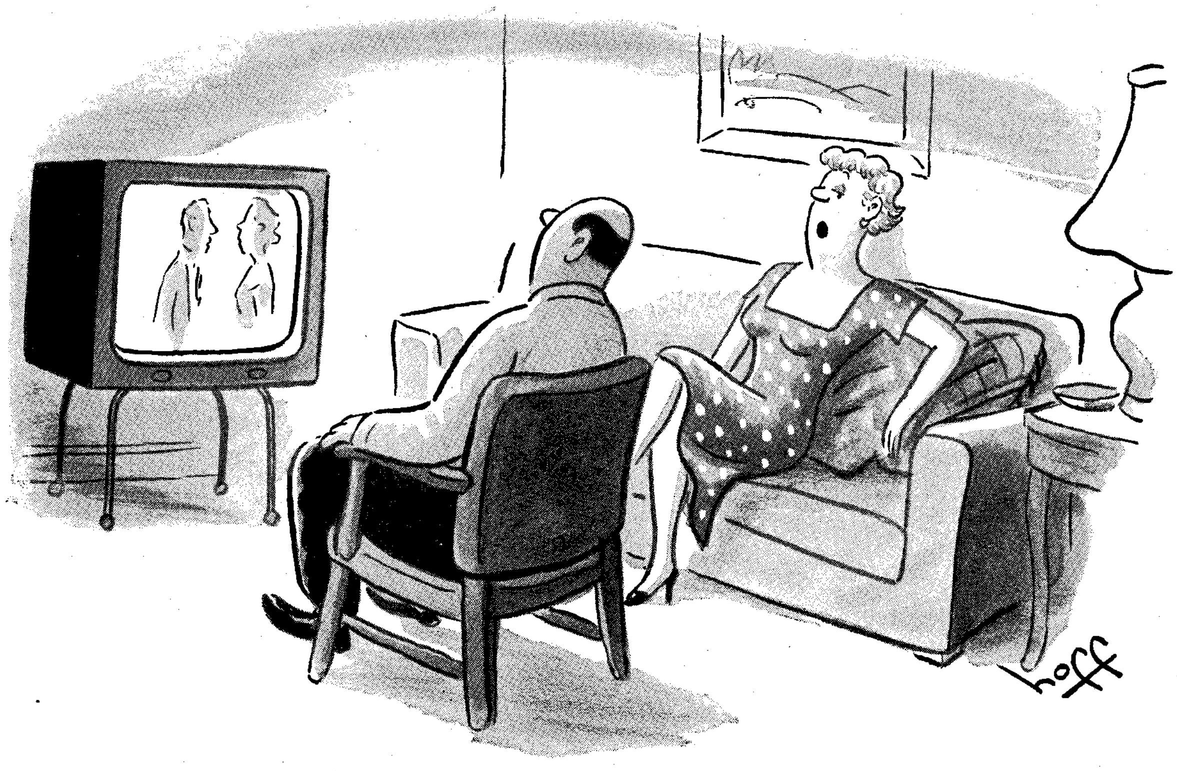

Peter Arno

THE COCKATOO

THIS is a factual story about childhood and death, but I will try to make it salient, which, the dictionary says, is from the Latin *saliens* and clearly means "moving by leaps and springs." And what is thinking? Well, it is "mental concentration on ideas as distinguished from sense perceptions or emotions." It's a word from Middle English, which is sometimes cloudy. The point I want to make is that in the short period of my life with which we are dealing here—the child from thirteen to seventeen—I didn't think about death. I was aware of it, but I didn't give it thought. Not in the dictionary sense. Not, at least, until after the incident that has to do with a cockatoo at the zoo in Washington, D.C., in the summer of 1922. That comes toward the end of the story.

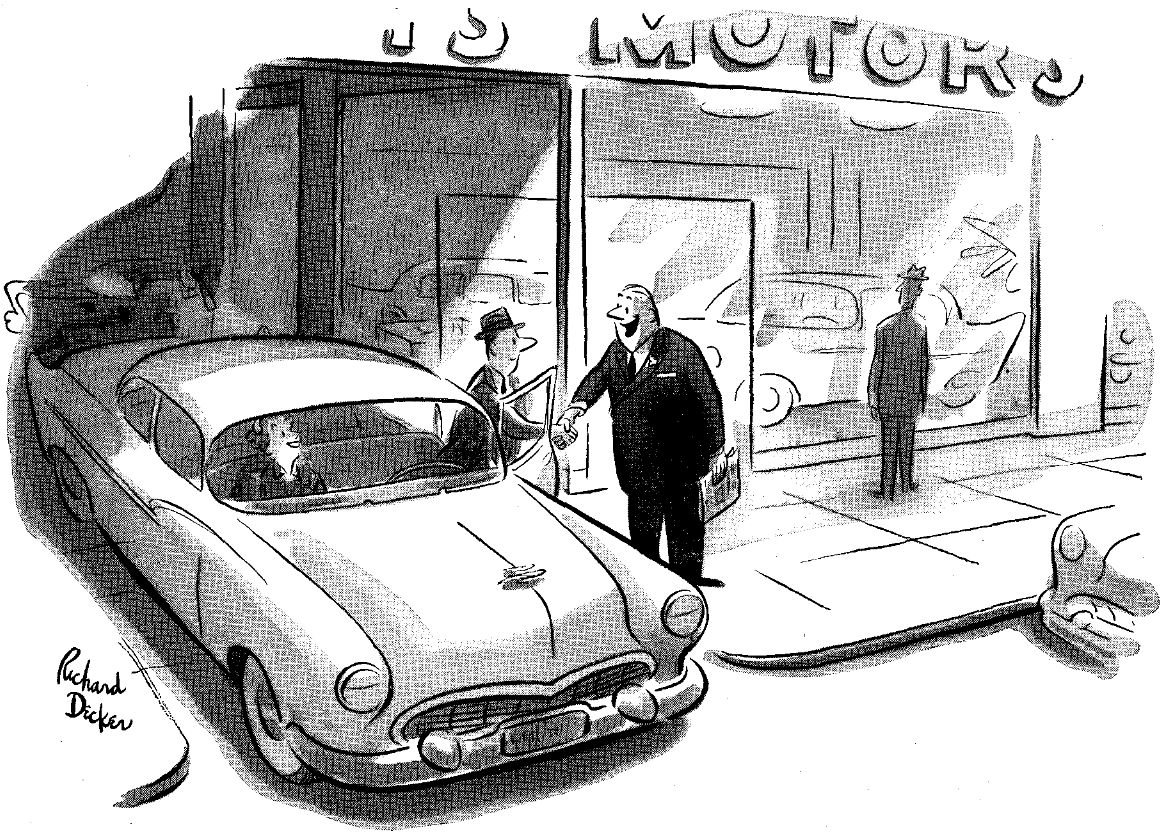
I suppose some young people start thinking about a number of things, if not about death, long before they are seventeen, but I'm not sure of this. The young are receivers. In order to have something to give, they must take, and in order to give what they have taken—even if it is only to give it to themselves—they must think. In the dictionary sense. I know only about myself, of course, but about myself I know everything. I know the things I heard and saw in those years, the things I felt and smelled, and I know on what smooth-running reels my imagination turned to show me things that weren't there. And I know what I did. I have forgotten nothing. If I had had any thoughts, I would remember them. I haven't isolated every conceivable subject on which I might have had thoughts (in the dictionary sense) and dipped them one by one into memory to test and make sure beyond all doubt that no thinking went on in connection with them; I don't think that is necessary. If I wasn't able to think about death in this thirteen-to-seventeen period, it must be that I wasn't able to think about anything. I experienced the sense perceptions, the ripples and breakers of the emotions, the excursions of the imagination, and the goings on that occur in dreams and nightmares, and I acted this way and that way.

MY father reached the age of fifty-two before he died. I was thirteen then, and was getting over a case of scarlet fever. When I first came down with it, my mother decided it would be easier to take care of me if I occupied the second-floor bedroom in which she and my father customarily slept. Accordingly, I was tucked into their double bed, and my father was moved into a bedroom on the third floor. My mother nursed me and slept on a couch in her sewing room, which was next to their former bedroom. When I was still in bed but getting better, my father brought me my first Meccano set, No. 1-A. He had left his office early and gone to buy it at the toy department of Woodward & Lothrop's. And he was a very busy man. He was a Doctor of Divinity, like practically everybody else we knew, but had given up preaching to Presbyterians in order to become secretary of the National Child Labor Committee. He was trying to get Congress to take the first steps toward adoption of an amendment to the Constitution that would keep children from being put to work in the cotton mills of the South, many of which were owned and operated by Presbyterians. Because of the danger of catching my infection or carrying some of my germs with him when he left the house to go to his office, he wasn't allowed to enter his former bedroom, where I was, but could only stand at the door while I lifted up what I had made with No. 1-A and showed it to him. The house was quarantined. My mother, who was in constant contact with me and my germs, wasn't allowed to leave the house. My two older brothers were away at training camps, getting ready to fight in the World War, and my sister had been sent to stay with some cousins in Maryland until the quarantine was lifted. The only other person at home was our Scotch-Irish housekeeper, Miss Annabelle, who had become a member of the family before I was born. Since she dealt with the tradesmen who came to the house, she couldn't come into the sickroom, either. The doctor didn't need to tell me about the contagiousness of my infection. My mother had already told me. She knew all about sickness, and in many ways was at her best when confronted with it. She had a great deal of love for those close to her but also a strong sense of responsibility to God for their shortcomings. When they were hale and active, they sometimes felt oppressed by the relentlessness of her critical faculty, but when they were ailing and stationary, she eased up and put her whole self into ministrations of devotion.



"I agree it's the same thing night after night, but what isn't?"

My father brought me No. 1-B, No. 2-A,



"Thank you very much. I know you'll be very happy with your new car, and, by the way, our exciting new '58 models will be ready in a week or two. I hope you'll stop in and let us work out something in the way of a nice trade for you."

• •

No. 2-B, and No. 3-A Meccano sets in the weeks of my convalescence, and would have brought me No. 3-B if he hadn't come down with an infection himself. My mother told me he absolutely had not caught my infection. What he had was a bad case of bronchitis, she said. Then she told me he had confessed to her that he also had heart trouble. A doctor he'd gone to see, about the time I first got sick with the scarlet fever, had told him so, but he hadn't wanted to worry her. My mother said this meant he would have to take things easier after he got over the bronchitis. He would have to walk very slowly the six blocks up the hill to the streetcar line, and, of course, after I got well, he wouldn't have to climb the three flights of stairs to the room she had put him in. In the meantime, she could nurse him as well as me, because he wouldn't be going out of the house until after the quarantine for my scarlet fever had been lifted.

Then, one morning about a week after my father got the bronchitis, my mother came in to see me and, as usual, I asked her how he was.

"He's gone away from us," she said. "God has taken him. He went very peacefully. It was late last night after you went to sleep, son. I took him some warm milk and crackers, and I was just helping him sit up in bed while I fluffed up the pillows for him. He sighed and sank back and was gone."

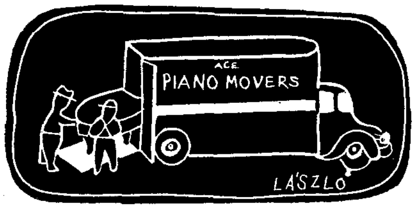
"He's dead?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "Go ahead and cry, son."

She waited until I pretended to cry and then left the room. The doctor said the six-week quarantine was almost over, that my skin had stopped peeling, that in his opinion I was no longer contagious, and that consequently he would take a chance, in view of the circumstances, and just go ahead and lift the quarantine. Two days later, I was allowed to dress and go downstairs to the parlor, where everything was ready for the funeral, which was to be held the day after that. From the parlor I went into the kitchen, where Miss Annabelle kissed me on the cheek and then made out that she was busy with something she was cooking. I knew she was crying and that she wasn't crying because of my father; she was crying because I was a fatherless child. In the back yard was my Boston terrier, Bessie. My father had brought her to me from a pet store on K Street almost six months back, at Christmastime. She jumped on me and began to race around in circles, because she hadn't seen me since I got sick. I cried then, but I didn't cry at the funeral or afterward at the Rock Creek Cemetery.

THIS was before the invention of the talking pictures that were later to come to the movie houses in Washington and elsewhere, but talking pictures were showing in my head just the same. Some of them were entirely from the memory, some were from the imagination, some were from the emotions, and some were from wherever it is that nightmares come from. At times the memory, the imagination, and the emotions became merged with one another into a continuous series of overlapping pictures, with accompanying dialogues. But in the nightmares it was the same scene over and over, and all nightmare. I would find my father after hunting for him in banks of clouds, and I would upbraid him, shaking my finger at him and sometimes screaming at him. I would tell him he ought to be ashamed of himself for going away from us. I would tell him he had to come back to us right then or I would tell my mother. I would tell my mother our secret about the partridges he let me shoot that time on Sunday when just the two of us went on the hunting trip to his birthplace, in Charlotte Courthouse, Virginia. I tried to stamp my foot to show him how angry I was and to show him I meant every word I said—that I would tell my mother he had lied when he said it was on a Saturday that he let me shoot the partridges—but my foot would only go through the cloud I was standing on, and my stamping made no noise, and my father would just look at me and put on the imitation painful-face he had teased me with the time I pretended to have the stomach ache at our first house in Washington—the house in Georgetown, not the house in Mt. Pleasant, where he had died—when I was just starting grade school. Then he would grin at me and wink at me, and I would wake up. My memory would thereupon quickly show me some talking pictures connected with the nightmare. For example, it would show me the stomach-ache scene—my mother putting me to bed and saying I needn't go to school that day, and my father coming in before he left for his office and seeing me make my painful-face and then making his imitation painful-face at me, indicating he knew I was malingering. My mother took my side that time and told him he shouldn't tease the sick child, and he winked at me and went off chuckling, and I was mad at him because he had made fun of me. But I felt conspiratorial with him at the same time, because he had winked at me, indicating he knew I was putting on a show to keep from going to school but that he wouldn't tell.

Then my memory, as likely as not, would bring out the pictures of Siegfried dying in the back yard of the Mt. Pleasant house right after we moved there from Georgetown. Siegfried was my brother Zan's Great Dane. We all loved him as if he were a member of the family, like Miss Annabelle. When he was a puppy, he was so big and heavy that his forelegs buckled under him, and the veterinarian said there was nothing to do with a Great Dane when that happened but chloroform him. My mother said that was perfectly ridiculous; all the puppy needed was some splints. So we made some splints out of pine kindling wood and sandpapered them until they were as smooth as the piece of Chinese jade my mother's missionary cousins had given her on her thirtieth birthday. My mother fixed them on Sieg's legs with sticking plaster, and as he grew bigger and stronger, we made new splints, and when she finally took them off for good, Sieg's legs were perfectly straight and didn't buckle, and my mother said, "So much for veterinarians!" But then, a long time afterward, Sieg caught distemper, because we had the vanity to show him in the dog show when we should have just been proud and happy to have such a nice Great Dane as a member of the family. My mother said it was vanity, and that all of us, including herself, were guilty of it. Sieg won blue ribbons but he got distemper and died. Only, he didn't die, exactly. The veterinarian had said he was surely going to die and ought to be put out of his misery, and everybody had said we couldn't let him be put out of his misery, and Sieg lay in the back yard in a tent Zan put up for him, and barked and bayed and howled and whimpered in his delirium, and my father said he was having ancestral dreams of the chase, hundreds of years before in Denmark. But Sieg barked and bayed and howled and whimpered day and night for a week, and everybody was going around very melancholy, and nobody could eat, no matter what Miss Annabelle cooked, and finally my mother—on her own responsibility, she said it was—told the veterinarian to put him out of his misery, and the veterinarian did when we were all at school. He put a cloth over Sieg's face, with chloroform on it. When my brother Zan got home from his high school, where he played left halfback on the football team, he said Sieg had been killed, murdered, and he shouted at my mother, "I'll never forgive you as long as you live!" She burst into tears, and so did my sister and I and Miss Annabelle.



BONE THOUGHTS ON A DRY DAY: CHICAGO

Walking to the Museum
Over the Outer Drive,
I think, before I see them
Dead, of the bones alive.

Bird bone may be breakable, but
Have you ever held a cat's jaw shut?
Brittle as ice.

Take mice:
The mouse is a berry; his bones mere seeds.
Step on him once and see.

How perfectly the snake smooths over the fact
He strings sharp beads around that charmer's neck!

You mustn't think that the fish
Choke on those bones, or that chickens wish.

The wise old bat
Hangs his bones in a bag.

Two chicks in tandem ride a bike,
Unlike
That legless swinger of crutches, the ostrich.

Only the skull of a man is much of an ashtray.

Each owl
Turns on a dowel.

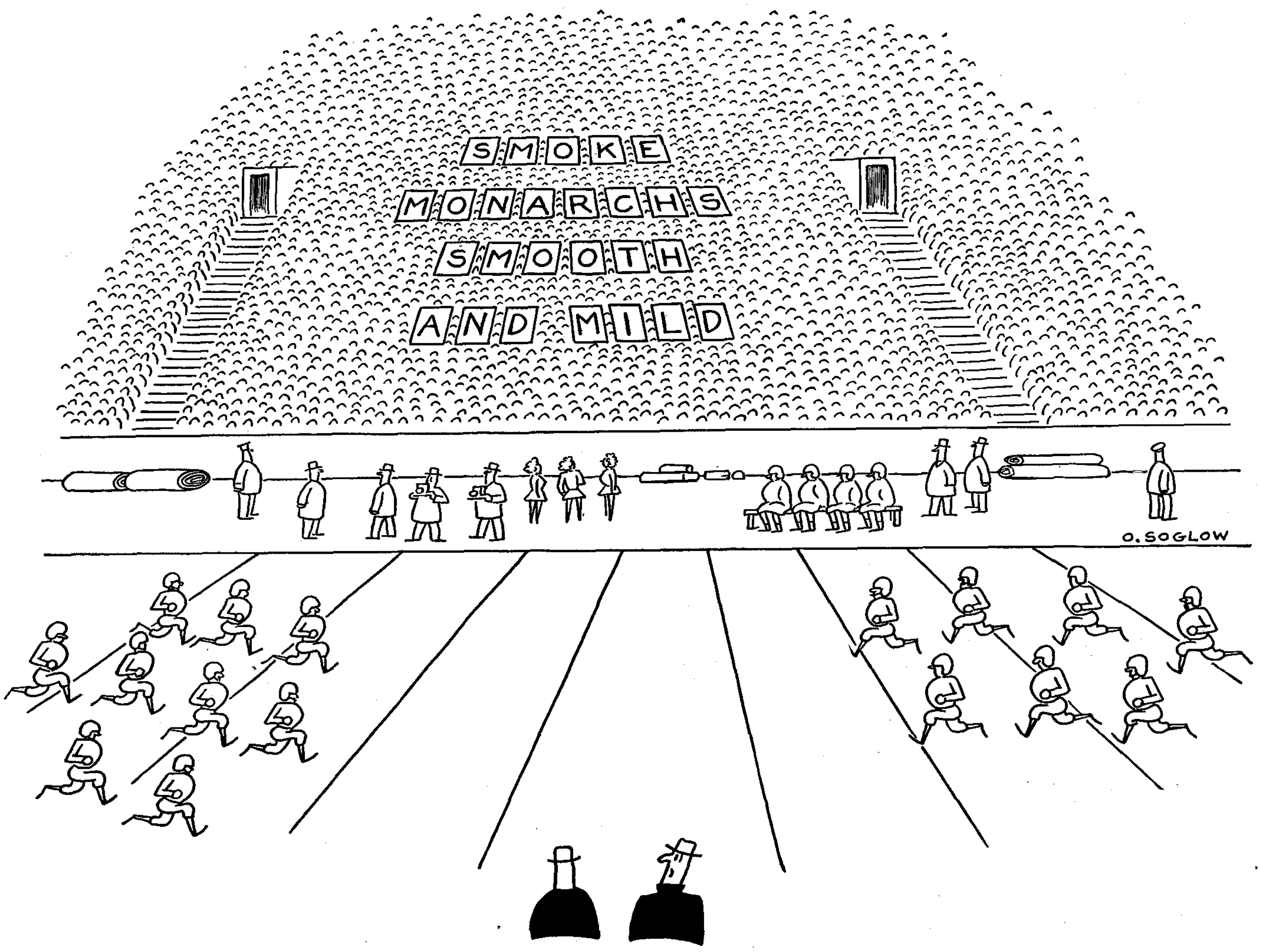
When all the other tents are struck, an old
Elephant pitches himself on his own poles.

But as for *my* bones—
Tug of a toe, blunt-bowed barge of a thighbone,
Gondola-squadron of ribs, and the jaw scow—
They weather the swing and storm of the flesh they plow,
Out of conjecture of shore, one jolt from land.

I climb the museum steps like a beach.
There, on squared stone, some cast-up keels bleach.
Here, a dark sea speaks with white hands.

—George Starbuck

• •



"It was bound to happen."

* *

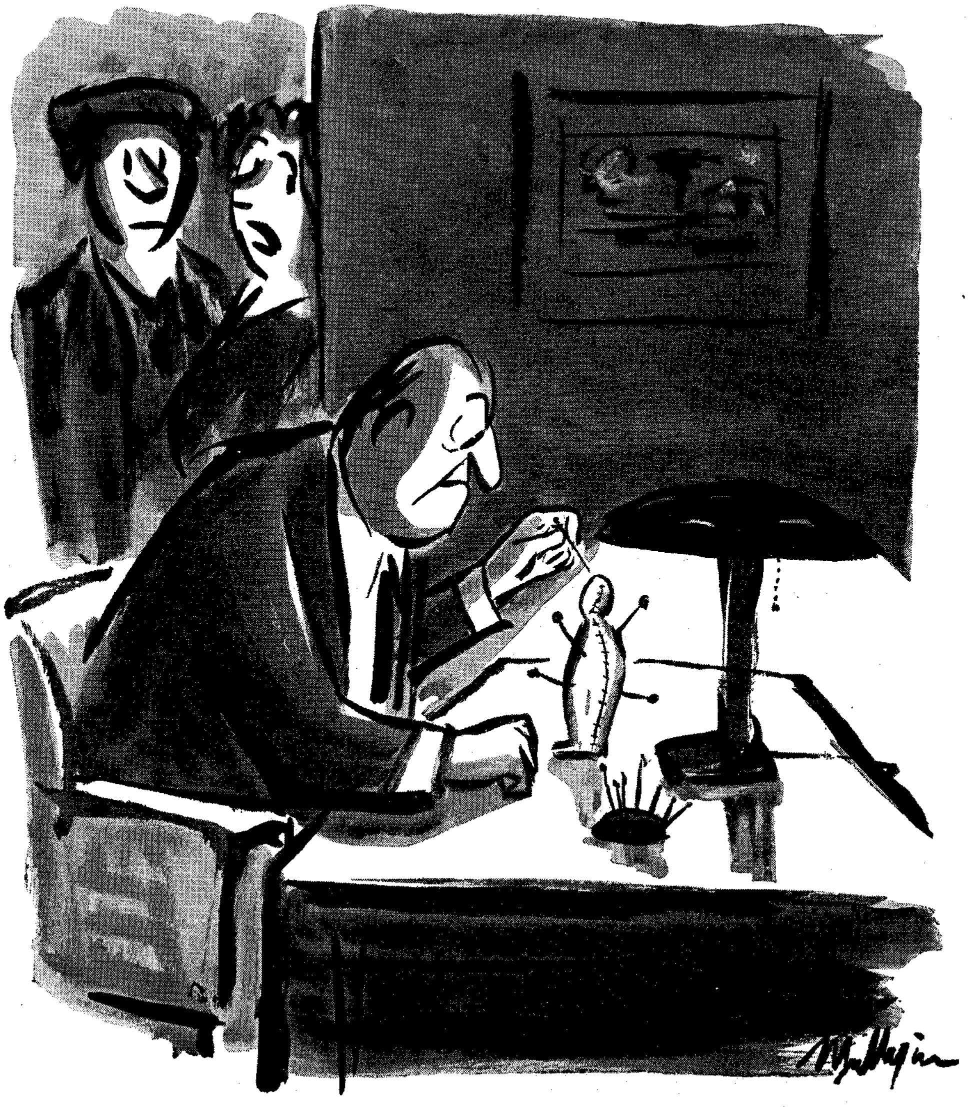
My imagination would then show me pictures of my mother putting a chloroform cloth over Sieg's face, and then pictures of her putting a chloroform cloth over my father's face while she told me he was in misery and had to be put out of his misery and that this would have to be our secret. But then I would see other pictures of my germs flying up the third-floor stairs and killing my father, murdering him, and still other pictures of God coming down to see him in the third-floor bedroom where my mother had put him, and God saying, "McKelway, I need you up here; you've got to come," and my father saying, "I'm willing, God," and going away from us. God called him by his whole last name that way, the same as President Woodrow Wilson did. The President was strongly in favor of the child-labor amendment to the Constitution. My mother said there had to be an amendment, because the federal child-labor bill my father had worked on so hard and got Congress to pass had been declared unconstitutional after the President signed it. There was a real picture, a photograph, of the President signing that bill, and in the photograph, from left to right, were my father, my mother, my sister, the President, and me. It was framed, and it was in my father's study, standing on the mantelpiece. In that photograph my father was looking very solemn, and my memory gave me a picture of him in his coffin on the day of the funeral, and he looked the same way he looked in the photograph except that his eyes were closed.

There were some pictures I kept making my memory show me over and over, because I liked them best and they didn't make me nervous. They were about the day when I was nine years old and was going to be punished by my father with a razorstrop, which was something he had never in his life used on anybody—not even my brothers. Through carelessness and bad judgment, I had dropped a milk bottle filled with live grasshoppers from quite a height, intending for it to break on some rocks near where a congressman's son was playing in Rock Creek Park, and it had hit that boy on the head and made him bleed, and the doctor had had to take twelve stitches. The pictures showed my father coming home from his office while I was waiting for him in my room, to which my mother had sent me, and coming straight upstairs with the razorstrop and saying, "I'm very sorry, son, but this is mighty serious." It seemed the congressman had walked into his office without knocking and had told him to stop bothering Congress about the children in the cotton mills of the South and start looking after his own children in the District of Columbia. The congressman had said I ought to be sent to the reform school. The talking pictures showed my father asking me to tell him all the circumstances before he punished me severely, and me telling him all the circumstances, and him dangling the razorstrop and beginning to moan and sputter. I thought he was crying, but he was laughing, and when he recovered, he couldn't bring himself to whip me with the razorstrop, or even spank me, but could only say, "Oh, son, it makes me laugh because at least it was a congressman's son and not a *senator's* son." And the only punishment I got for the whole thing was that I had to pay that boy's doctor's bill and go and apologize to him and his father, the congressman. I paid it out of money I had made raking leaves at the zoo during the summer.

THINGS were moving very fast all around me as well as in my head. My brothers came home on leave for the funeral, and went away again. It was the first time I had seen them in their uniforms. At the funeral, which was held in the parlor and was attended by many prominent Washingtonians and some congressmen and two senators, my mother and my sister and my brothers and Miss Annabelle and I sat in chairs on the second-floor landing, where we could hear everything but couldn't be seen by the people downstairs. My mother cried with a handkerchief held over almost her whole face, and my sister cried the same way. Miss Annabelle didn't cry, because it would have attracted attention to herself, and that was something she never did, but her face was all screwed up as if she were in agony. My brother Zan, in his uniform of a naval flier, cried and used his handkerchief, and my biggest brother, Bo, in his uniform of a second lieutenant in the infantry, cried and didn't use his handkerchief, and the tears rolled down and dropped off the end of his nose. I tried to cry but I couldn't, so I pretended to cry and used my handkerchief. Then, soon after the funeral, my mother rented the house and all its furniture to a wartime official of the Interior Department, on a year's lease. My sister was sent away to normal school to start learning how to be a schoolteacher. Miss Annabelle was given a leave of absence and sent to visit some of her relatives in North Carolina. My mother and I went to visit one of her sisters in Virginia. My mother knew that her sister's husband didn't approve of dogs, and she said she wouldn't want to impose Bessie on him, so Bessie was sent to some friends of Mother's in Georgetown, who said they'd give Bessie a good home. My mother said they would let us have her back again after we got settled, unless the children in that family got too attached to her, in which case she would find me another dog somewhere. All during those first days after my father died, whenever my mother looked at me I would avert my eyes. I couldn't help it.

Toward the end of that summer, my mother and I returned to Washington and boarded with the Hobarts, a family who lived up the block from our rented house. The Hobarts' boy, Phil, was a close friend of mine, but my mother didn't care much for the Hobarts. They were what she called common. My mother said she didn't want to obligate us to the Hobarts by asking them to let Bessie stay there. I had the influenza at the Hobarts', and it left me depressed, exactly as my mother said it would. Influenza germs did something to the metabolism, she said. When I got over the influenza, we went to board with the Whitmans, in Georgetown. My mother and Mrs. Whitman were bosom friends, as they said, but my mother didn't think much of Mr. Whitman. She said he was an autocrat. They had a daughter, Justina, who was my age. I ignored her. I was starting my first year at Western High School, I frequently smoked cigarettes in secret, and I had fallen in with some freshmen who not only smoked but knew all about everything. What they said seemed incredible, but after a while I believed it. Although there were girls in my head, I had no use for them in the flesh. I was unnecessarily mean to Justina. If one of the pleasant pictures about my father was going on in my head, the girls there sometimes broke right in and started running off a reel about themselves when I didn't want them to, but if some of the bad pictures about him were going on, I couldn't make them stop even if I deliberately tried to get the girls started up. I kept having the same old nightmare almost every night.

I was still in short pants, and my mother said I couldn't wear long pants until I was fifteen. I joined the Western High cadets in order to get one of their long-pants uniforms, and when I got it, I wore it whether it was a drill day or



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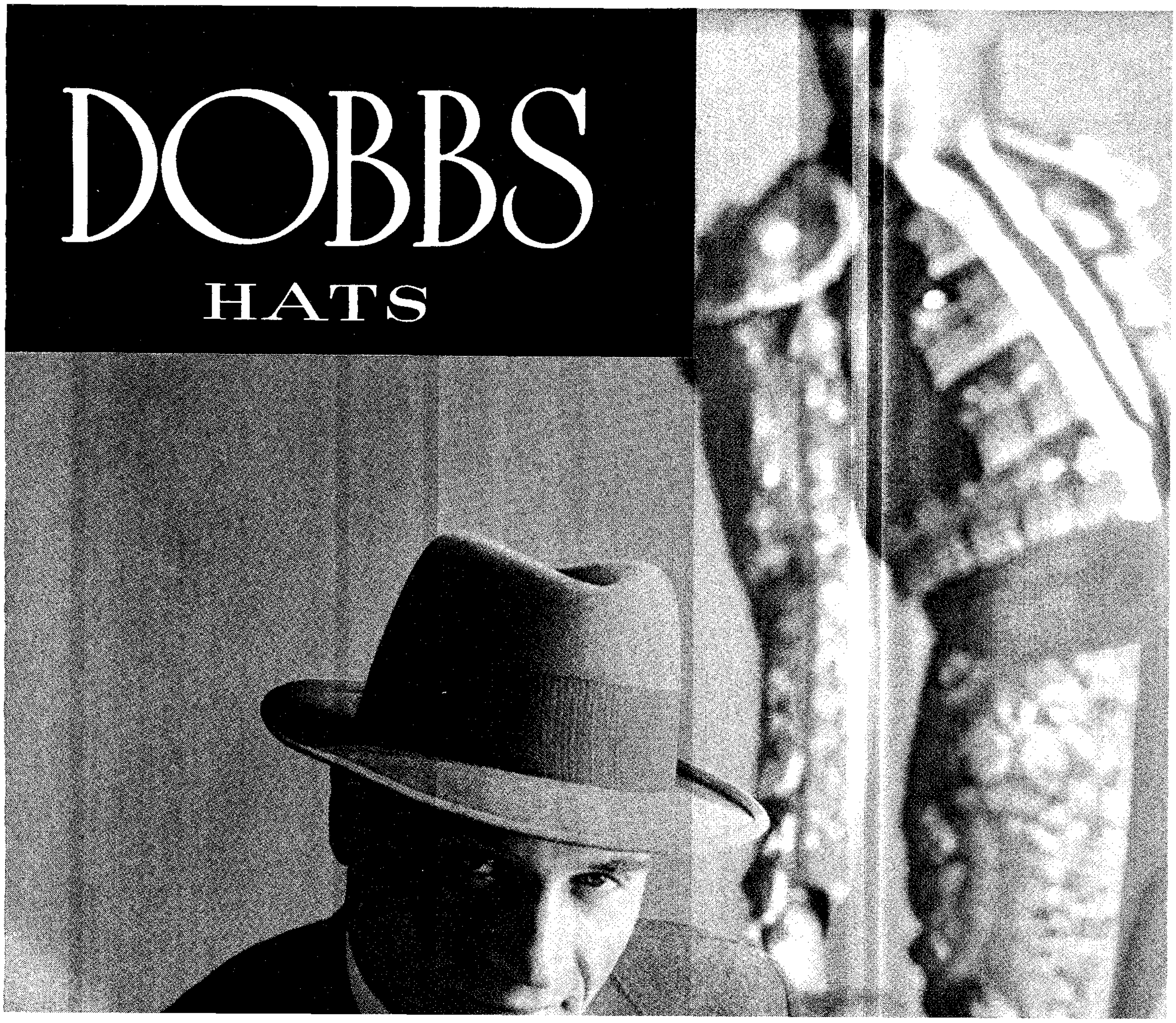
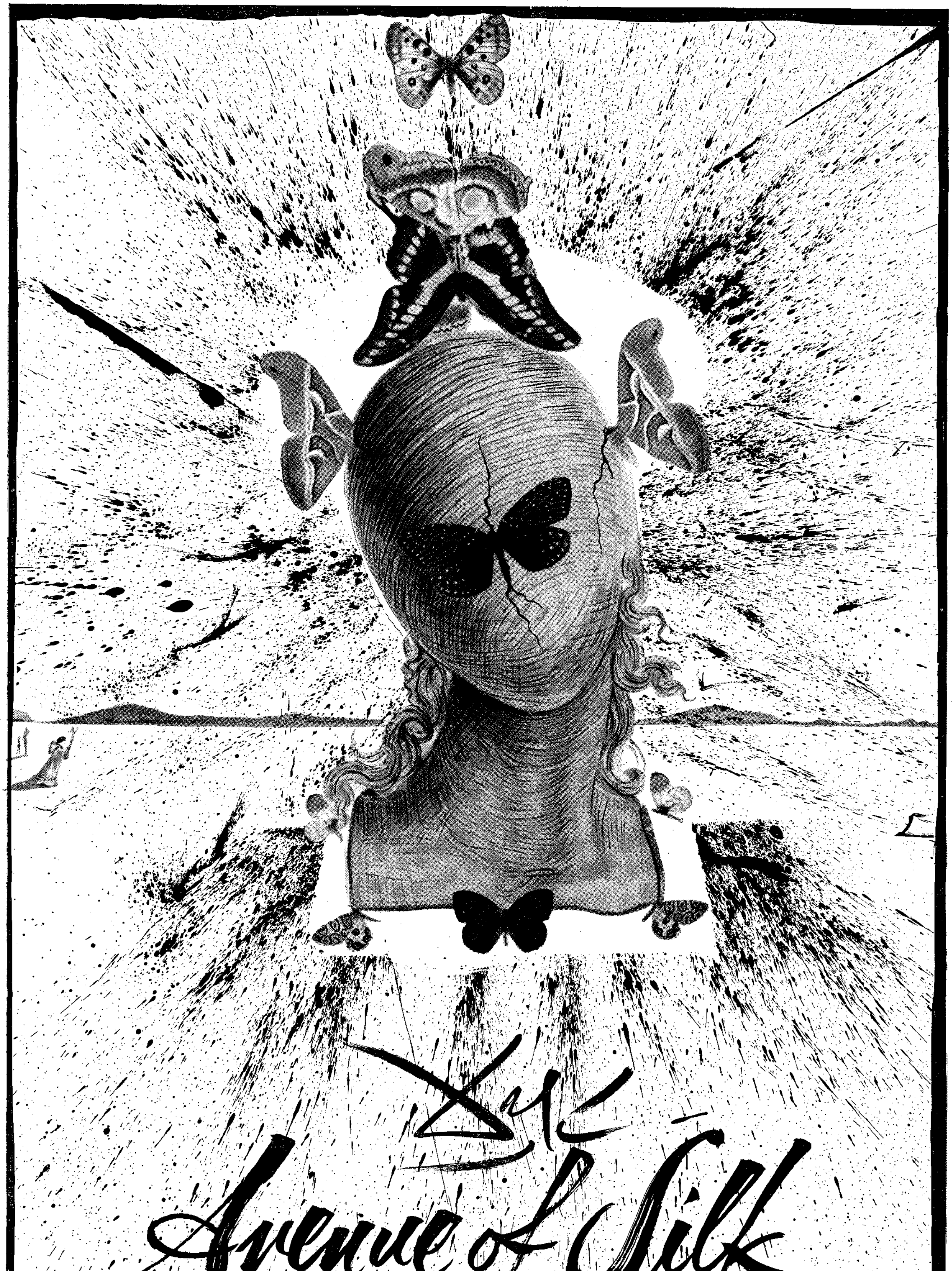
not, and also on Saturdays and Sundays. I was almost six feet tall, and many people thought I was at least sixteen. My mother gave in and bought me a long-pants civilian suit, a single-breasted blue flannel, at Woodward & Lothrop's. My uncles and my aunts and my first cousins and my mother's friends would say "So this is the man of the family!" when we went to see them or when we ran into them after church on Sundays, and my mother would say "Yes, indeed, he's the man of the family now." They would smile at me, and I would look serious. My mother talked to me a great deal when we were alone together, and told me all her worries. I couldn't look straight into her eyes, and I couldn't ask her if she had a secret she wanted to share with me. Still, I felt as if I really was the man of the family. I cut down on cigarettes, broke off relations with the carefree gang of freshmen I had first taken up with at Western, made new friends among sophomores, juniors, and even seniors, and started going to dances with real girls, some of whom I hugged and kissed on the lips in the back seats of automobiles on the way home. Then the war ended abruptly, and my mother and I moved back into the Mt. Pleasant house. Miss Annabelle returned to active duty. My brothers came home, took off their uniforms, and joined the family circle. I was sure they didn't like me any more because I was so grown up. I began to smoke even more than I used to, and, for the first time, to steal and to skip school.

When my mother decided to take two or three of what she called paying guests into the house, I resented them as intruders but, at the same time, welcomed them because of the stealing I was going in for. In the daytime, with some of my best friends as accomplices, I stole all kinds of stuff from ten-cent stores. Once in a while, at night, we stole somebody's automobile that had been left on the street with the ignition key in it. We would drive the car around for an hour or so and park it in some other neighborhood. Singlehanded I occasionally stole quarters and half dollars from my mother's handbag. She always missed the money and questioned me about it, without, of course, accusing me. When the boarders came, I stopped stealing from her and stole only from the boarders. One of them, a Mr. Gireaux, was a gold mine. He was a bachelor, a clerk in the Treasury Department, who tittered shyly at my mother's dinner-table conversation, raising his napkin to his mouth and



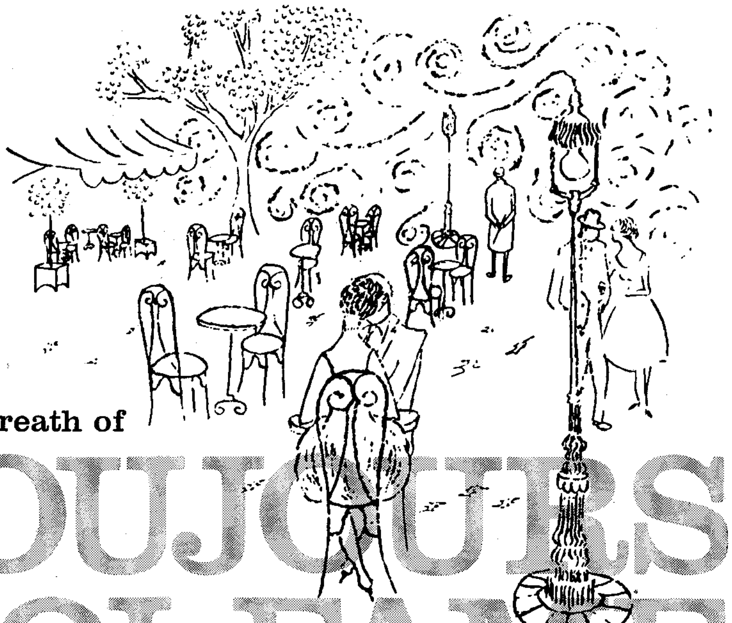
DOBBS
HATS


Dalí
Avenue of Silk

INTERNATIONAL SILK CONGRESS OCTOBER 1957 ducking his head. My mother liked him. She said he came from good French Huguenot stock—the Gireauxes. She thought he might be related to the Huguenots on her father's mother's side of the family—the Micheauxes. In any case, Mr. Gireaux fell in love at first sight with one of the lady boarders. When he went down the hall to take a bath and comb his hair down slick, I would step into his room and steal some of the loose change he always left on top of his bureau. He never seemed to miss it. I began looking into his billfold and taking, sometimes, as much as three dollars. Not a word or a sign came from him. He was befuddled with love.

I used the money I stole to supplement my allowance of two dollars a week, which barely covered the cost of carfare and lunch. Miss Annabelle made me an excellent lunch every day of chicken or roast-beef or Virginia-ham sandwiches and fresh fruit, wrapped it in a paper bag, and tied it up with string, but I tossed it every day into the sewer at the corner of Klingle Road, on the way to the streetcar, because the older crowd I was going with ate lunches of hot dogs or baloney sandwiches, and no fresh fruit, at the delicatessen across the street from the high school. I had forty-five dollars in a savings account at the National Savings & Trust on Pennsylvania Avenue—money I'd earned during the Christmas holidays delivering flowers for a florist—but I wasn't supposed to touch that, and I didn't. I depended on Mr. Gireaux. Finally, I took a ten-dollar bill out of his billfold, and this time he did miss the money. He told my mother he couldn't be sure, but he thought a ten-dollar bill had disappeared from his billfold. She questioned me about it, without, of course, accusing me. That blew over. Mr. Gireaux and the lady boarder became engaged to be married, and seemed happy, although my mother was inclined to think she was too young for him and was close to being common.

I PROBABLY would have gone back to Mr. Gireaux and his billfold again if I hadn't run away from home about that time. I had been skipping school for days at a stretch and persuading a girl, a senior, to write excuses for me, to which she forged my mother's name. On the whole, skipping school was a tiresome and worrisome business. The free time hung heavy on my hands. It was too cold to go swimming or fishing. About the only thing I could think of to do was to go to the



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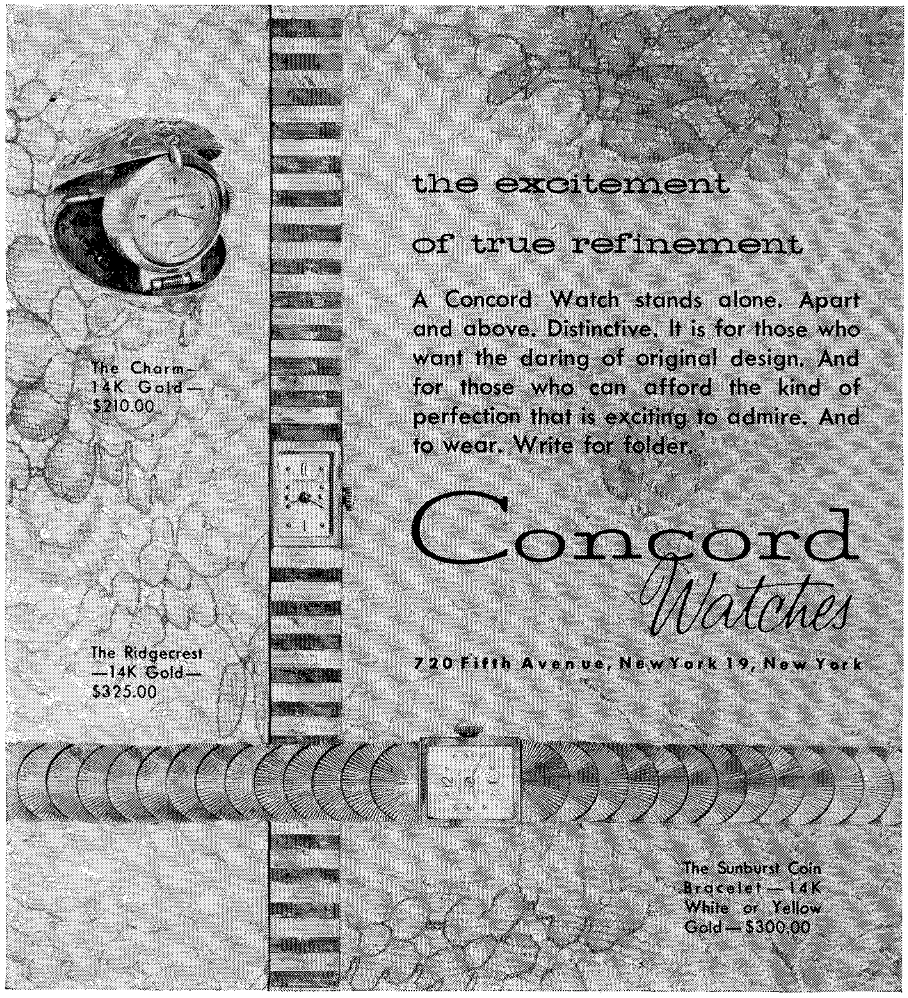

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movies. But the movies didn't open until eleven o'clock, and in order to pretend to be going to school I had to leave the house at half past eight. From then until eleven, I was at a loose end. I spent most of those mornings at the Smithsonian Institution, a museum which, along with other museums, I loathed at that time, owing to its educational values. It was warm inside the Smithsonian, though, and as good a place as any to hang around in at that hour of the morning. Sometimes I went to the zoo, which was not far from our house, but I had worked there in past summers raking leaves, I knew all there was to know about it, and it interested me even less than the Smithsonian. I couldn't smoke in the Smithsonian, but, once inside a movie theatre, I could sit down in a deep leather chair in the gentlemen's lounge in the basement and smoke. But if I smoked a whole cigarette when I went in, I would miss some of the picture. I usually smoked half a cigarette and didn't really settle down to smoking until the program was over. Then I would go back to the smoking room and smoke for a long time, and afterward would see some of the program over again if I felt like it. Unless I wanted to spend the rest of the day alone, I had to leave the theatre before the end of the second showing and catch a streetcar over to Georgetown, in order to be outside the high school when the classes were dismissed at three o'clock. Then I could join up with some of my friends and find something to do until time to go home to supper.

At last, things came to a head. I went back to school one February morning with a forged excuse, handed it in, and, after an hour or so, was summoned by the principal. He told me he had found out my excuse was a forgery, that he had been in communication with my mother, that I was suspended indefinitely, and that I could go home. It was around half past eleven. I got on a streetcar, expecting to change at Dupont Circle and get on another one for Mt. Pleasant and go home, but before I got to Dupont Circle I had a picture showing me running away. The streetcar was going downtown, and I stayed on it. I went to the National Savings & Trust and drew out my savings. Things still seemed to be moving very fast. I realized I couldn't get far on forty-five dollars, and it also occurred to me that I would need some clothes and a suitcase to carry them in. I took a blank check from the desk in the bank lobby on my way out.

I then went to Woodward & Loth-

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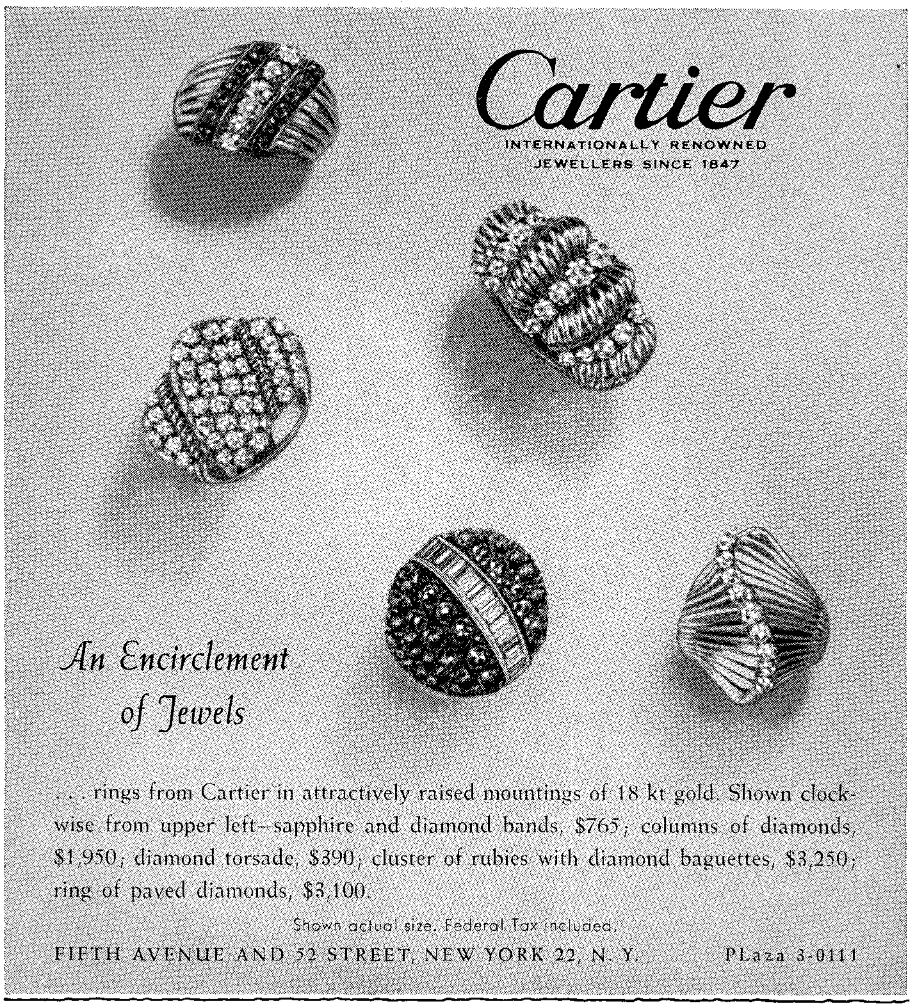
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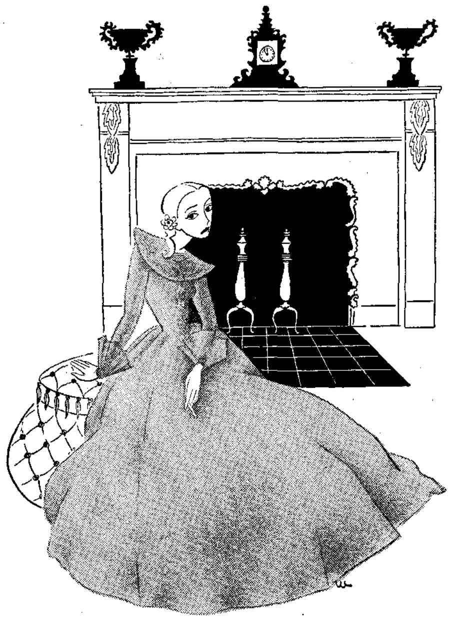
rop's. My mother had a charge account there. I had occasionally bought things for her in the past, at her direction, and charged them. But before charging anything this time I went to the cashier's window in the bookkeeping department, filled in the blank check for forty-five dollars, signed it, and gave it to the cashier, a Mr. Maltby. I told him I had a checking account at that bank, which was a lie, and added that my mother had one there, which was the truth. He knew me and he knew my mother. He cashed the check without hesitation.

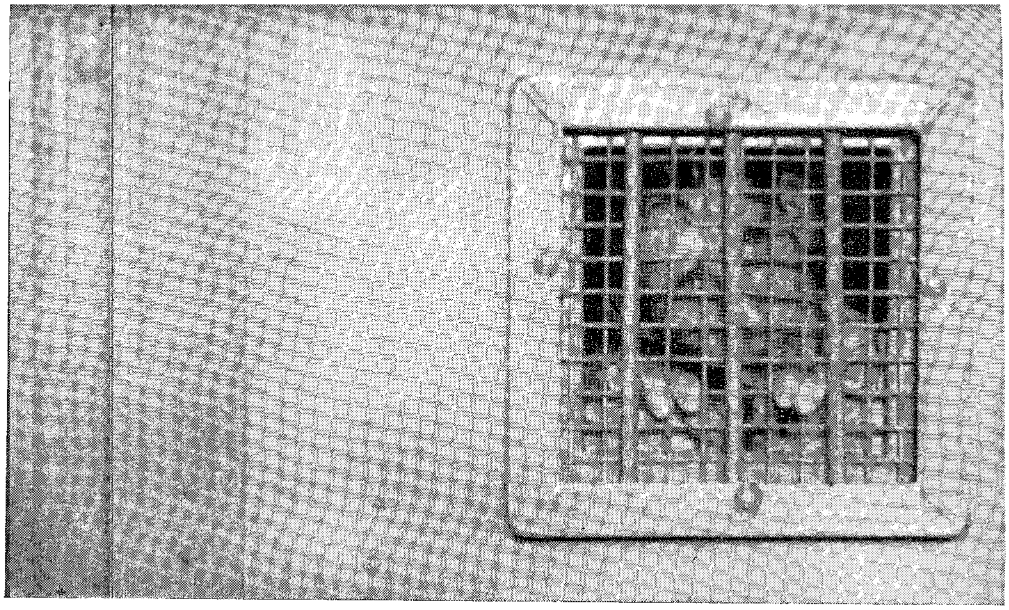
I then went to the gentlemen's-clothing department and asked to see some lightweight suits. I didn't know where I was going to run away to, but I pictured a place that gave me a feeling of being a long way off, probably somewhere south of Washington, where it was warmer. The clerk said he didn't have any lightweight-wool suits, and added laughingly that it was a little too early for Palm Beach suits. I said that as a matter of fact I was going to Florida—that a cousin of mine had been taken ill down there—and a Palm Beach suit might be exactly what I was looking for. He said their summer supply had come in a few days before and wasn't on the racks yet but that he would be glad to show me some. I tried on several and chose one—they were all the same cream-colored shade—and charged it to my mother. It fit perfectly except that the trousers were a little long. The clerk wanted to have them altered, but I said my train was leaving in a couple of hours and that I would get my sick cousin's wife to shorten the trousers when I got to Florida.

I went to the haberdashery department and charged two white shirts and



Such deep anguish . . .

LOOK



CAL BERNSTEIN, LOOK, OCTOBER 15, 1957

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two semi-stiff collars with long points, two suits of B.V.D.s, two pairs of black lisle socks, and two cotton handkerchiefs. I couldn't think of anything else I wanted. I decided the shoes I had on were all right and that I would buy a straw hat with a red-and-black striped band when I arrived in Florida. I was wearing my single-breasted blue flannel, a dark green-and-crimson plaid mackinaw, and a woollen snow cap with ear flaps. I carried my bundles to the luggage department, charged a medium-priced imitation-leather suitcase, had my initials, which were rather long and complicated, stamped in gilt letters on the top of it, and put my bundles into it. I can't understand to this day why somebody in that department store didn't suspect something crooked was going on. I can only presume that it was because I had an honest face.

By the time I left the store, I had made up my mind to go to Key West. It was the only place in Florida I had ever heard of except Palm Beach, and it was as far away from Washington as I could get in a southerly direction and still stay in the country. I had a notion I might wind up somewhere in South America later on, like an O. Henry character, but I didn't want to go there first off. At Union Station, I inquired about trains, bought a through ticket, and engaged an upper berth on a Pullman. The total price was outrageous. While waiting for my train to be called, I bought a cheap edition of O. Henry short stories at the newsstand and put it in a pocket of my mackinaw. I also bought some plain stationery. I found a desk in the waiting room and sat down and wrote a short letter to my mother—the kind of letter, I suppose, that a runaway fifteen-year-old customarily writes. It expressed regret for the worry I was causing her and for the failure I had made of my opportunities. It gave assurances that I would let the family know from time to time that I was in good health, but said that I wouldn't reveal my whereabouts until I had made good. It promised to pay back the National Savings & Trust the forty-five dollars I had drawn by means of the blank check and also to pay for the items I had charged at Woodward & Lothrop's—as soon as I had made good.

I DIDN'T begin to make good until after I returned to Washington, five months later, and got a job as a messenger boy in the advertising department of the *Herald*. In Key West I lived for a few days at a commercial hotel, and

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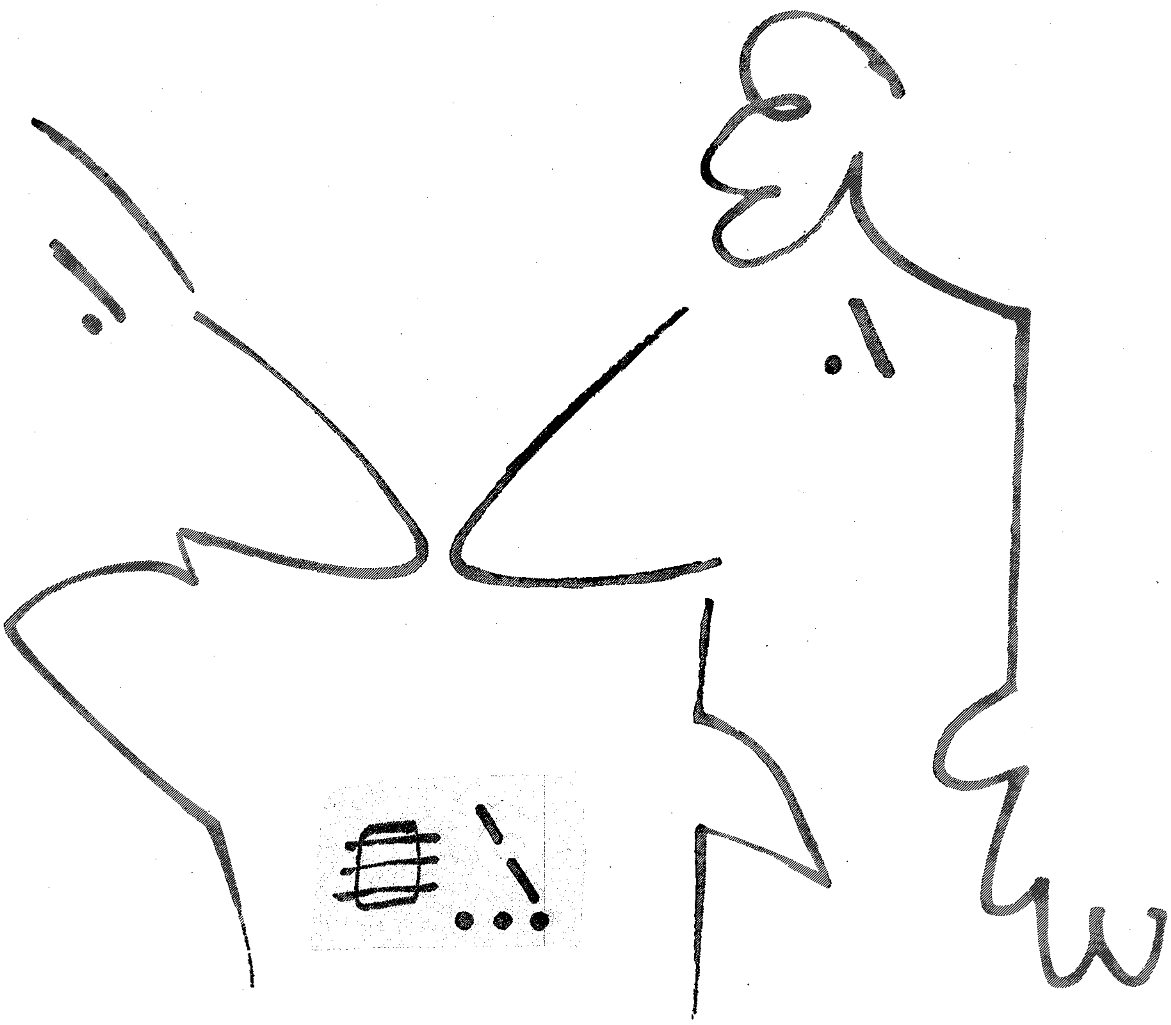

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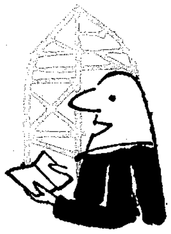
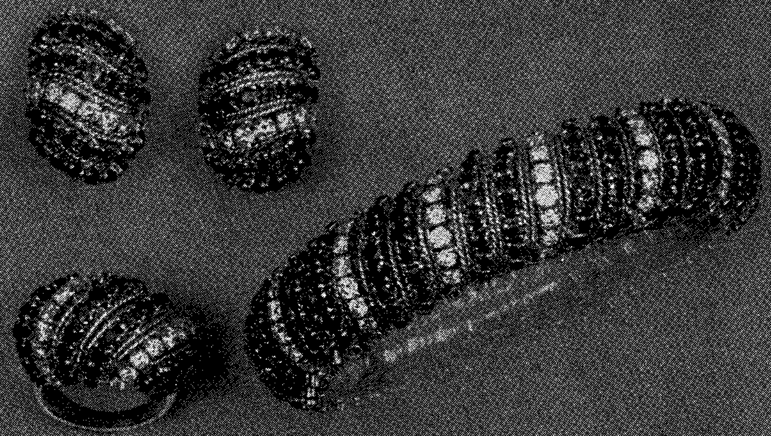


A good place to do some listening is in the church of your choice.



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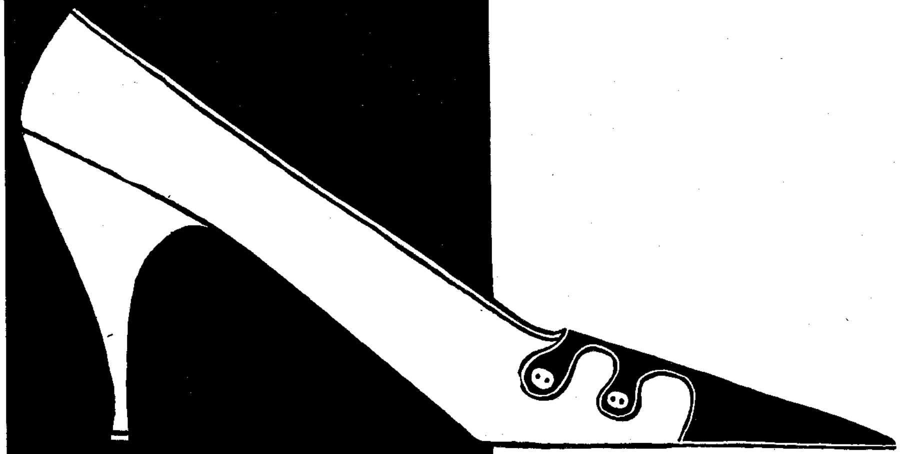

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new york chicago

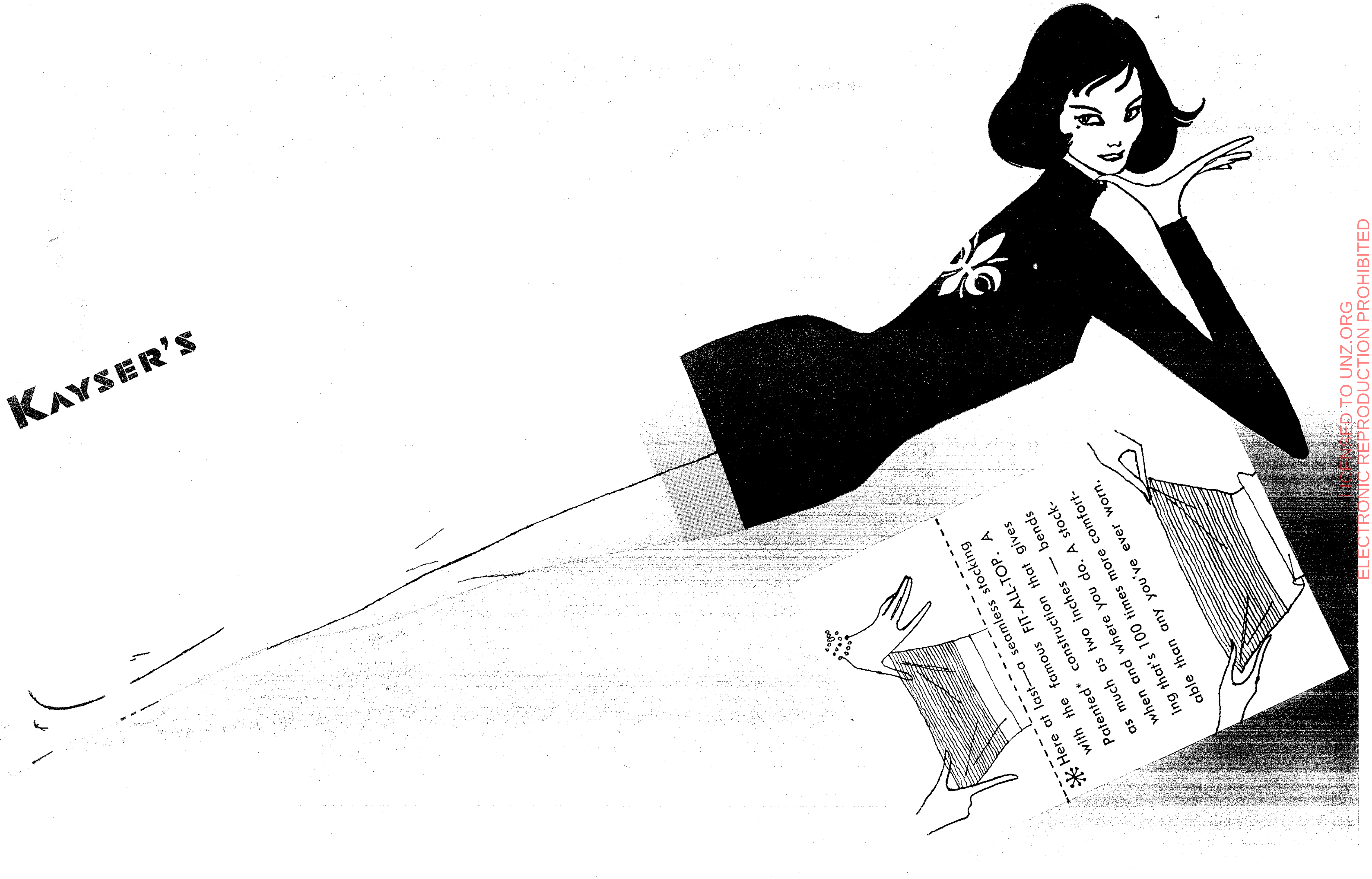
then in a boarding house, which was less expensive, until my money ran out. The only work I was able to find was soliciting subscriptions for a Miami newspaper—Key West had no newspaper—and there was obviously no future in it. Key West was not a resort in those days, very little of anything was going on except fishing and cigar manufacturing, and the last thing any resident of Key West wanted was a subscription to a Miami newspaper. When I had no more money, I packed my suitcase and walked down to the wharves, carrying it. I was, of course, wearing my Palm Beach suit and the straw hat with the red-and-black band that I had bought on arrival. I had found that turning up the cuffs of the trousers made them the right length without my spending money on having them altered. I pictured a tramp steamer leaving for South America, but there were nothing but fishing boats, and the captains of these spoke only Spanish. I knew some Latin but no Spanish. Finally, when I got hungry, I went into a lunchroom and asked the man behind the counter if I could do some kind of work in exchange for a meal. He seemed surprised. I suppose I looked rather well dressed. He gave me a meal without requiring me to do any work, and advised me to go to Miami or Jacksonville if I was looking for a job.

I got on the train for Miami and told the conductor when he came around that I had no money but would send him the price of the fare from Key West to Miami if he would tell me the amount and give me his name and address. He seemed dumfounded. When I pressed him for his name and address, he said "Ah, the hell with it," and went to the end of the car and read a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which he slapped every now and then.

After a while he came back and said, "If you want to bum around the country, you can't bum around in those clothes with that hat and that suitcase. You won't get away with it on this railroad or any other railroad. It just happens I'm a softhearted man. Why don't you go back wherever you came from? What do you want to run away from home for anyhow?"

When I told him I was going back home as soon as I had made good, he said "Oh, my God!" and went back to the end of the car and picked up his magazine again.

As I was stepping down from his train in Miami, he said, "Jacksonville's the best place around here to find work. Miami'll be as dead as a doornail until



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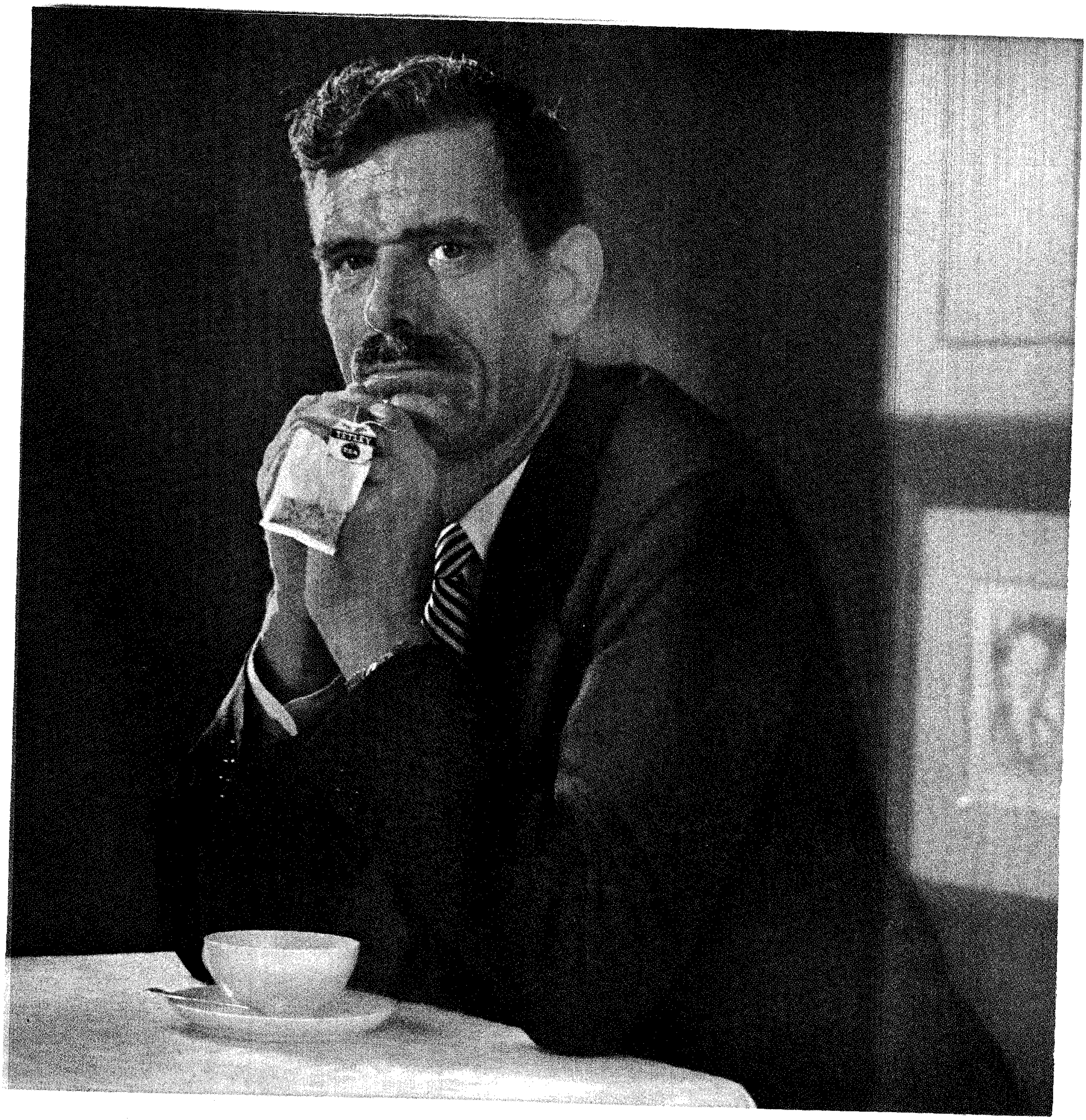

What the idle rich don't know about tea bags

by "Mr. Tea"—The Tetley Tea Taster

THE American upper crust nurtures a peculiar prejudice against the *tea bag*. Sheer ignorance. They do not know what every tea taster knows. Simply this.

The tiny tea leaves that make the best tea can be used only in bags.

These exquisite little leaves grow only at the top of the tea plant and are very rare. Finding the finest of these has become an obsession at Tetley. We search the world for them.

As a matter of fact, a single bag of Tetley Tea contains teas from twenty-two different plantations. Usually more. And every leaf is one of those little beauties from the top of the plant.

If you have been guilty of the Tea Bag Prejudice, we invite you to brew one comforting cup of tea with a Tetley *bag*. All we ask is an open mind.

TETLEY TEA
TETLEY
TEA BAGS
SPECIALLY MADE FOR TEA BAGS

next winter. But you'll have to hop a freight, you understand? You can't get away with this."

I asked him where I should go to hop a freight.

"Oh, my God!" he said. "They slow down at that bend there, going out of the yards," he went on, pointing. "They're mostly empties."

I had established contact with my family by telephoning the house, collect, about a week after I arrived in Key West. I persuaded myself to make the call on the ground that it would relieve my mother's worries if she heard my voice, but I didn't care for the way she talked to me, or for the way my brothers and one of my uncles talked to me, after I had let it be known that I was in good health. They demanded that I return home immediately, and said they would wire the money for the railroad fare. All their sentences ended with the interrogation "you hear?" I replied that I wasn't ready to come home, that I had just got a good job as a reporter on a newspaper in another city, in another state, that I was leaving Key West for that city and state right away, that it would do no good to put the police on my trail but would only bring disgrace on the family name, and that I would let them know from time to time that I was in good health. As a matter of fact, I wanted to be a newspaper reporter, but I knew that newspapers paid cub reporters only five or ten dollars a week and sometimes asked them to work for nothing while they were getting experience.

I hopped a freight to Jacksonville without difficulty, and learned from some of the other passengers in the empty freight car that there was always work on the Jacksonville docks, at seventy cents an hour. In Jacksonville, I got a room in a first-class rooming house in a good neighborhood without having to pay anything in advance to the landlady. For many weeks, I worked as a stevedore on the docks. I figured that eight hours a day, six days a week, at seventy cents an hour would be thirty-three-sixty a week, on which I could live handsomely and save money, but I usually gave up working after about five hours, drew my pay, had something to eat, and went to the rooming house and lay in bed. Most of the time, I didn't feel lonely, because my head was full of optimistic daydreams of the future. They ran along in my head in between the regular showings of the pictures about my father, and about the girls.

In time, my landlady took an interest in me. She discovered how I was earn-

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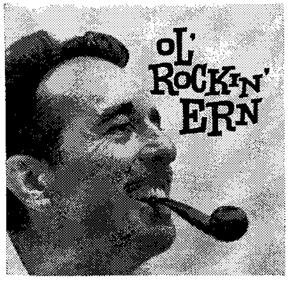

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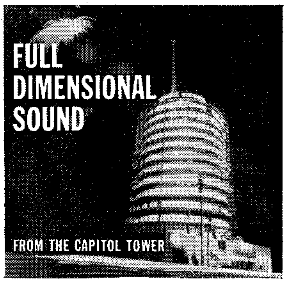

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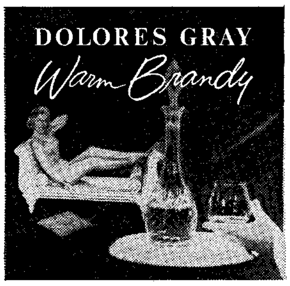

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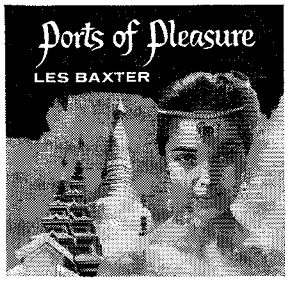

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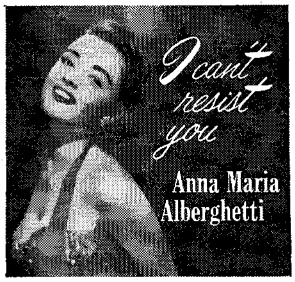

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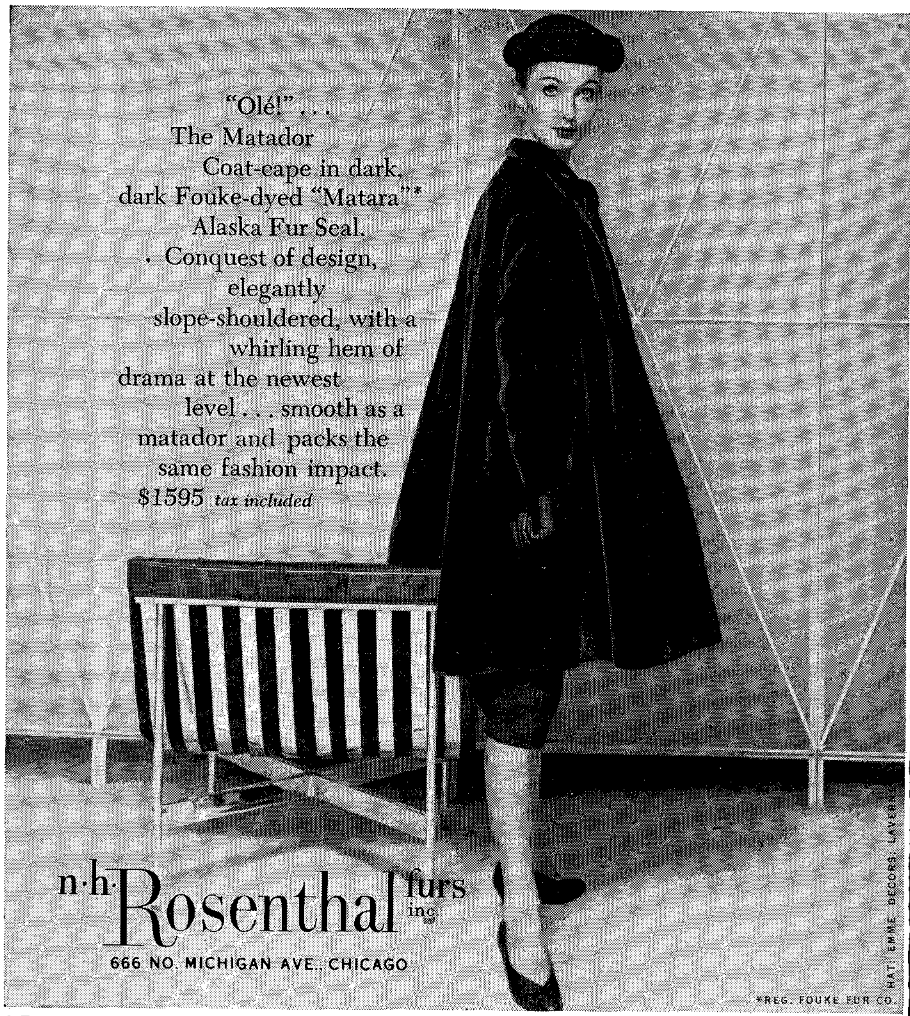
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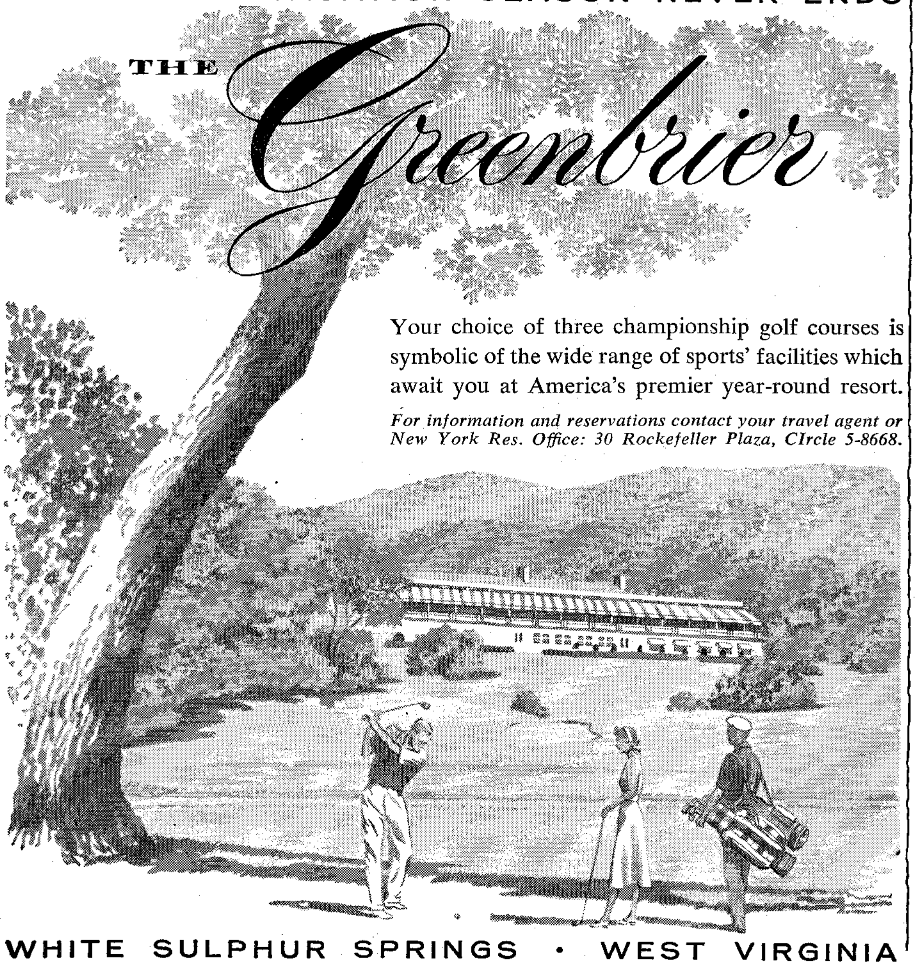
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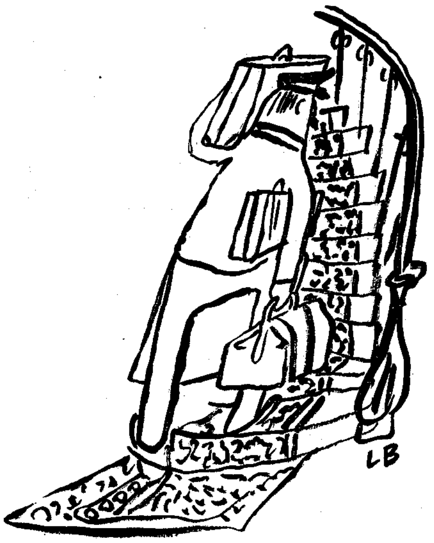
ing the money for my room. She said her brother-in-law was in charge of the Union News restaurants at all the railroad stations in Florida and Georgia, and offered to ask him if he had a respectable job for me. He had one for me in a railroad restaurant at Saint Augustine, not far from Jacksonville. I was to be the all-night counterman, and the hours were to be from seven in the evening until seven in the morning. I could have all the food I wanted to eat, and would receive twelve dollars a week in salary. All I had to pay for was my room, which would be in the house where the restaurant manager and his family lived. I accepted the job. I had written several notes to my mother, saying I was getting along fine but not giving her any address where she could reach me, and now I decided to let the family know where I was. Soon I began to receive letters requesting, not demanding, that I come home. I needn't go back to high school, they said, if I didn't want to. I could go to work in Washington, if that was what I wanted to do, and make good there while living in comfort at the house in Mt. Pleasant. All I had to do to get the money for the railroad fare home was to ask for it, they said. Miss Annabelle sent me three dollars of her own money in cash and said she hoped I would buy something I needed with it. I wrote to my mother and said I was getting some valuable experience at the restaurant, that it was a great place to study human nature, and that I would come home as soon as I had finished an article I was doing for the *Atlantic Monthly* on what it was like to be an all-night counterman in a railroad restaurant in Saint Augustine, Florida. I typed out the article on the manager's typewriter between trains in the early-morning hours and sent it to the *Atlantic*, but they rejected it. Then



The Golden Gate and many a dam

Some time ago, the *National Geographic* ran a piece about San Francisco. This mentioned among the city's famous landmarks, like the Golden Gate and the cable cars, the San Francisco correspondent of The New York Times.

A landmark Lawrence E. Davies well might be, but if he is, he's a roving landmark and one, to quote a fellow correspondent, "not just of San Francisco but of California and the entire Northwest – and, for that matter, wherever newspaper men appreciate superb reporting."

Wherever readers appreciate it, too. For Larry Davies, again to quote one of his colleagues, "after 35 years still tackles every story, big or small, with the conscientiousness and zeal of a cub."

This zeal showed itself when Larry was little more than a cub on his father's wheat farm near Girard, Kansas, where he was born. He spent his savings for the *Kansas City Star,* which he read carefully and clipped diligently.

By the time he went to high school at St. Helens, Oregon, where his family had moved, he was a dedicated newspaper man. He edited his high school paper. At Willamette University, which later rewarded him with an honorary degree, he was campus correspondent for the *Portland Oregonian.* On graduation he went to work for the *Portland Telegram.*

After three years, Larry and his wife took off for Europe. He worked as combination copy editor and sports editor of the *Paris Herald,* saw Europe from a bicycle, wrote Sunday features for the old *New York World.*

Since 1926 Larry Davies has been writing for The New York Times. For 15 years he reported from Philadelphia. Since 1941 he has been reporting the fascinating story of the West and its fabulous post-pioneer development. This has entailed many a story about dams and the water that flows over them. In fact, to quote that colleague again, "he's downright queer for dams."

Roving the world for readers of The New York Times are hundreds of conscientious, zealous reporters, editors and correspondents like Larry Davies. They make The New York Times every day an alert and informing newspaper that is a delight to read. It's much more interesting – and you will be, too.

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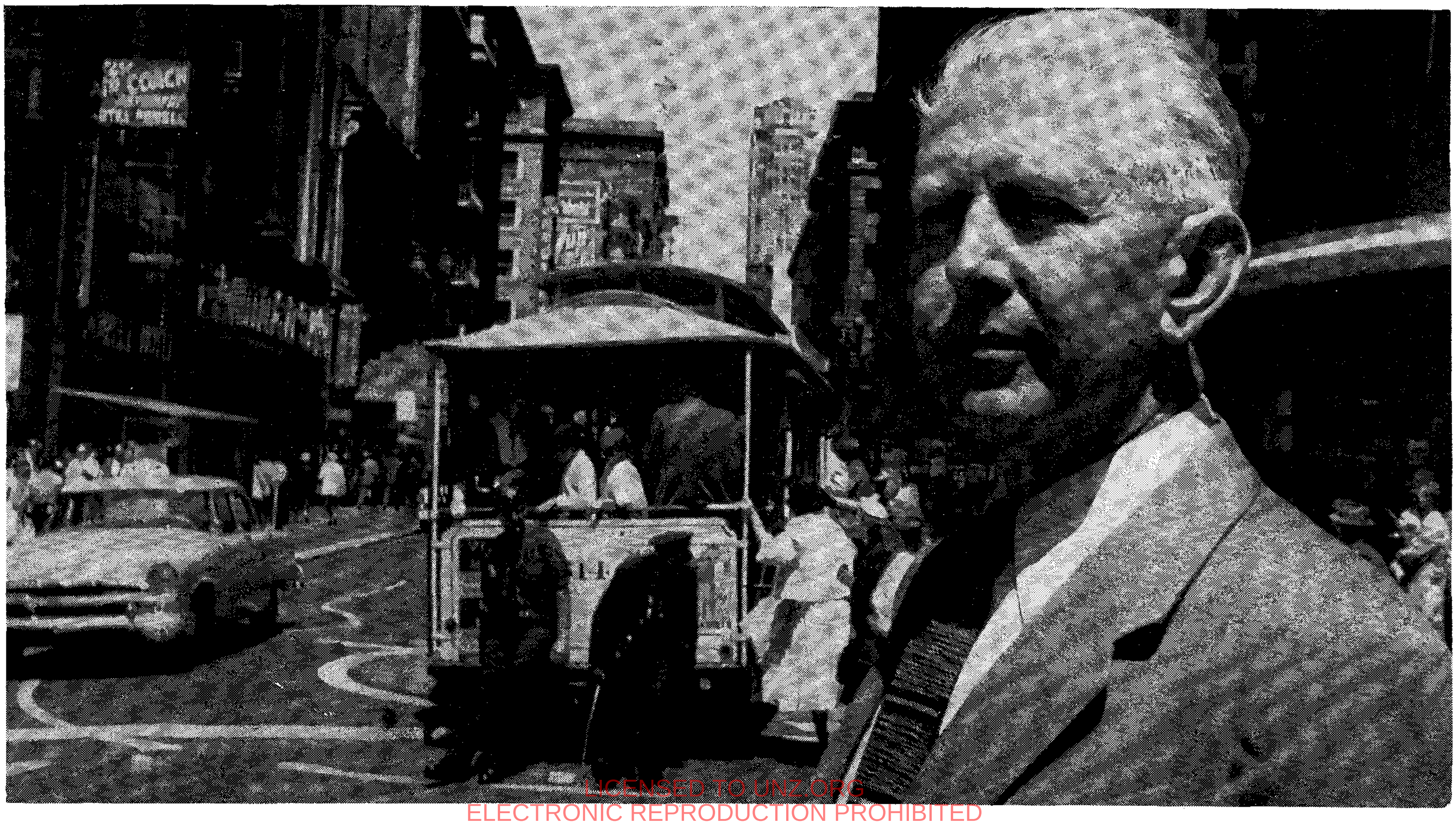

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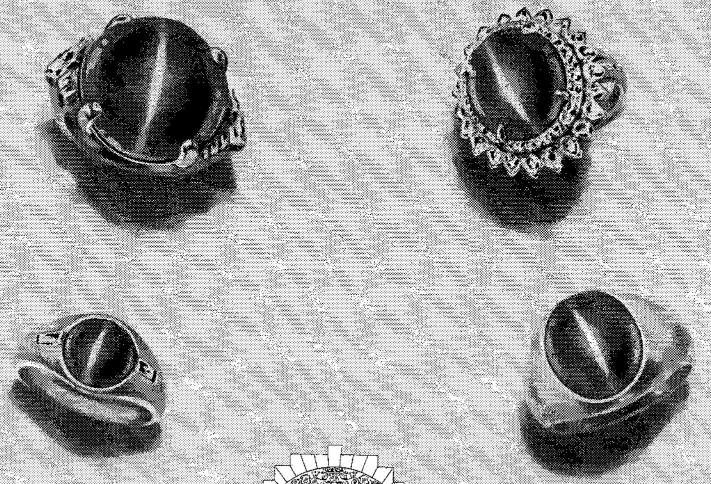

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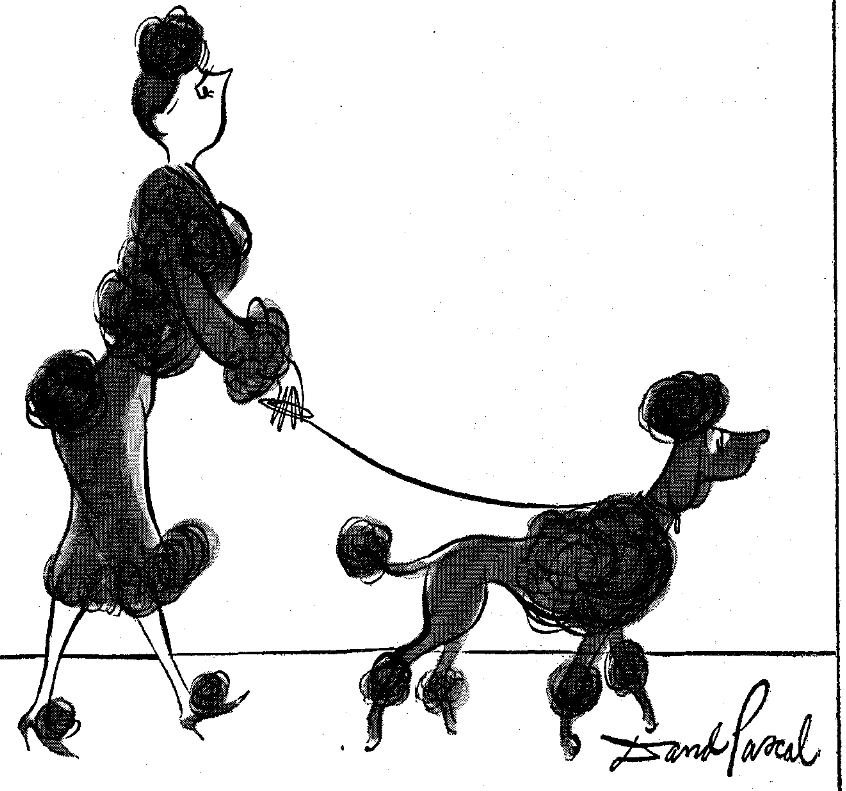

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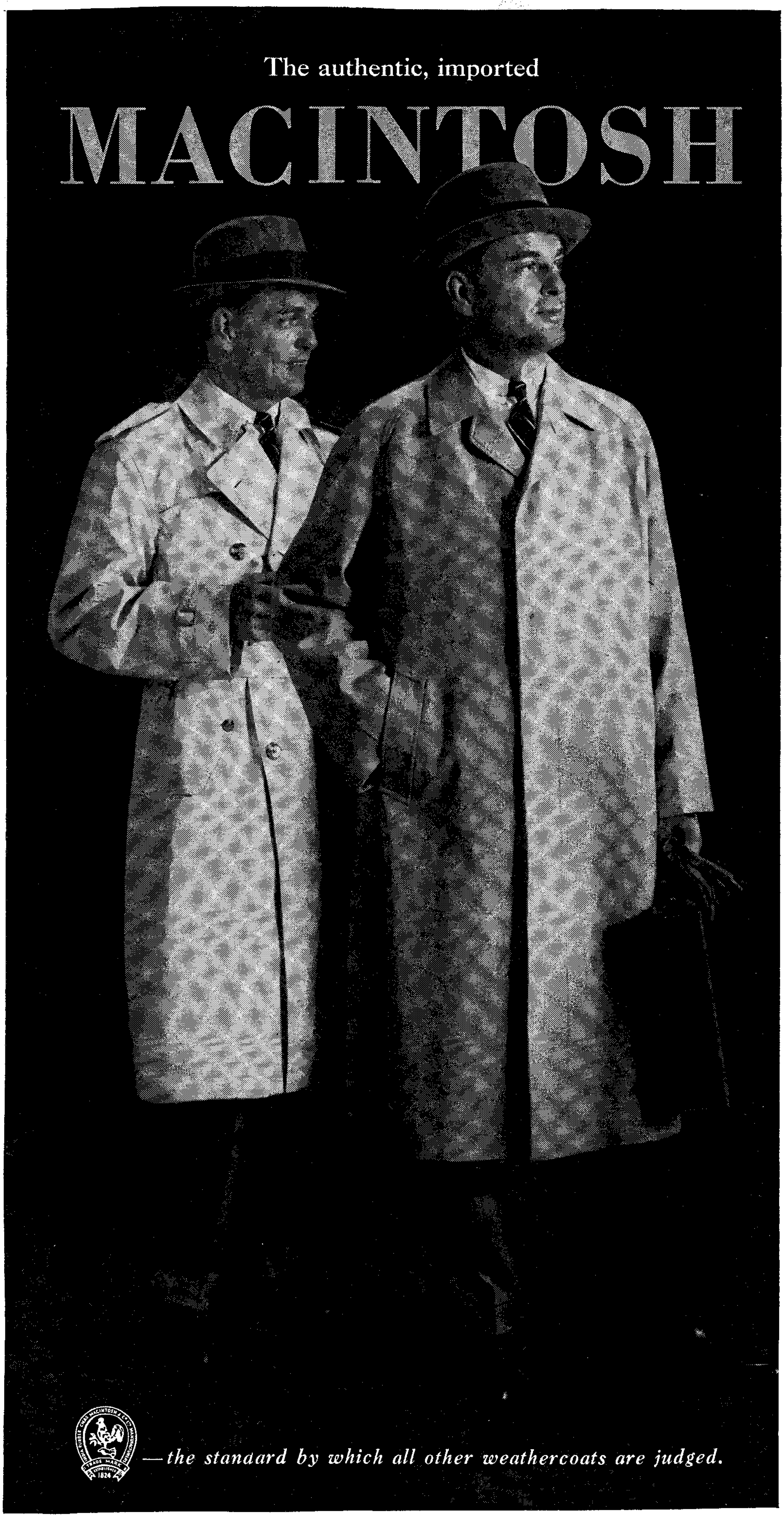
I typed out and sent to *Judge* an anecdote I had heard my mother tell at the dinner table. It seems that Mr. Burleson, the Postmaster General, had told Alice Roosevelt Longworth that he was opposed to woman's suffrage because woman's place was in the home. "Ah, Mr. Burleson," she told him, "I see that you know as little about the female as you do about the mail (male)." *Judge* liked it and sent me a check for five dollars.

I hadn't been able to save anything out of my salary as an all-night counterman, because the rent for the room in the manager's home was nine dollars a week and that left me only three dollars for cigarettes, toothpaste, soap, stationery, and other incidentals. This was only a dollar more than the allowance I used to get when I was in high school. After I received the check from *Judge* and the manager had cashed it for me, I told him I would like to quit as soon as he got a replacement. He said, in a bored tone, that there had been complaints from customers that I was always either asleep behind the counter or writing on the typewriter in his office, and that I could consider myself fired as soon as I packed my suitcase. I glared at him, and ignored him when he wished me good luck.

I had learned all about railroads from the train crews that stopped at the restaurant. Carrying my suitcase, I climbed on the next train for the North, and stood up in the small space between the locked door at the front end of the baggage car and the rear end of the coal car, behind the engine. The journey was uneventful, but by the time I got to Washington, my Palm Beach suit, my straw hat, and my face and hands were black with coal dust and soot, so I jumped off the train when it slowed down in the yards before it reached Union Station, made my way toward Mt. Pleasant through out-of-the-way neighborhoods, and was able to approach the house from the woods at the edge of Rock Creek Park, instead of coming down the block, where everybody could see me.

I had often pictured what my reception would be like. I had guessed it would be like the return of the Prodigal Son, and it was, except that Miss Annabelle cooked a chicken pie, my favorite dish, instead of roast veal, which I liked only moderately. My brothers treated me as if I were almost as old as they were, and seemed genuinely interested in the narrative I gave them, covering the highlights of my experiences in Florida. My mother held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family prayers after supper and thanked God for allowing me to get home safe and sound, but she didn't go on about it, and when she talked to me alone before I went up to bed, she only said she wished she hadn't rented the house after my father went away from us, because she was afraid that year had been hard on me. I told her it was just that I was tired of school and wanted to earn my own living and make good, and she said I could do anything I wanted to, that she wouldn't interfere. I still couldn't look her in the eye.

IT was only after I had got the job as messenger boy on the *Herald* and had been promoted to mail clerk, then to stockroom clerk, then to assistant bookkeeper, and finally to payroll clerk and was making thirty dollars a week and studying to become a certified public accountant that I began to feel I still wanted to be a newspaper reporter. As payroll clerk, I was well acquainted with all the department heads, including the managing editor. I knew what everybody's salary was, and the department heads knew I did, which made them treat me with a kind of hollow cordiality when I came around each Friday, the day before payday, to get their signatures on the payroll sheets I had made out. The managing editor was a kindly, patient man named Mike Flynn (who inherited a share of the paper years afterward, when Cissy Patterson died), and I used to ask him about the chances of getting a job as a reporter. I was fullgrown by this time and was saving up to buy a Ford coupé, and my seventeenth birthday was behind me. I was interested in girls, motorcars, and the wide variety of Arrow collars on display in the haberdasheries. I was troubled by the talking pictures about my father only once a month or so.

Mike Flynn and I always came to what seemed to be a dead end on the subject of my becoming a reporter. I said I couldn't afford to take a reduction in salary, because I was saving up to buy the Ford coupé, and he said he couldn't pay an inexperienced reporter anything like thirty dollars a week. Some of his best local men, he said, pointing at the payroll sheet in front of him, weren't making that much. Flynn seemed to like me, though, and, besides, the impasse made him angry. Like all newspaper editors in those days, he detested the business office, and felt it was an affront to the editorial department when a likely young man could be worth so much money in the busi-

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Mr. Wedgwood breakfasts

ness office that he couldn't afford to become a reporter.

"If you're really keen on this," he said one Friday afternoon that summer of 1922, "you could try doing some feature stories in your spare time. I couldn't pay you anything for them, but if you wrote some that we could print, maybe I could argue that you weren't a cub—that you were an experienced man—and get you the thirty a week. Take a run out to the zoo on Sunday, why don't you? There's always a feature story at the zoo."

"What kind of thing did you have in mind?" I inquired.

"Oh, a piece about some animal. Some animal gets born or dies, or something like that. You know—human interest."

He signed the payroll sheet, and I thanked him.

On the following Sunday afternoon, I wandered around the zoo, talking to the keepers. I knew most of them, having met them when I was a leaf-raker. I found that the elephants were all in good health and had produced no offspring. It was the same with the lions, tigers, and pumas, the bears, monkeys, buffaloes, wolves, and foxes, the camels and giraffes, and the seals and sea lions. I was finally reduced to the birdhouse. There, though, I learned from Wally, the birdhouse keeper, that a cockatoo had died of old age on the floor of its cage that morning. It was a white male cockatoo from Malaya. It had been there for more than twenty-five years, and had lived all that time in a cage with its mate, a white female cockatoo, also from Malaya. Their names were on the signs on the cage. The dead cockatoo's name was Jack, and his mate was named Jill.

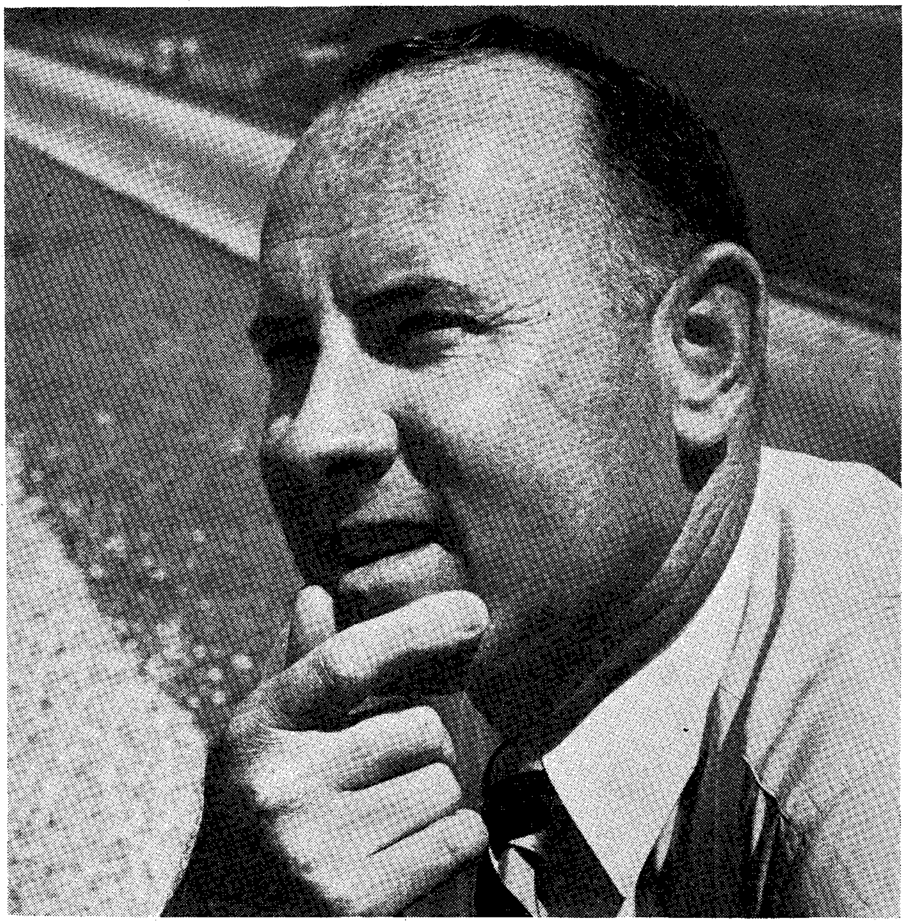
I pumped Wally from every angle. "I'm a reporter on the *Herald* now, you know," I told him. Like all keepers in all the zoos of the world, he was anxious to coöperate with the press. He racked his brains. He began to bring out, bit by bit, a small store of anecdotal material having to do with Jack and Jill. I took him across the road to the refreshment stand, bought him a sarsaparilla, and urged him to sit down comfortably on a bench and relax. "Just keep thinking of Jack and Jill," I suggested, "and say whatever comes into your mind." He recalled a number of little characteristics that served to differentiate the one cockatoo from the other. He cited their preferences in grain and seed, he described the billing and cooing they did at certain seasons of the year, he told how Jack liked to

Bob Dalbeck

Where do you get the extra $100,000?

"Some critics of business still maintain that profits are too high.

"I wonder if they have any idea of how much more it costs to do business today than it used to? Union Oil is a typical example.



BOB DALBECK: "WITHOUT PROFITS, YOU AND I WOULDN'T HAVE A JOB."

"In 1927, the company bought an 80,000 barrel storage tank for $25,000. Under Federal Income Tax laws, we were permitted to recover our investment over 30 years, the life of the tank.

"By 1957, when it's time to replace the tank, the company has set aside $25,000. But what has happened? Due mainly to inflation, higher wages and material costs, the tank now costs $125,000.

"Where do you get the extra $100,000? Union Oil gets it out of profits, and by increasing indebtedness from time to time. Out of profit? The fact is, we have to sell $1,250,000 worth of products to earn $100,000 after taxes.

"Put another way, the company's entire profit for one day, the total earnings that day on $400,000,000 invested by share owners, and the efforts of over 8,000 people—all went to replace one 80,000 barrel tank, of which we now have over 150.

"Without profits, Union Oil couldn't afford to replace that tank. And without the new tanks and other equipment we have to replace to stay in business, there'd be no jobs for any of us!"

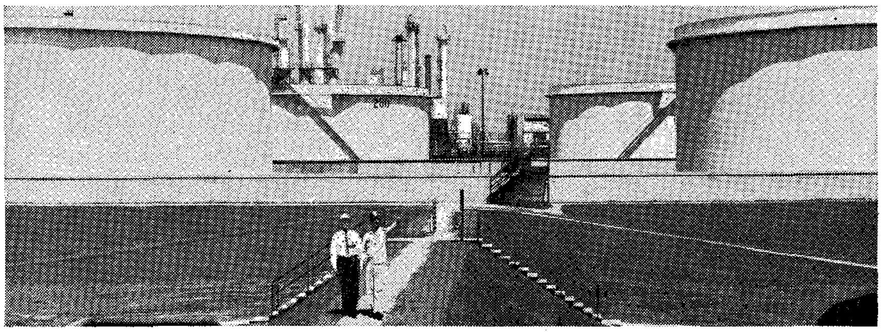
* * *

Bob Dalbeck is something of an authority on profits. He is an Assistant Comptroller for the company.

He estimates that only about 19 minutes in the average company's 8-hour working day go to earn a profit. The rest is spent paying for the cost of doing business.

And less than half of those 19 minutes result in dividends to share holders. The other 9½ minutes are reinvested in the business to keep it up to date and competitive.

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 17, Calif.*



Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL hang upside down using only one claw and how Jill customarily perched in her corner in a dignified fashion. He remembered that Jack and Jill sometimes had their squabbles and pecked at each other, their wings outspread and flapping.

I began to picture a kind of true O. Henry story of a long, happy marriage of two cockatoos from Malaya that had ended tragically in the death of the husband, by which circumstance the bereft widow was left alone in her cage with only a few of his feathers to remind her of him. When Wally wanted to know if the *Herald* was going to take a photograph of Jill, and said he'd be glad to pose with her, I went to a telephone booth, called up Mike Flynn, and told him the gist of the story, with the idea of finding out if he thought it would be worth sending a photographer out to take Jill's picture.

"It's worth a picture on a dull Monday morning," he said, "but it doesn't sound like much of a story. She didn't kill her mate, by any chance, did she?"

I hesitated, and a strange emotion took hold of me. The emotion of a very young person who is anxious to write something? I don't know. What I do know is that I told Mike Flynn that the birdhouse keeper had, as a matter of fact, said Jack and Jill used to fight, flying at each other with their wings outspread and flapping.

"That might do it," he said. "She loses her temper and pecks him to death, and now she's in solitary confinement for life. Anyway, it's worth a picture. Come on in after you get through, and you can take a shot at doing a story."

MY story appeared in the *Herald* the next morning, under a three-column headline on page 3, and my name was on it in a byline. Although some unknown copyreader in the *Herald* city room was put to the trouble of correcting the spelling and the syntax, I had no difficulty in writing it. It had poured out of me. The headline composed by the copyreader was:

COCKATOO AT ZOO KILLS MATE;
KEEPER PUTS HER IN "SOLITARY"

And there was a two-column picture of Jill in her cage and Wally frowning up at her.

I showed the paper to my mother, in the dining room after breakfast, and she read it through, pausing only to reconstruct one of my sentences so it wouldn't end in a preposition. I listened to her and watched her. She read my

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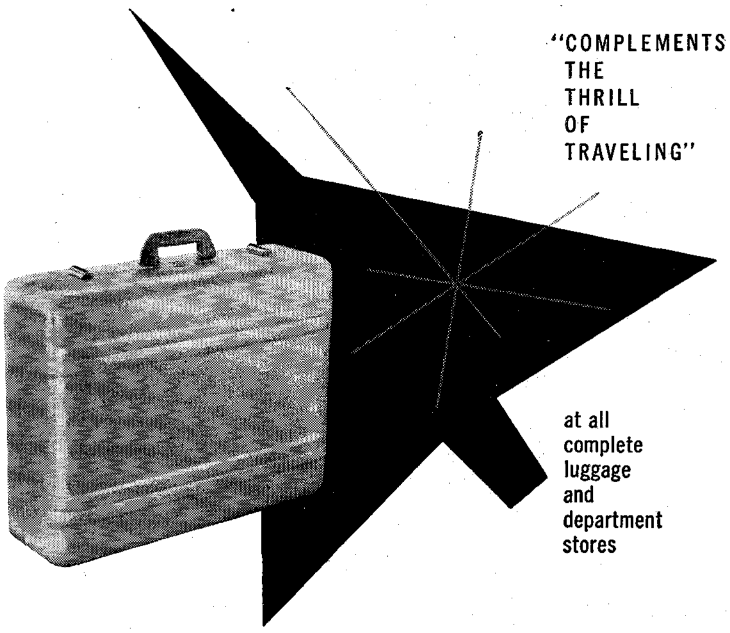
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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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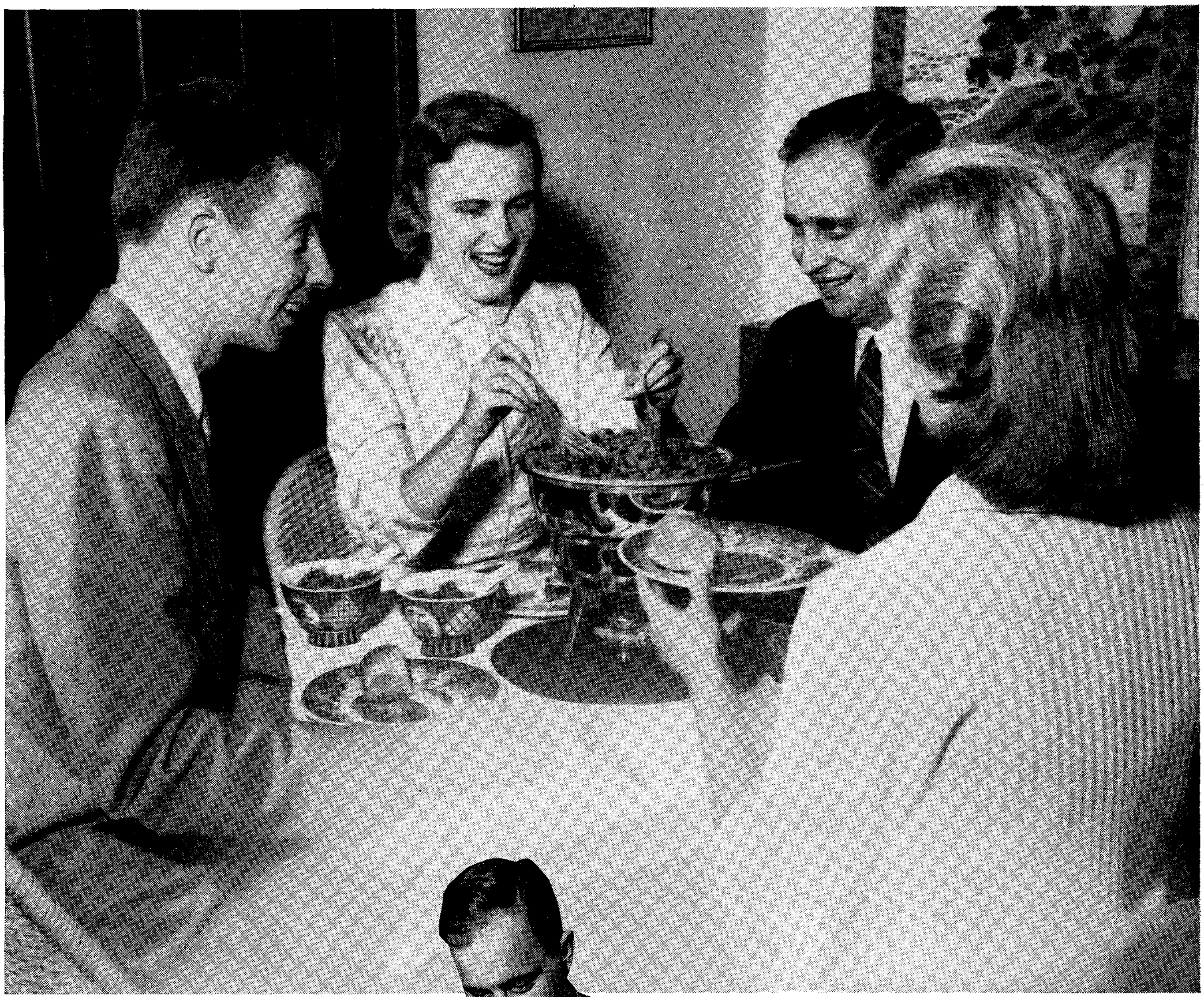

Ideas are BH&G's stock in trade. The practical, you-can-do-it sort of ideas that concern families who are eager for ways to live better. Maybe it's a wonderful dinner party menu with recipes clipped from BH&G's food pages. Or how to make room for a new Hi-Fi set. Or training Rover, the pup, to stay out of the road. Or planning a family vacation by car next summer. BH&G's readers really "live by the book" at home or away from home. And "the book" is Better Homes & Gardens, *the family idea magazine.* The ideas in Better Homes & Gardens are the kind that set Mother and Dad and the kids to *buying* instead of just wishing. That's what makes BH&G unique among all other major media, and a wonderful place for advertisers to show their wares.

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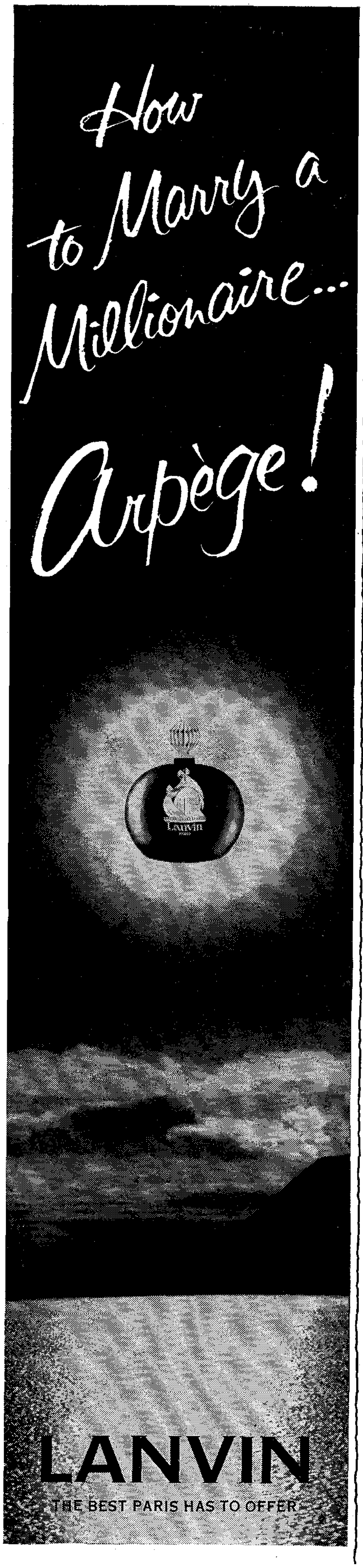

How to Marry a Millionaire... Arpège!
LANVIN
THE BEST PARIS HAS TO OFFER

story aloud to Miss Annabelle—not because Miss Annabelle couldn't read it herself but because my mother enjoyed reading aloud. Then she told me she'd always known perfectly well I wasn't cut out to be a certified public accountant, and added that as a journalist I would have almost as much opportunity for doing good as I would have had if I'd gone into the pulpit, like my father and my forefathers before me. I looked at the glowing, adored face, and into the blue eyes that had never been averted from me. She started to smile and stopped, and said, "You know, son, you haven't looked at me like that since your father went away from us," and I left the dining room quickly, because I felt I was about to cry. But it was only that I was about to think. (In the dictionary sense.) Creatures and people could die from death, I thought. I concentrated on the idea. I thought of death, of the death of my father. He'd been killed by death, my germs hadn't killed him, my mother hadn't killed him, he didn't want to die, he hadn't agreed to die because God needed him, there was no secret, nothing hidden, he had died of death, in this house he died, where I loved him he is dead, my father is dead.

By leaps and springs, the father's dead, the child's dead, the child's a man. And what is man?

—St. Clair McKelway

•

Oberlin, Ohio, Sept. 6 (UP)—Church leaders said today the rites of Baptism and Communism which once figured prominently in the splitting up of Christian denominations, may now serve to draw them together again.—*Los Angeles Herald & Express.*

Seems unlikely to us.

•

Canal builder Ferdinand de Lesseps was the lion of the hour. Within a week, in his 65th year, he married a woman of 21, who bore him 12 children. Trying to dig the Panama Canal, he was defeated by yellow fever and engineering and financial difficulties.—*Caption in the National Geographic.*

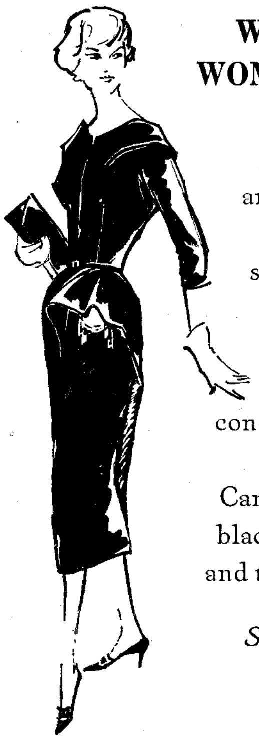
And all that hullabaloo at home.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the annual report of a hospital-management committee in Lancashire, England*]

The Committee understands that at some time in the not too distant future the Hospital will be supplied with a new operating theatre suite, and this, in turn, will probably involve a new mortuary and post-mortem room.



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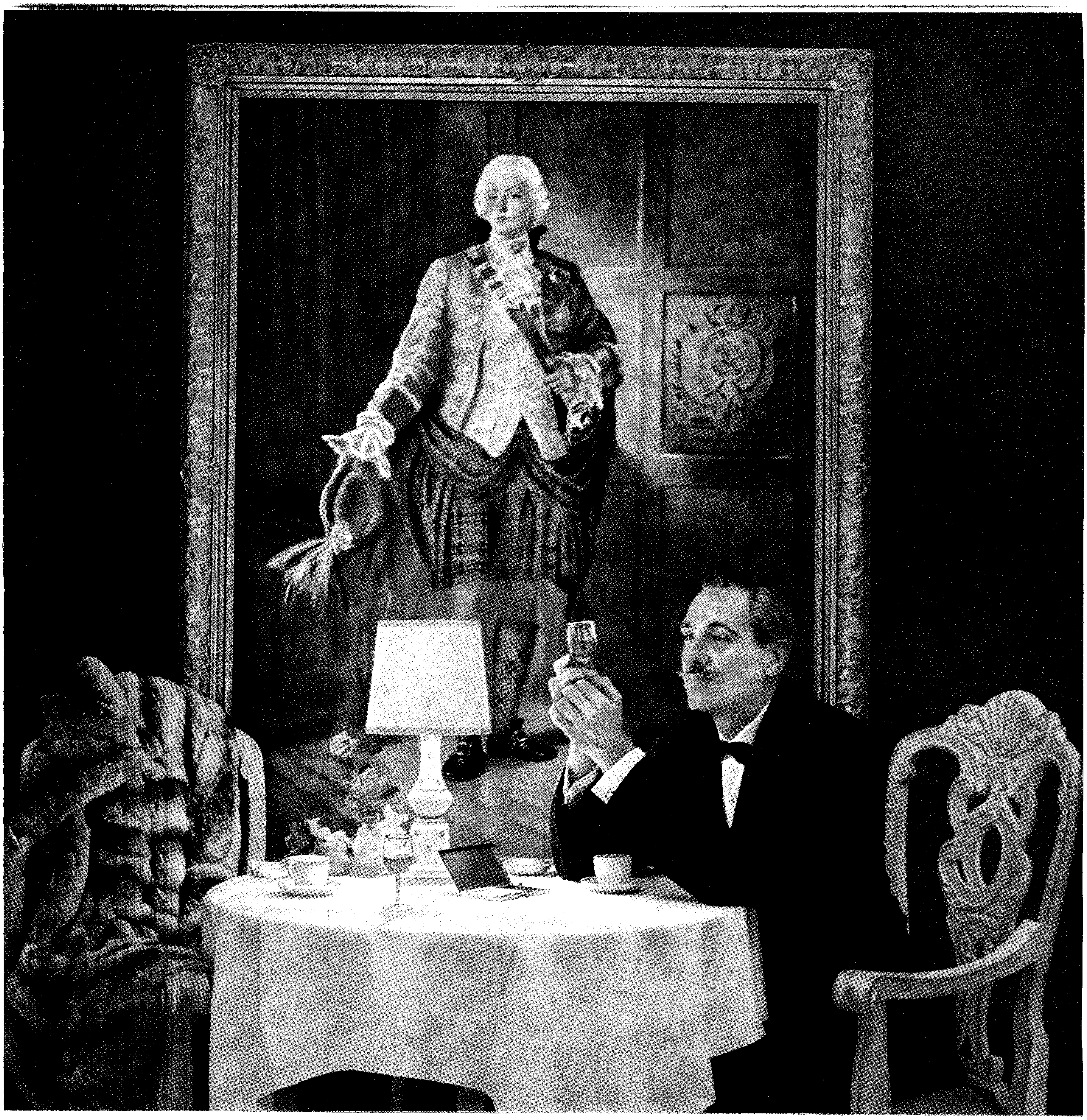
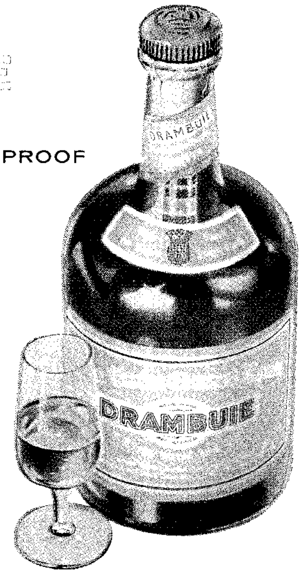


Empress Chinchilla by Leo Ritter

After Dinner—a DRAM* of DRAMBUIE

the cordial with the Scotch whisky base

80 PROOF



For a luxurious after-dinner adventure, there's nothing like a dram of Drambuie. Made with a base of finest Scotch whisky, Drambuie is truly a whiff of the heather, with exquisite aroma and unique dry flavour.

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Enjoy Drambuie in the traditional cordial glass or on the rocks—with twist of lemon peel if desired.

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OLD
Smuggler

SCOTCH with a History

THE THEATRE

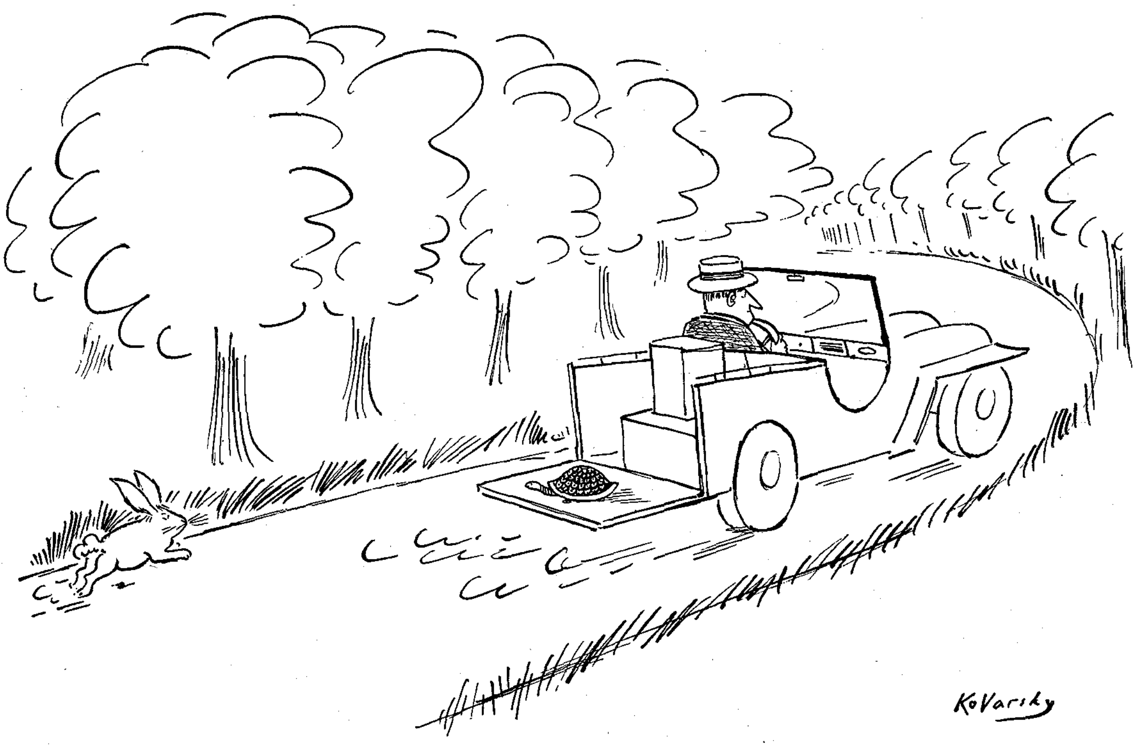
FANTASIES AND PAMPHLETS

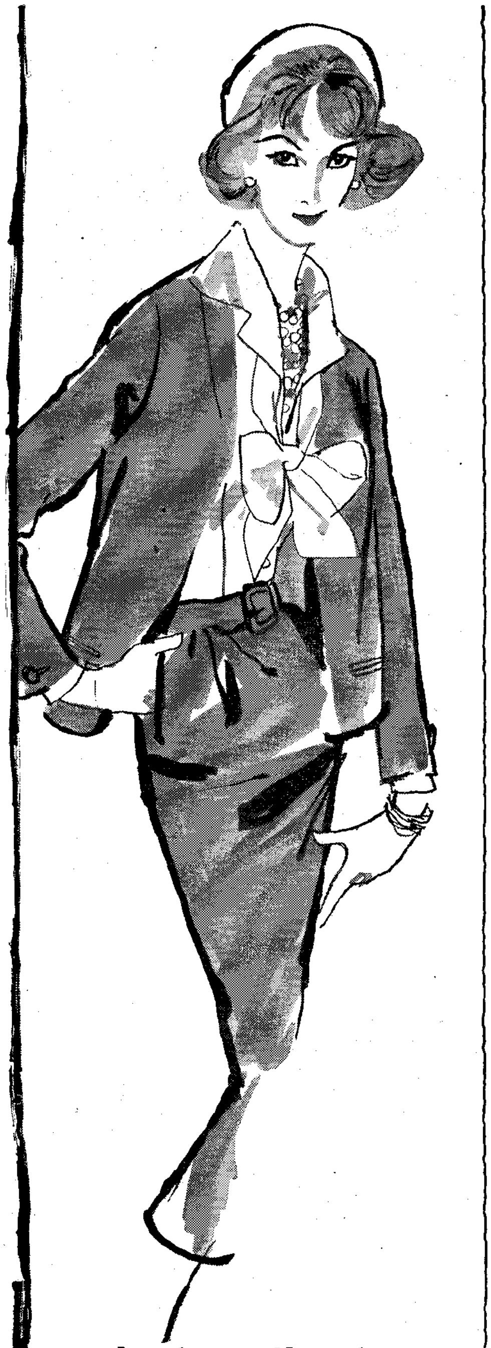
IN "Romanoff and Juliet," at the Plymouth, Peter Ustinov, who also wrote the darn thing, plays the bearded, bemedalled, and magnificently dishevelled ruler of the smallest independent nation in Europe, and whenever he is onstage in this guise, either laying the groundwork for a romance between the daughter of the American Ambassador and the son of this man's Soviet counterpart or simply misdirecting the affairs of his tiny but maniacal state, the play is a delight. Mr. Ustinov, a remarkably genial and inventive, if not particularly disciplined, writer, has contrived almost the perfect part for himself as a highly stylized, though somewhat repetitive, comedian, and the portions of the entertainment in which he is visible are probably as funny as anything you will see this season. He is around at least half the time, and this is fortunate, because the rest of the proceedings are usually less than inspired, and sometimes are just plain dull. The central love affair (there is a peripheral one, but we will ignore that here) is designedly no more than the mating of two pretty dolls, since Mr. Ustinov is interested in these characters only as formal decorations, but he has unwisely permitted them to talk a good deal, and the passages between them, parodying the languishings of love, are depressingly arch. In addition to this puppet-show courtship, there is some attention paid to the contrasting domestic atmospheres of the two embassies, and this, for the most part, is very familiar vaudeville, containing all the customary jokes about the rigors of a controlled economy as opposed to the easygoing habits of the West. Altogether, in fact, there is something unsatisfactory and curiously incomplete about all the scenes that do not involve Mr. Ustinov in the odd, abundant flesh. They have somewhat the air of being fragments of a musical comedy unhappily deprived of the sweet songs and all the dancing girls.

The author's personal activities, however, are more than spirited enough to offset these lagging and perfunctory sequences. He is superb as he shuttles from one embassy to the other, disclosing terribly complex diplomatic secrets ("Do you know that they know that you know that they have broken your code?") or explaining demented rituals of his country, like the symbolic marriage of the Infanta Inez the Precocious and Theodore the Uncanny, who, as I caught it, expelled the Lithuanians in 1310. He is a splendidly martial figure as he drills his army, consisting of two frowzy privates who augment their salaries by selling dirty postcards on the side, or leads these multipurpose warriors in serenading the young lovers with a beautiful ballad called "Ah, Set the Bluebird Free." He is impressive as a realistic political thinker, especially when he observes that it would be a serious mistake for him to discover oil, because he'd just be invaded the following day, and he is really irresistible on the occasions when he gives his national salute, a wonderfully elaborate gyration of the wrist accompanied by a jaunty little kick. Whatever he may have done for the other members of the cast, Mr. Ustinov has given himself some fascinating material, and he executes it with enormous gusto.

The marionettes—a term to be taken fairly literally—who assist him include Phil Leeds and Jack Gilford, as the versatile soldiers (their performance of the manual of arms is enough to freeze your blood); Fred Clark and Natalie Schafer, as the American diplomat and his wife; Henry Lascoe and Marianne Deeming, as their opposite numbers on the Soviet side; Gerald Sarracini and Elizabeth Allen, as the principal lovers; William Greene and Sylvia Daneel, as the secondary ones; Carl Don, as a Russian spy who is somehow translated into a monk in the Holy Unorthodox Church; and Edward Atienza, as an archbishop of almost Shakespearean senility. All these people go about their work with precision, lending more charm to and extracting more humor from their rather casually written roles than their author had any business to expect. The revolving sets, the result of some international collaboration between Denis Malcles and Howard Bay that I don't pretend to understand, are handsome and entertaining, featuring a clock tower around which a figure representing Death rotates jerkily more or less punctually on the hour. The play was directed by George S. Kaufman, who has sustained its difficult, dreamlike atmosphere with extraordinary skill.

THE college professor who is the hero of Molly Kazan's play called "The Egghead," at the Ethel Barry-





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more, might, I suppose, be described as the same one we saw in "The Male Animal" in 1940. Time has changed the political climate, but the man has remained frozen in his tracks. He is still a liberal, passionately devoted to freedom of speech and bitterly opposed to witch-hunting, yet the present reality of the Communist threat has escaped him, and his warm, bumbling sympathy for the underdog makes him an easy touch for the disciplined and cynical enemies of his country. It is Mrs. Kazan's point, valid enough in these troubled days, that simple moral fervor is no longer sufficient; the modern crusader must be a realist as well—or, in the simpler and more picturesque idiom of the play, the modern need is for harder rather than softer eggheads. I'm sure that few people will quarrel with this thesis, at least audibly, and Mrs. Kazan has developed it in elaborate and generally persuasive detail. The difficulty, I'm afraid, is that she has written a play made up almost entirely of characters who appear to have escaped from a political cartoon; that the dialogue she has supplied for them, though vehement, has little grace and practically no humor; and that her plot, concerned mainly with the defeat of a trained Communist agent by an intuitive but otherwise hopelessly addled child bride, is both primitive and unlikely. On the whole, though nothing could be further from the facts, "The Egghead" has the air of being the work of an enthusiastic young woman who has given a good deal of thought to the problems of her day but who has seriously confused the stage with the soapbox and whose regard for the English language is no more than tepid.

The story, condensed as drastically as courtesy will permit, has to do with a middle-aged liberal-arts professor in a New England college. He has a pretty second wife, who is apparently younger than his son by his first one; two infant children by the new girl; and quite a reputation around the campus as a firebrand, although it is indicated that his political development stopped just about when the late Heywood Broun resigned from the *World-Telegram*. As the play opens, he has decided to invite a brilliant ex-pupil, a Negro and now a labor leader ostensibly being persecuted by his capitalist employers, to address the college. This project is controversial at best, and it is made more so by persistent rumors that his proposed guest has been, and may even still be, a member of the Communist Party. The hero is naturally inflamed by what he

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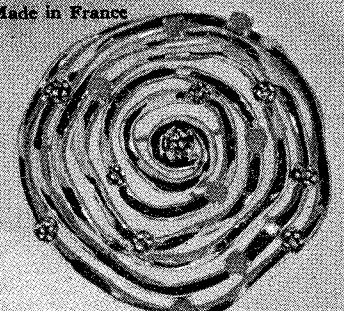

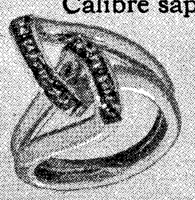

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takes to be a particularly vicious example of witch-hunting, especially when a couple of F.B.I. men begin to snoop around the premises, and his bride's girlish feeling that there may be something slightly fishy about his protégé does nothing to divert him from his purpose. In a lively scene, involving the villain's identification by an elderly baby-sitter, with the aid of some compromising documents and a whirring tape recorder, it turns out that she is quite right, but by that time it is too late, because the embarrassing speech has been made. The curtain falls with the professor, whose resignation from the faculty has been fortunately and, in my opinion, rather foolishly declined, determined to teach a new liberalism, which will take some rational cognizance of the facts. The Communist is permitted to escape, though it is implied that his usefulness to the Party has been considerably diminished; the young wife is presumably comforted by the thought that from now on people are going to pay a little attention to what she says; and the children, happily preserved from starvation and disgrace, are put to bed.

As the professor, Karl Malden gives an engaging performance, though his behavior seemed to me a bit emotional, mulish, and imperceptive even for an old-line liberal; Phyllis Love is charming as his wife, and if it is difficult to believe that a young woman who apparently had some trouble surviving the eighth grade could outwit the Kremlin almost singlehanded, the fault is hardly hers; Lloyd Richards is excellent as the Communist, whose color lends an extra, if somewhat arbitrary, dimension to the play; and Eduard Franz does nicely as an instructor who, having seen his parents killed by the Nazis, his wife by the Russians, and his children by American bombing, is obviously something of an authority on world politics. There are also agreeable contributions by Biff McGuire, as an F.B.I. man; Nicholas Pryor, in the always rather thankless role of a clear-eyed American boy; and Richard Robbins, as the college president, who struck me as being about the only really civilized man involved in the proceedings. Hume Cronyn's direction is admirable, considering the peculiar density of the script (so many opinions, so much scurrying around), and Richard Sylbert's living-room-and-study set is a suitable abode for a man whose thinking is so dated and so cluttered up.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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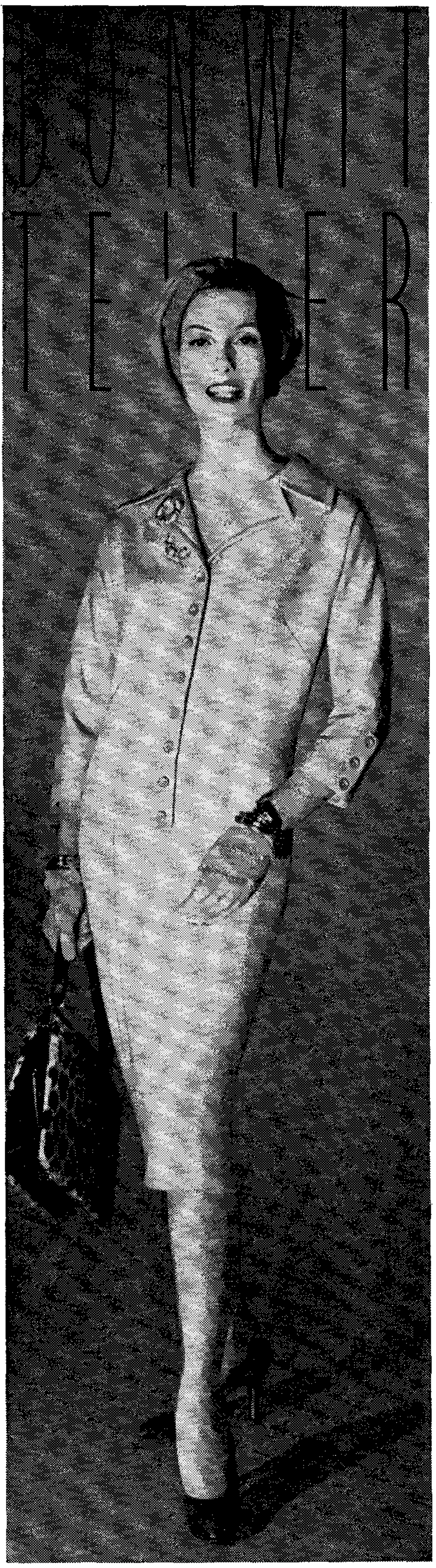

OFFICE PROCEDURE...

Bonwit says, watch that line!
Wool jersey, free and easy. A willowy
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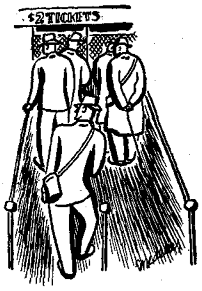
THE RACE TRACK

The Big Ones



AS far as this department goes—and last Saturday that was only from here to Belmont Park—it's a tossup whether the Jockey Club Gold Cup, won by Gallant Man, or the Champagne Stakes, won by Jewel's Reward, was the more thrilling race. The victory of Jewel's Reward was the bigger surprise, even though there are a good many people who have thought all along that he is the best two-year-old colt out this season. The majority, however, counted on Li'l Fella to do the trick. Indeed, the management had asked Mrs. John W. Marr, the Kentucky horsewoman who raised Li'l Fella on her farm, to present the trophies after the race. These, in addition to the conventional silver, were three gilded bottles of champagne donated by an association called the Champagne Producers of France. So Mrs. Elizabeth Graham, who owns Jewel's Reward, left the weighing-in enclosure with a handful of prizes, and so did Ivan Parke, who trains him, and Shoemaker, who rode him.

An even dozen two-year-olds went to the post for the Champagne Stakes, which is at a mile. (Yemen was withdrawn at the last minute, after developing a spot of leg trouble.) As had been expected, Alhambra was the first to show in front, and he continued to lead for six furlongs, closely followed by Li'l Fella. One could see Jewel's Reward galloping along smoothly in third place, well ahead of Rose Trellis. Nadir was leading the others. As the runners came to the turn for home, Shoemaker steered his mount toward the middle of the track, and it's just as well he did, because Alhambra suddenly ran out of speed, swerved, and bumped Li'l Fella and Misty Flight, who had come up fast. Jewel's Reward kept his advantage to the end, though Misty Flight was only a neck behind as they passed the winning post. Rose Trellis was third, and Li'l Fella fourth. It was the second time in a fortnight that Misty Flight had missed a big one. He lost the Futurity by a length.

Jewel's Reward is a handsome colt; he's a medium-size bay, with a fine head, plenty of quality, and a smooth, powerful way of galloping. There was a time when he wasn't so well thought of by his stable, being one of a dozen discards that the Maine Chance Farm sent to the Saratoga sales last year. He was sold, too, for $3,500, but Mrs. Graham called the deal off, insisting that he was worth more. He was. To date, his earnings, including $84,225 picked up in the Champagne Stakes, total $234,295.

There wasn't quite such a to-do about Gallant Man's winning of the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He was lengths behind Reneged, Jocko's Walk, and Third Brother for the first half of the two-mile gallop, then moved up easily, although under the whip, to take the lead from Third Brother in the stretch. He was going away at the end. It seemed to many that Gallant Man didn't have the sparkle and dash he'd shown in the Nassau County Handicap last month, and I fancy the reason is that he'd had a hard go in the Woodward Stakes. He's the sort who needs more than a fortnight's rest between races.

FROM all accounts, Round Table, who is Gallant Man's great rival for the season's honors, had a much easier time of it last Saturday in the Hawthorne Gold Cup in Chicago. He not only led Swoon's Son home by three lengths but did the mile and a quarter in 2:00⅕—a new course mark for the distance. It was his tenth victory in a row.

Speaking of speed, if there was any doubt about Bold Ruler's being the fastest sprinter we've had in many a day, it was swept away when he won the Vosburgh Handicap at Belmont last week. Carrying a hundred and thirty pounds, and taking the lead when he pleased, he ran the seven furlongs in 1:21⅖, breaking the track record of 1:22 set in 1906 by Roseben, the Big Train. Following the pace of Nearctic, who ran the first quarter in 0:22⅗, Bold Ruler was clocked at the half-mile pole in 0:45 and at six furlongs in 1:08⅘. He finished eased up and nine or ten lengths in front. There must have been a lot of bounce to the racecourse, because earlier that afternoon Yemen set a track record, too, doing six furlongs in 1:09⅗, the quarter in 0:22⅗, and the half in 0:45⅗. He also came home by ten.

PLAYING hooky from Belmont Park one day last week, I popped out to Keeneland, in Lexington, Kentucky, to attend the Thoroughbred Club of America's testimonial dinner for Marshall Cassidy, in recognition of his many contributions toward the improvement of administrative and technical procedures in racing. In his speech, he gave horsemen a fine piece of news. The Jockey Club, of which Mr. Cassidy is the executive secretary, has been working for nearly a year on the tall order of typing the blood of thoroughbred horses—something nobody has done successfully before. The method is the same as for humans, and so far seventeen types have been established. (Incidentally, the Rh factor works in horses, too.) What's more, the veterinarians and laboratory men engaged in the project have been progressing so well that they hope to have all the types, subtypes, and groups identified by next spring. Needless to say, this is going to be an important aid to veterinary science, not only in this country but abroad. At present, horses are seldom given transfusions, no matter how badly they may need one, because in the past many animals have been killed by being given the wrong type of blood. When the blood is all typed and grouped, a blood bank for horses can be set up. Also, typing the blood will be a help in the identification of racers; for one thing, the buyer of a foal or yearling can be surer that its parents are those listed in the catalogue. And on the racecourse there will be no more ringers.

It's a great pleasure to go to Keeneland; people call horses by their names, not their mutuel numbers, and there's no public-address system. The management believes that racing should be seen and not heard. —AUDAX MINOR

•

WHICH PAGE OF "ADVERTISING AGE" D'YA READ?

There is still no sign that . . . anybody . . . has found a new sponsor or a definite time spot offer for Mr. Caesar.

The comedian's associates said there seems little likelihood that he will turn up on ABC-TV this fall.—*September 23rd issue, page 100.*

Helena Rubinstein will sponsor Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca Sundays at 9-9:30 p.m., EDT, on ABC-TV.—*Same issue, page 121.*

•

WASHINGTON (AP)—Chief Justice Warren agreed Monday to consider a plea for a Supreme Court order preventing the Teamsters Union from electing national offenses this week.—*Davenport (Iowa) Morning Democrat.*

Somebody get that senator out of the composing room!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bad Girl

PUCCINI'S opera "Turandot," as nearly everybody knows, is beset by certain dramatic incongruities that make it something less than a masterpiece. Its heroine, a Chinese princess whose rather undainty habit is to have her unsuccessful suitors beheaded (she exhibits the heads on pikestaffs before the audience in the first act), is not the sort of figure to inspire public affection, and her final conversion to true love, following the suicide of a likable rival, is, to say the least, somewhat abrupt and unconvincing. A brave effort at comic relief provided by three quaint courtiers named Ping, Pang, and Pong, who might have stepped out of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, does little to minimize the atmosphere of grisliness, and, indeed, seems at times a wholly irrelevant intrusion. The total effect is that of a strange, incoherent Oriental extravaganza in which farce, Grand Guignol melodrama, and genuine tragedy are very unhappily mixed. Puccini, who thought of it as an attempt to combine fantasy, mysticism, and reality, had a terrible time writing it, and died before he was able to put it into final shape, leaving that task to his friend Franco Alfano. Had Puccini lived longer, he would undoubtedly have made a good many changes in the opera, and perhaps even succeeded in the herculean job of reconciling its conflicting emotional elements. As it is, "Turandot" remains something of a botch. But it is a botch by an operatic genius, and though one may cavil at its obvious weaknesses, it contains some of Puccini's most eloquent music, and moments in which his uncanny instinct for feminine portraiture works the same sort of magic that is to be found in his earlier and more popular operas. Most of these moments involve the Princess's humble rival, the slave girl Liu, who, as the only fully developed human being in the cast, invariably steals the show, enlisting the sympathies of the audience just as, I suspect, she alone really enlisted the sympathies of Puccini himself.

On Wednesday evening of last week, the New York City Opera opened its fall season by giving "Turandot" one of its fairly infrequent local performances, and did so with such gusto that the evening qualified as a brilliant occasion. Much of the brilliance was due to the well-paced conducting of Julius Rudel, who is the company's new general director; the relatively sumptuous scenery and costumes, designed by H. A. Condell; and the spirited teamwork of the cast, whose doings had been staged with maximum effectiveness by Vladimir Rosing. Two voices in this cast caused me to prick up my ears. They were those of Adele Addison, a young Negro soprano, who sang the role of Liu very affectingly and with some beautiful, fine-spun pianissimos, and Joshua Hecht, a bass of great refinement, who brought considerable distinction, both vocal and dramatic, to the comparatively minor role of Timur, the aged King of the Tatars. John Reardon, as Ping, was also among the outstanding assets of the production. In the two leading roles Frances Yeend, as Princess Turandot, and Giuseppe Gismondo (making his début here), as Prince Calaf, were under the inevitable handicap that "Turandot" imposes on its star performers—the handicap being that neither of these parts presents a character of sufficient depth and interest to allow for the display of a singing actor's finest gifts. Miss Yeend, however, coped admirably with the difficult vocal requirements of her rather shrill and icy role, and Mr. Gismondo showed himself to be a good, loud Italian tenor, though his singing in the more restrained passages left something to be desired in the way of subtlety.

THE American Opera Society also opened its season last week—with a performance in Town Hall of Gaetano Donizetti's opera "Anna Bolena," a work that, according to the records, had not been heard here in more than a hundred years. While it turned out to be an entirely conventional affair, with all the standard features of early-nineteenth-century Italian opera, it contained enough lusty and elegant melody (some of it anticipating the dramatic vigor of Verdi) to make one wonder at the neglect into which it has fallen. It lacks, perhaps, those moments of supreme inspiration that have made the same composer's "Lucia" one of the most durable standbys of the operatic repertoire, but it has a skillfully contrived score and its drama moves forward with a good deal of tension and human feeling. The drama involves a number of machinations on the part of King Henry VIII of England, who uses some very dirty tricks to compromise his wife, Anne Boleyn (or Anna Bolena, as she comes out in Italian), with a former lover, Lord Richard Percy, so that he can feel free to get rid of her and marry her lady-in-waiting, Jane Seymour. Miss Seymour is not too keen on this idea at first, but ultimately her ambition triumphs over her better nature, and poor Anne Boleyn and her lover are led off to the dungeons.

All this was presented by the Society in its customary concert-performance manner, with the male characters in tailcoats and the female characters in evening gowns slightly reminiscent of the period of the story, and with all of them making subdued gestures to indicate the outlines of the action while Arnold Gamson's orchestra played in the background. This method inevitably focusses attention on the singing, and since the clean and classically refined style demanded by Donizetti is particularly difficult to achieve, it provides a special challenge in this case, which only almost perfect vocalism can meet. The challenge was met, on the whole, with admirable discipline, but to my mind only one of the soloists, the Italian mezzo-soprano Giulietta Simionato, who sang the role of Jane Seymour, showed the polish and assurance that the occasion called for. Gloria Davy, a Negro soprano who is to be heard soon at the Metropolitan, sang the part of Anna with a voice that I should describe as distinctly promising, and Richard Cassilly managed fairly well with the exceedingly hard role of Lord Percy. The work of the remainder of the cast struck me as creditable but nothing more. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

JACK

A card, a toy, a hoist,
a flag, a stay, a fruit,
a sailor, John, a pot,
a rabbit, knife, and boot;
o'-lantern, in-the-box
or -pulpit, Ketch, a daw,
a-dandy, of-all-trades,
anapes, an ass, a straw.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

The story of S. S. Pierce began in the days when craggy Abe Lincoln was just reaching manhood and Stonewall Jackson thundered in the White House.—*New Haven Railroad Travel Guide & Menu.*

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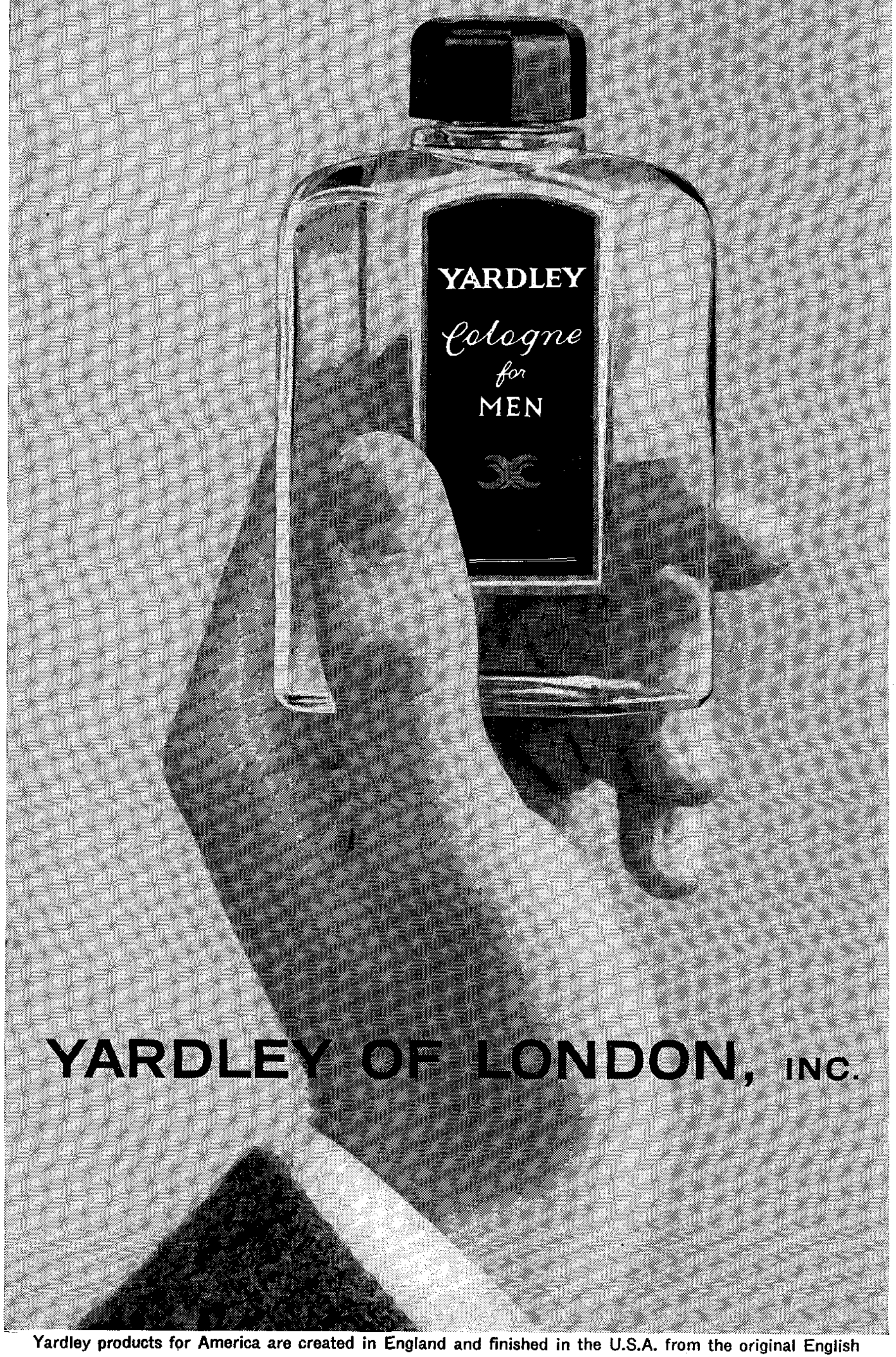

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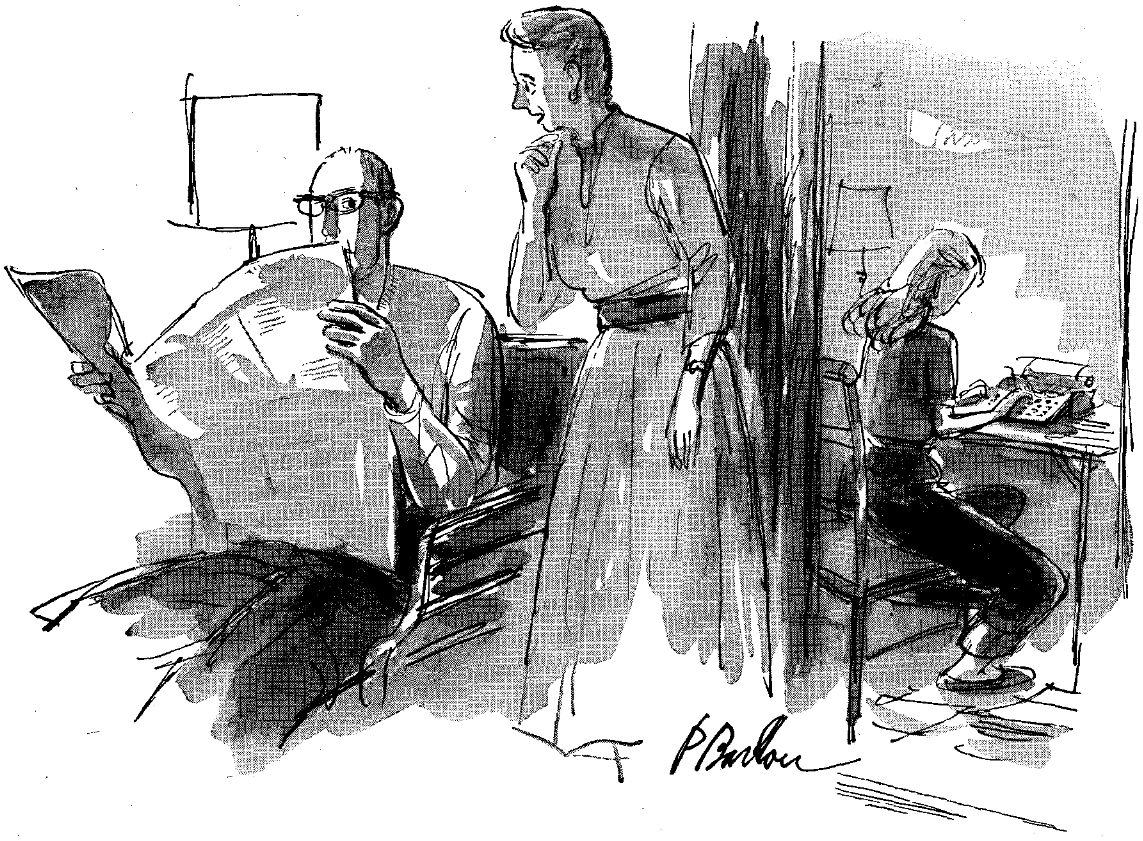
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CHOCOLATE-SCENTED AIR

WHENEVER I am driving from Switzerland to Austria—a trip that I find myself making fairly frequently—I try to arrange it so that I can take the highway that runs along the southern shore of the Lake of Zurich. A few miles south of the city of Zurich, one comes to a blue-and-white road marker that says "KILCHBERG" and, a little beyond it, a cluster of factory buildings identified by large signs as "LINDT & SPRÜNGLI." At this particular point, I slow down, lower the car window if it happens to be up, and inhale deeply and happily, because the air is always delightfully charged with the fragrance of chocolate. There is something special about this fragrance in the air around Kilchberg, and I would recognize it anywhere on earth, with my eyes closed. It brings back memories. My maternal grandmother, who was a woman of dignity, grandeur, and, for the most part, Spartan principles, kept a supply of Lindt's dark bittersweet chocolate called Surfin in her Biedermeier *secrétaire* and would pass it out among her grandchildren for outstanding deeds—a good mark in arithmetic, say—and today, when I smell that kind of chocolate, I have a momentary feeling that I have done something commendable and am about to be rewarded. Through the intervening years, with their violent upheavals, preposterous changes, and improbable disasters, the white-wrapped bar with "CHOCOLAT LINDT CREE A BERNE" printed on the wrapping and the words "Rod. Lindt fils" written obliquely across that in script has remained for me one of the few enduring symbols of quality and stability. I find it reassuring that there are still things in this world that are not better, not bigger, not worse than they were, but just as good, and Lindt chocolate is one of them.

It was nostalgia, then, rather than a passion for chocolates—I'm no longer much of a chocolate eater—that made me decide not long ago to go and see the place where those wonderful candy bars are made. It soon developed, however, that visiting a Swiss chocolate factory is not a simple matter of inviting oneself in. Swiss chocolate manufacturers are a reticent, not to say secretive, group, I discovered, and I can't say that I blame them, any more than I blame a famous cook who doesn't like people snooping around in his kitchen. After all, chocolate is simply a mixture of cocoa, cocoa butter, and sugar, and anybody could make it if he had the recipe, so the Swiss guard their chocolate factories as zealously as they guard the Vatican. I talked my difficulties over with an old friend in Zurich, a man with a wide acquaintance and some considerable influence, and finally, long after I had concluded that he'd forgotten the whole thing, he invited me to a dinner party and there I met an erect, reserved, soft-spoken middle-aged man with cool brown eyes and a somewhat stiff bearing, who turned out to be Peter Jegher, a director and one of the principal stockholders of Lindt & Sprüngli and a grandson of Rudolf Sprüngli, one of the founders of the firm. Over a box of the after-dinner chocolates customarily served in Switzerland—a country that is almost as famous for its chocolate as for its watches and hotels—Mr. Jegher invited me to come and see his factory. I suppose he had sized me up carefully and decided that I wasn't going to steal any formulas. At any rate, I accepted enthusiastically, and early one morning a few days later, while workmen were briskly sweeping the already clean sidewalks in front of clean shops, and gas-station attendants were scrubbing oil stains off their driveways, and housewives in block after block of nondescript but clean apartment houses were putting bedding in the window to air, I drove out to Kilchberg. The town rises on a steep green hill behind the Lindt & Sprüngli plant, which is situated on the lake, in the town's industrial section. The hill is a checkerboard of carefully tended gardens, well-painted fences, old trees, and spotless villas. The scenery is comfortable rather than exciting. It struck me that Kilchberg would be a good place to retire to for one who had spent his earlier years in more colorful latitudes. On top of the green hill is a church with a quiet cemetery behind it, where, among



"She says it's a novel, and I'm afraid it's about us."

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many others, Thomas Mann lies buried. He came here from the gasoline-scented scene of southern California and spent the last years of his life in the orderly landscape and chocolate-scented air of Kilchberg.

IN a small parking lot in front of the factory entrance, I parked my car under an old oak tree with a circular bench built around its trunk. The bench was unoccupied. No one sits under an oak tree during working hours in Switzerland. The smell of chocolate was almost overwhelming as I crossed the company's courtyard, but it ceased abruptly when I stepped into the concierge box, a glass-enclosed reception room that had the characteristic odor of Swiss offices—a blend of floor wax, library paste, and carbon paper. On a bulletin board, a notice said that travelling salesmen would be received every Tuesday and Thursday morning, and a typed letter announced that Lindt & Sprüngli had arranged for a steamer to take its employees on an excursion on the lake the following Sunday. Two little boys with coins clutched in their fists were transacting some business with the concierge when I arrived, and after they had gone, the concierge, a grave man with a managerial manner, explained that they had come to buy chocolate scraps. "We don't take their money," he said with dignity. "Each one gets a small chocolate bar—not some scraps—and is sent away. Back in the days when our trucks unloaded trash at the village dump, down by the lake, the kids used to crawl all over it, looking for chocolate scraps. Our management got worried about infection and disease, so now all our garbage is sold to soap factories, but the boys still come around looking for scraps. It's a kind of legend among the children that we sell them."

The concierge handed me a slip of paper and asked me to put down my name and *exact* address. When I had done so, he read this information carefully and wrote in answers, as I gave them, to "Person to see," "Reason for visit," and "Time of arrival." It was almost like being received in a nuclear-research center, and I expected to be given a badge, but once the form was completely filled in, the concierge made a brief phone call and then led me to a *fin-de-siècle* waiting room, which reminded me vividly of our old dentist's waiting room. There were the same depressing appurtenances of three-dimensional gloom: varnished walls, a dark floor, antiquated lighting fixtures, dated

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magazines on a table, and unfunny cartoons on the walls. In the dentist's room, the theme of the cartoons had been tooth extractions; here it was chocolate rationing in Switzerland during the Second World War—a measure that, if you believed the cartoons, was a national disaster for the chocolate-minded Swiss.

After a while, a trim, smiling secretary appeared and asked me to follow her. We walked up a flight of worn wooden stairs, through a corridor redolent of floor wax, and into a large, bright conference room, overlooking the lake and furnished with contemporary corporate elegance—wall-to-wall carpeting, modern chairs around a long table, and several paintings, one of them portraying a bewhiskered gentleman who wore a high, stiff collar and a dangling watch chain, and had a speculative look in his eyes. Near one window was a smaller table, on which were neatly arrayed what must have been two hundred pieces of chocolate—little bars, big bars, bonbons, round pieces, flat pieces—each done up in a distinctive wrapper. The labels made a colorful display, with red, blue, white, and gold predominating. Some of them were marked "Lindt," some "Sprüngli," and some "Lindt & Sprüngli." The names of many of the candies gave a clue to what they tasted like. Cognac and Kirsch, for example, contained those liqueurs; Mocca, of course, had a mocha interior; and Truffina, as I discovered by filching one and eating it, was a reasonable approximation of truffles. Others merely had names. There was Alba, which was filled with almonds; Silva, which was a sort of jackpot bar, with five different fillings (it is labelled "Quintet" in America); and Trior, which was filled with strawberry cream. One was called Vermicelle—because, someone explained to me later, it has a chestnut-purée filling and in Switzerland chestnut purée is usually served in strands that look like the Italian *pasta* called vermicelli.

Mr. Jegher came in and shook hands, and I remarked that the rows of chocolates looked very attractive. "Oh, yes," he said. "The appearance is most important. In America and England, you see the same chocolate bars in the same wrappers year after year, because the customers would be thrown off by any change. We have our traditional chocolates in traditional wrappers, too, but here the people expect us to come up with new kinds of chocolate all the time, and that means new wrappers. Red and gold are good colors for

Marcel Franck

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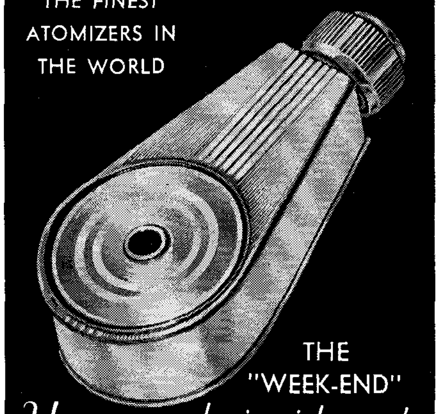

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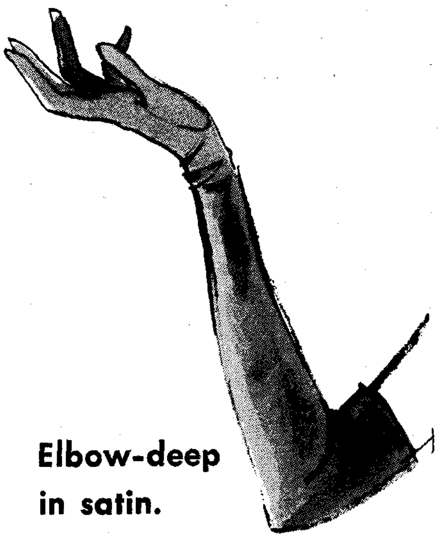

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us; certain shades of green are not so good. Milk chocolate is traditionally wrapped in blue, cream chocolate in red. A few years ago, we put out a new bar in a black wrapper with white lettering, and it flopped badly. There was nothing wrong with the chocolate, but people wouldn't buy it. They called it the Coffin. Just the same, it's the taste that really counts." He pulled a couple of chairs up to the small table, and urged me to sit down and help myself. I don't usually eat chocolates so soon after breakfast, and I had already made away with the Truffina, but I thought that under the circumstances it would be unmannerly to refuse, and I chose my grandmother's old favorite, the bittersweet Surfin.

Jegher nodded approvingly, as if I had made a wise selection. He himself took a Kirsch and nibbled at it, looking thoughtful. Then he pointed to the painting of the gentleman in the stiff collar and said, "There's the man who invented your bittersweet—Rodolphe Lindt. He was an apothecary in Bern who became bored with mixing drugs and began mixing cocoa. He started making chocolate in 1879. Until he came along, chocolate was just a mixture of cocoa and sugar, and tasted rather coarse and dry. He had the idea of adding extra cocoa butter to the mixture, and to blend it in he invented a kneading machine called a conche. His chocolate was so nice and smooth that it melted on the tongue, so he called it Fondant, which means 'melting.' He made several varieties of it, one of them the Surfin you're eating. In 1899, he joined forces with my grandfather, Rudolf Sprüngli, who had built a chocolate-manufacturing plant on this site the year before. My *great*-grandfather, David Rudolf Sprüngli, had founded a famous confectionery in Zurich back in 1836, and in 1845 he and his son Rudolf added what they called a chocolate workshop to the business. That, of course, formed the basis of our firm. They referred to themselves as chocolate craftsmen, and so do we. The Lindts, in Bern, had the recipes, and the Sprünglis, in Zurich, had the machinery, so a merger seemed the sensible thing. Now we are the second-largest of the thirty-six chocolate factories in Switzerland. Only the Nestlé combine is bigger. Ours is a family company. I am the commercial director, my brother Jürg is the technical director, and my cousin Robert Sprüngli is the financial director. We all started in as apprentices, and our children are apprentices now. I should say that the family system has proved itself to be a good one. We are the only chocolate company in Switzerland that has paid a dividend every year of its life."

Mr. Jegher took another chocolate bar from the table and broke off a piece. A look of such strained concentration appeared on his face as he tasted it that I asked him if he didn't like it. "I can't eat chocolate just for enjoyment," he said. "I have to be forever checking up on our output. We make two hundred and eighty different products—bittersweet, milk and cream chocolate, chocolates filled with nougat, pistachios, hazelnuts, almonds, marzipan, fruit, jam, liqueurs, and practically everything else. We make chocolate in all colors, shapes, and flavors. Luckily, I've always liked chocolate. I even eat a couple of bars before I turn out the light at night. They're better than sleeping pills. And I have to taste the products of our competitors. But in Switzerland there's nothing unusual about eating a lot of chocolate. We Swiss not only produce the best chocolate in the world but consume most of what we produce. Lindt & Sprüngli's Number One customers are the Swiss. A lot of them start off in the morning with a cup of hot cocoa or hot chocolate. Then, they have hot-chocolate breaks in their offices or factories. Many office workers keep chocolate bars in their desk drawers. One of our best-selling items is a small bar called Ten O'Clock. Often there's one man in the office who buys the chocolate wholesale for everybody. Some people eat chocolate before lunch, because it helps them to keep down their weight. Even a small piece stills your appetite, and you eat less lunch. Our housewives buy chocolate by the kilo. Why not? It's cheap and it's healthy. It's full of proteins and fats. During the last war, each person got a monthly ration of a hundred grams of chocolate and two hundred grams of other candy. Nearly all other food was rationed, too, but

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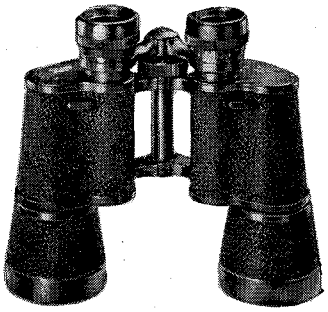

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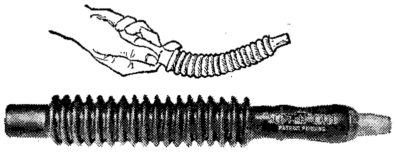

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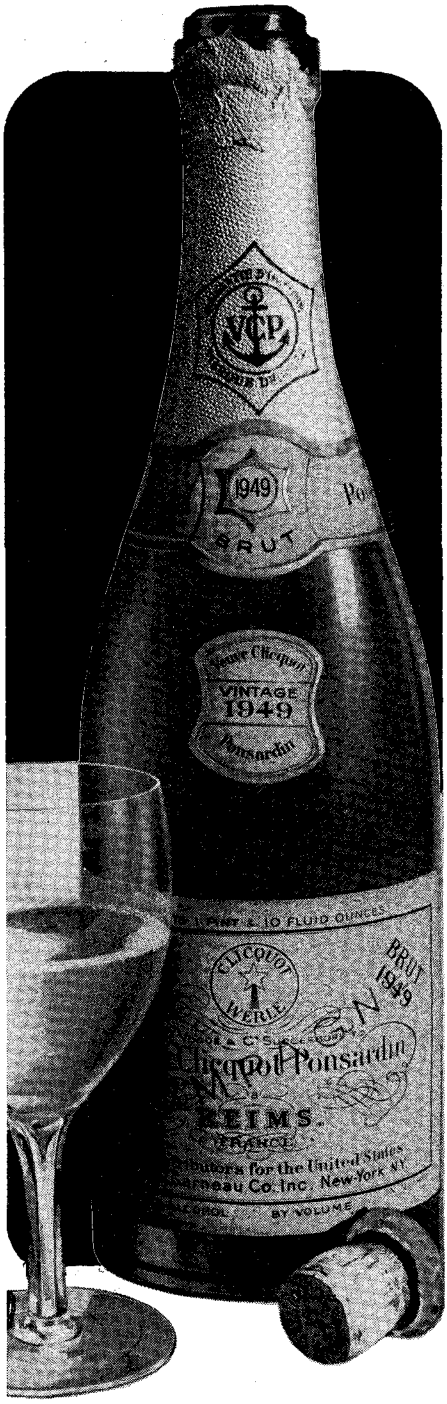

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everybody seemed to miss chocolate most of all. We imported some, but despite people's craving for the stuff, they wouldn't buy it. They knew it wasn't good enough." Mr. Jegher seemed to radiate pride and patriotism. "The Swiss won't compromise on quality," he went on. "Why, the Swiss federal law says that anything sold as chocolate must be at least sixteen per cent cocoa butter, and, as you probably know, cocoa butter is the most expensive ingredient. Sugar is the cheapest one. Fine chocolates have a high cocoa-butter content and contain very little sugar."

MR. JEGHER took a thin watch from his vest pocket and looked at it. "I don't want to take up too much of your time while you are visiting our plant," he said apologetically, "but I think I should perhaps begin at the beginning, with the raw cocoa, and tell you how we make a chocolate bar." The raw cocoa, he told me, is imported from the tropics in the form of beans, which look like shrivelled almonds and come anywhere from twenty to fifty to the pod. The pods grow on trees that are threatened by so many pests (capsids, ants, aphids, beetles, moths, termites, and birds, not to mention monkeys, rats, and squirrels) and so many diseases (swollen shoot, black pod, witches'-broom, pink disease, and collar crack among them) that crops—and, consequently, prices—fluctuate wildly from year to year. And speculation has its effect on prices, too. In 1933, during the worst days of the worldwide depression, the price was down to three cents a pound; three years ago, when the crop was seven hundred and seventy thousand tons, the price was up to sixty-four cents a pound; this year, with an anticipated crop of nine hundred and nine thousand tons, the price is around thirty cents a pound. From the beginning, the Gold Coast, now Ghana, has produced the most cocoa—about a third of the world supply—and Brazil and Nigeria come next. The finest cocoa, called Criollo, is grown in Venezuela and Nicaragua. It contains as much as fifty-six per cent fat, which is the cocoa butter. The next-best varieties, called fine Forasteros, which vary a little in quality from year to year, like wine vintages, are grown in Ecuador and Trinidad. Cocoa of a lower quality—ordinary Forasteros—is grown in Ghana, Nigeria, Brazil, and Santo Domingo.

"The freshly harvested bean has no chocolate flavor, just as the raw coffee bean has no coffee flavor," Jegher con-

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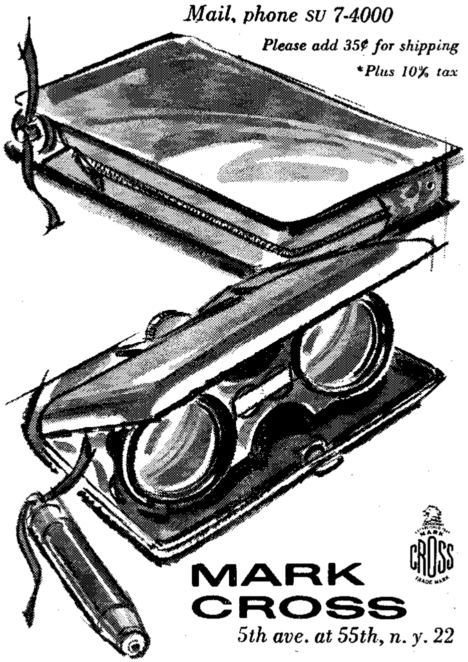

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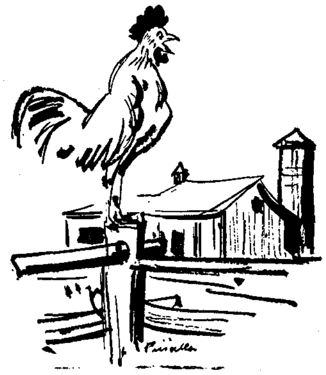
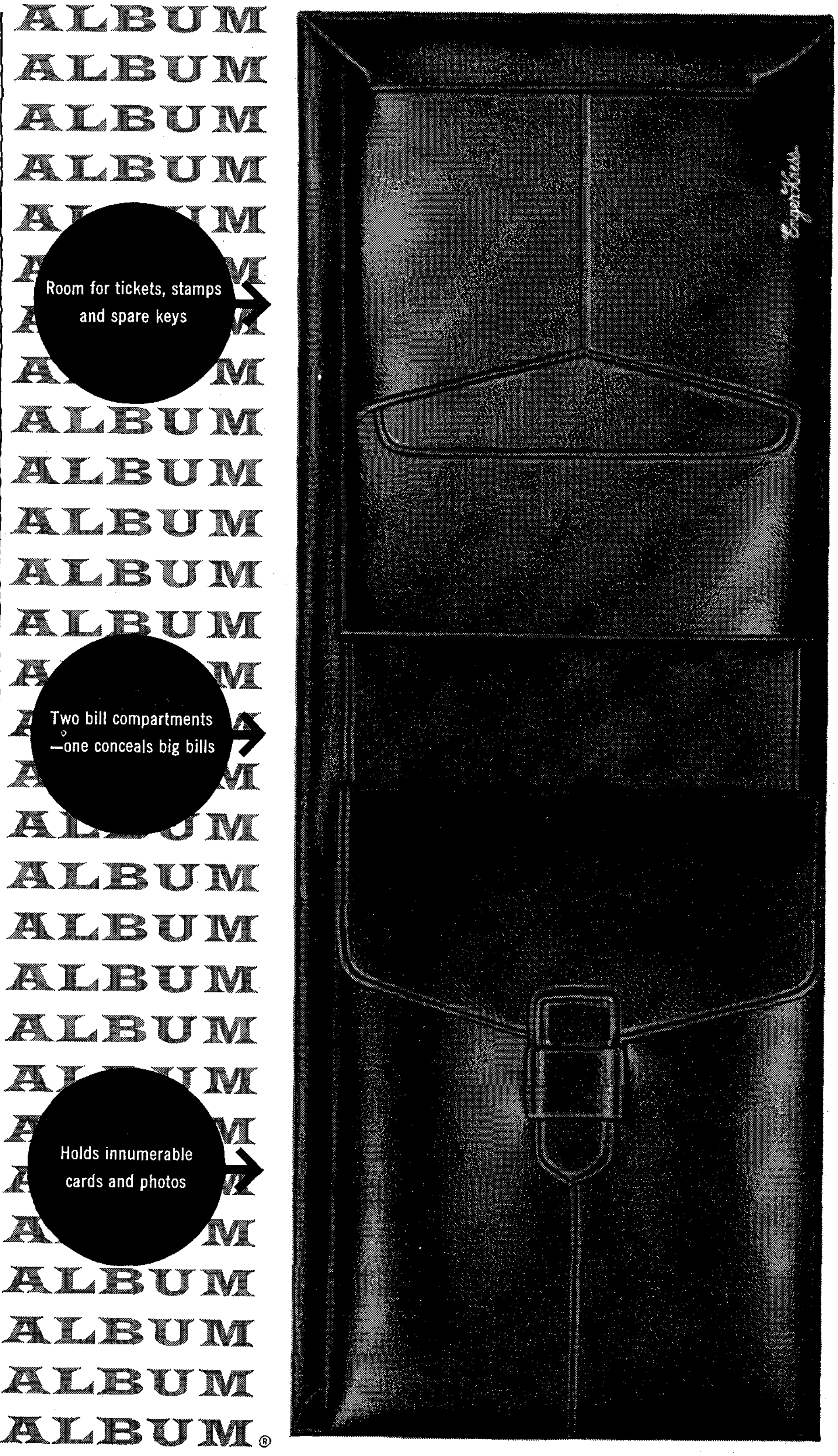
tinued. "Only proper fermentation—a process in which the beans are placed in large boxes, covered with banana leaves, and shuffled and turned frequently for five or six days—can bring out the chemical precursors of the typical chocolate flavor. The fermenting is done on the cocoa plantation, and in the course of it the beans turn from white to light brown. Then they are dried in the sun and put into sacks, ready for sale. Naturally, every chocolate company tries to get the best beans. Our chocolate is a blend of several kinds of cocoa beans—I can't tell you just which ones, of course—and we buy perhaps a dozen varieties every year, ordering them by code. This I can tell you—it's getting very difficult to get fine Venezuelan beans that have been perfectly fermented and haven't even the faintest cheesy taste. We buy the South American beans in New York, through our own men there, and we buy our African beans in London, through agents. We order them at the beginning of the year, and they arrive here in Kilchberg during March and April. Then we all keep our fingers crossed, because now the beans have to be roasted, to bring out the full chocolate flavor, and that's a tricky business. You can't make first-rate chocolate out of second-rate cocoa beans, but it is easy to spoil fine cocoa beans by second-rate handling. The first thing we do with the beans is put them through a cleaning machine, which removes all sorts of debris—stones, snails, splinters, bits of metal, and even glass beads and odd pieces of costume jewelry lost by the plantation workers. Once, we found a live scorpion in a bag of beans just before they went into the cleaner. Such carelessness! But no matter; the beans are all cleaned. Then they are fed, through pneumatic tubes, into the roasters, which are plain old-fashioned drums rotating above open flames—overgrown chestnut roasters, if you like. We experimented for years with the hot-air roasting machines that so many chocolate factories are using nowadays, but we are convinced that only open-flame

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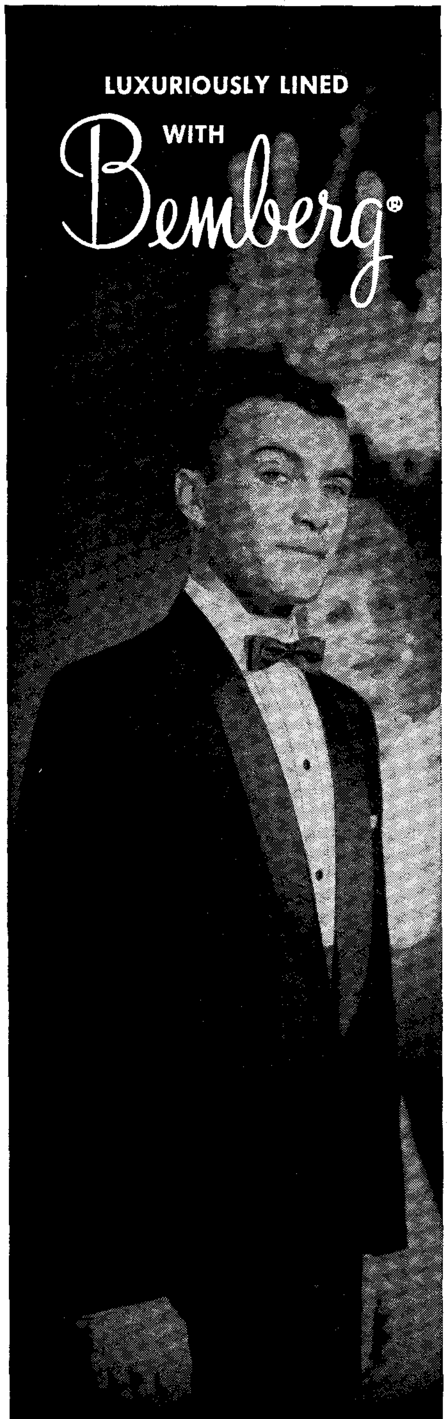

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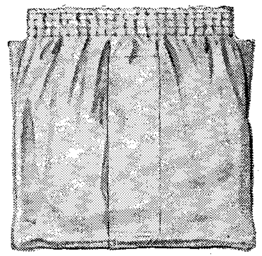
roasting brings out all the flavor and at the same time permits individual treatment of the various lots of beans. Different beans require different treatment, and proper roasting is always a delicate operation. It takes a lot of experience to do the job properly. Several of the men in charge of our roasters have been with us for more than fifty years. After the beans are roasted, they are crushed, and the kernels—we call them nibs—are fed by conveyor belt into a battery of silos. There is one silo for each type of cocoa, and underneath the silos is our automatic blending plant, where the blending can be done in complete privacy. When I was young, the different cocoas would be weighed out by hand and dumped together, so there was always a chance of someone's stealing the recipe. Now it's impossible. You pull some levers and turn some control wheels, and precise quantities of cocoa from various containers drop into a main channel. At the end of the channel, the blend you want comes out, and this is ground until it liquefies. The liquid—it is called chocolate liquor—goes to a second grinding machine, where sugar, milk powder, and other ingredients are piped in and added to it. Then *this* mixture is ground between heavy granite cylinders and stored for at least twenty-four hours, and after that it is refined, in modern high-speed roller refiners. Naturally, the finer the grinding, the smaller the output of the machine. Our refiners turn out from a hundred to a hundred and fifty kilos per hour each, which is very little. At this stage, the chocolate has a coarse, gritty taste, and that is the way all chocolate tasted until apothecary Lindt invented his conche, a long machine that beats and kneads the chocolate for several days at a high temperature. This is the point at which the extra cocoa butter is put in. What happens in the conche is that the sharp edges of the infinitesimal sugar and cocoa crystals are rounded off and coated with a fine film of cocoa butter. Slowly, the chocolate acquires its perfect smoothness. We know from experience that seventy-two hours of continuous conching is best—not seventy-one and not seventy-three, mind you, but exactly seventy-two. So the chocolate is left in the conches exactly three days and three nights. Some manufacturers think we are crazy. They finish conching in one day. Well, our tasting board doesn't think their chocolates are smooth. *Le temps ne respecte pas ce qu'on fait sans lui.*

"Now the chocolate is ready. Some-



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times we make it up into big blocks and store it for future use, and sometimes it goes straight from the conches to the assembly lines and is molded into bars, blocks, bells, tablets, sticks, croquettes, and so on, filled with whatever filling is wanted, and then wrapped, packed, and shipped. There is one last problem. Before molding starts, the chocolate mass must be 'tempered'—brought up to a temperature of a hundred and eighteen and four-tenths degrees Fahrenheit, to make it completely liquid, and then gradually cooled off to seventy-eight and nine-tenths degrees. Perfect tempering smashes the large fat crystals into tiny fat crystals, and that gives the chocolate its fine, softly melting quality."

MR. JEGHER fished out his watch again, and stood up quickly. "It's almost time for you to go to the eleven-o'clock meeting," he said, "and I want you to see something of the plant before that. If you'll stay here, I'll be back in a few minutes."

I had no idea what the eleven-o'clock meeting was, and while I was waiting to find out I sampled a couple of the smaller chocolate bars and then picked up a Lindt & Sprüngli booklet that someone had left on the conference table. It was entitled "Chocolate," and from it I learned still more about the subject. Cocoa and chocolate, I read, are derived from the seeds of *Theobroma* ("Food for the gods") *cacao*, the cocoa tree, which is indigenous to the forests of Central and South America and coastal Mexico. Columbus took some cocoa beans home with him after his voyage of discovery, but cocoa as a drink was first heard of in Europe in 1519, when Cortez, the Spanish conqueror of Mexico, wrote to his sovereign, the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V, in phrases that have the ring of Madison Avenue, "We have discovered a miracle beverage. A cup of it gives you strength to march all day long." The Aztecs made it by grating cocoa beans and vanilla together and boiling them in water. They called it *chocólatl*, meaning "bitter water," and the word has been adopted into practically every language in the world: *shekulat* (Arabic), *xacolata* (Catalan), *chi iao ko li* or *chu ku li* (Chinese), *čokoláda* (Czech), *chokolade* (Danish), *chocolate* (Spanish and Portuguese as well as English), *shokolaad* (Estonian), *suklaa* (Finnish), *chocolat* (French), *sokolata* (Greek), *kokoleka* (Hawaiian), *csokolád* (Hungarian), *cioccolata* (Italian), *shokolad* (Hebrew), *šokoladas* (Lithu-

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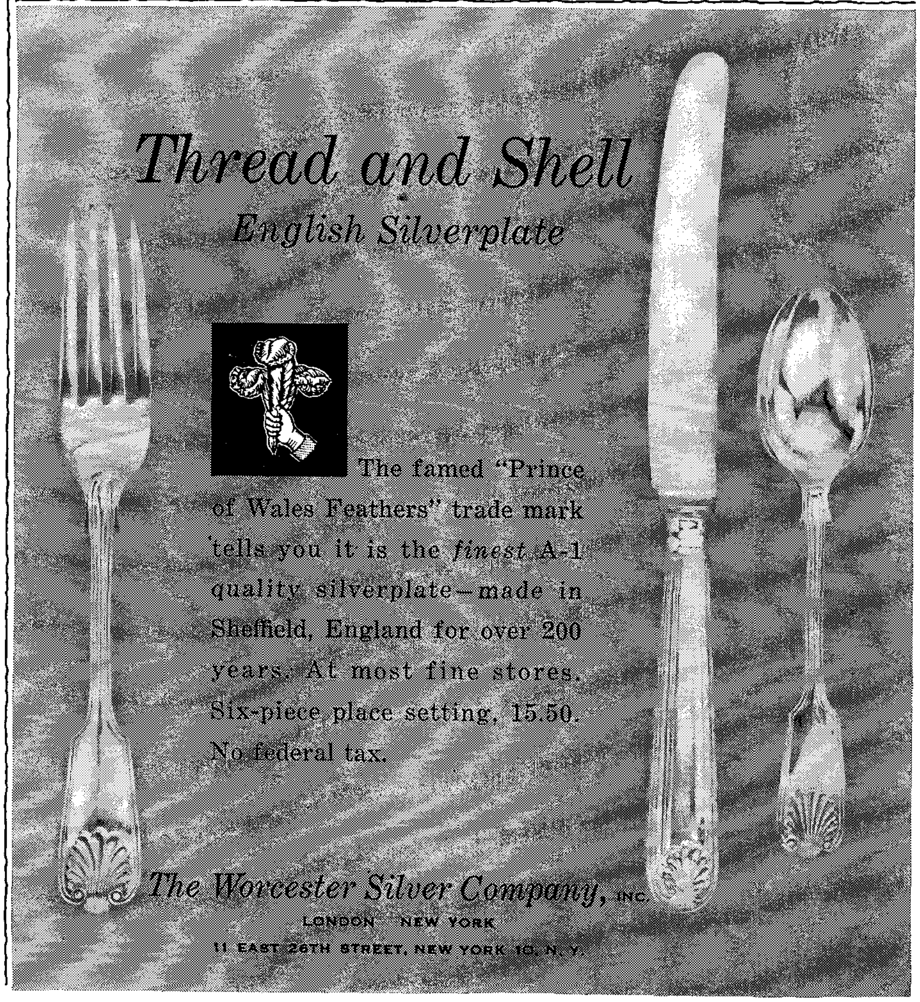
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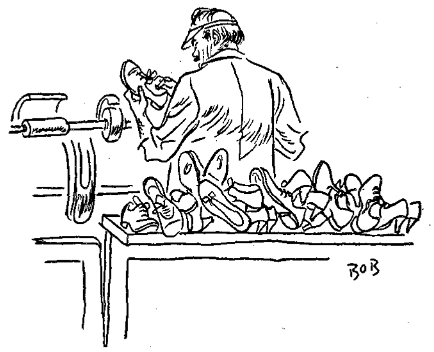
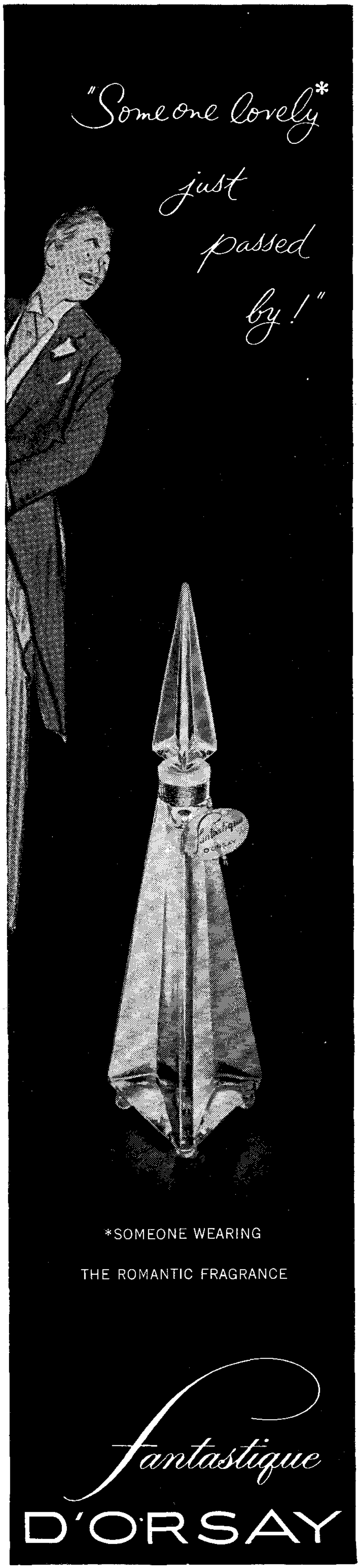
anian), *shokolat* (Persian), *choklad* (Swedish), *çikolata* (Turkish). Similarly, the word "cacao," which is also in worldwide use, was reduced through several generations of Spanish orthography from *cacahuatl*, the Aztec word for the cocoa bean.

The sophisticated Spaniards added powdered sugar to the grated cocoa beans and vanilla, and hot chocolate, Spanish style, became a favorite upper-class beverage all over Europe during the seventeenth century; it was too expensive for the common people. No one is sure when the chocolate bar was invented, or by whom, but something like it was turned out by itinerant chocolate sellers, called *cioccolatieri*, who wandered from fair to fair in eighteenth-century Italy, mixing grated cocoa with sugar and vanilla, pressing this into sausage-shaped rolls, and selling them from their tents. A stationary chocolate maker named Alexandre Cailler, who opened a shop at Corsier, near Vevey, in 1819, began experimenting with similar sausages. Philippe Suchard set up a chocolate factory at Serrières, near Neuchâtel, in 1826, using a water wheel to operate his machinery, and he made chocolate bars. Next came the thrifty Sprünglis, in Zurich. In 1876, Daniel Peter, a French Swiss, thought of putting condensed milk into chocolate, and created the first bar of milk chocolate. Three years later, apothecary Lindt made his Fondant in Bern, and a few years after that Johann Jakob Tobler, of Bern, added honey and almonds to a chocolate mixture and invented the famous Toblerone. They were the pioneers of the chocolate bar; they all made fortunes, and their names have become household words.

WHEN Mr. Jegher returned, about ten minutes later, he was accompanied by a younger man in a pharmacist's white coat, who wore thick glasses, had a writing pad tucked under one arm, and looked very much the preoccupied scientist. He was Dr. Jürg Kleinert, head of the Lindt & Sprüngli chemical laboratory, and Mr. Jegher had asked him to show me around the workrooms and take me to the still unexplained eleven-o'clock meeting, which, he told me, the press of business made it impossible for him to attend himself. Since I had become increasingly curious about the eleven-o'clock meeting, the first thing I asked Dr. Kleinert, after Mr. Jegher had left us, was what it was about. "That's our brain trust—our tasting board," Dr. Kleinert said. "We meet every day at eleven o'clock, in what we call the Kitchen, to taste chocolate and make decisions about it. Really, you are very lucky to be invited to one of these meetings. I've been with the company quite a few years, and as far as I know, you are the first person from outside who has been allowed to attend." With that, he ushered me into a long corridor, led me across a bridge connecting two of the factory buildings, and opened a heavy metal door. Suddenly, we were in the never-never land of chocolate. There was chocolate everywhere, in all colors and forms—lakes of dark bittersweet chocolate and bright milk chocolate, meadows of cocoa, mountains of chocolate mixed with almonds or pecans or hazelnuts. There were orange-colored peaks of marzipan, white glaciers of sugar, and softly rounded hills of fresh butter. It was the landscape of my childhood dreams. The air was freighted with the pounding of heavy machinery and the luscious odors of many kinds of sweetness. I saw vast kettles filled with delicious-looking mixtures; sacks of nuts and goodies; row after row of shelves stacked with unboxed chocolate candies. Kleinert walked quickly, explaining things as we went along. Women in white coats and with nets over their hair were sitting at long tables painting chocolate arabesques on top of candies by squeezing dabs of liquid chocolate out of small bags; they did the same pattern over and over again, with infinite patience, apparently never looking up, never talking to their neighbors. I saw girls putting cherries into chocolate shells, and girls opening and cleaning walnuts and hazelnuts, which other girls arranged on top of the candies, one by one, with great care and exactness. Around us were long pipelines—for liquid chocolate, Dr. Kleinert told me—and conveyor belts carrying candies down long assembly lines. Men pushed wagons on which I saw large trays of uncoated white candies; these looked like small ice cubes but were really, Dr. Kleinert informed me, "just drops of liqueur encased in thin shells of sugar." They went on the as-

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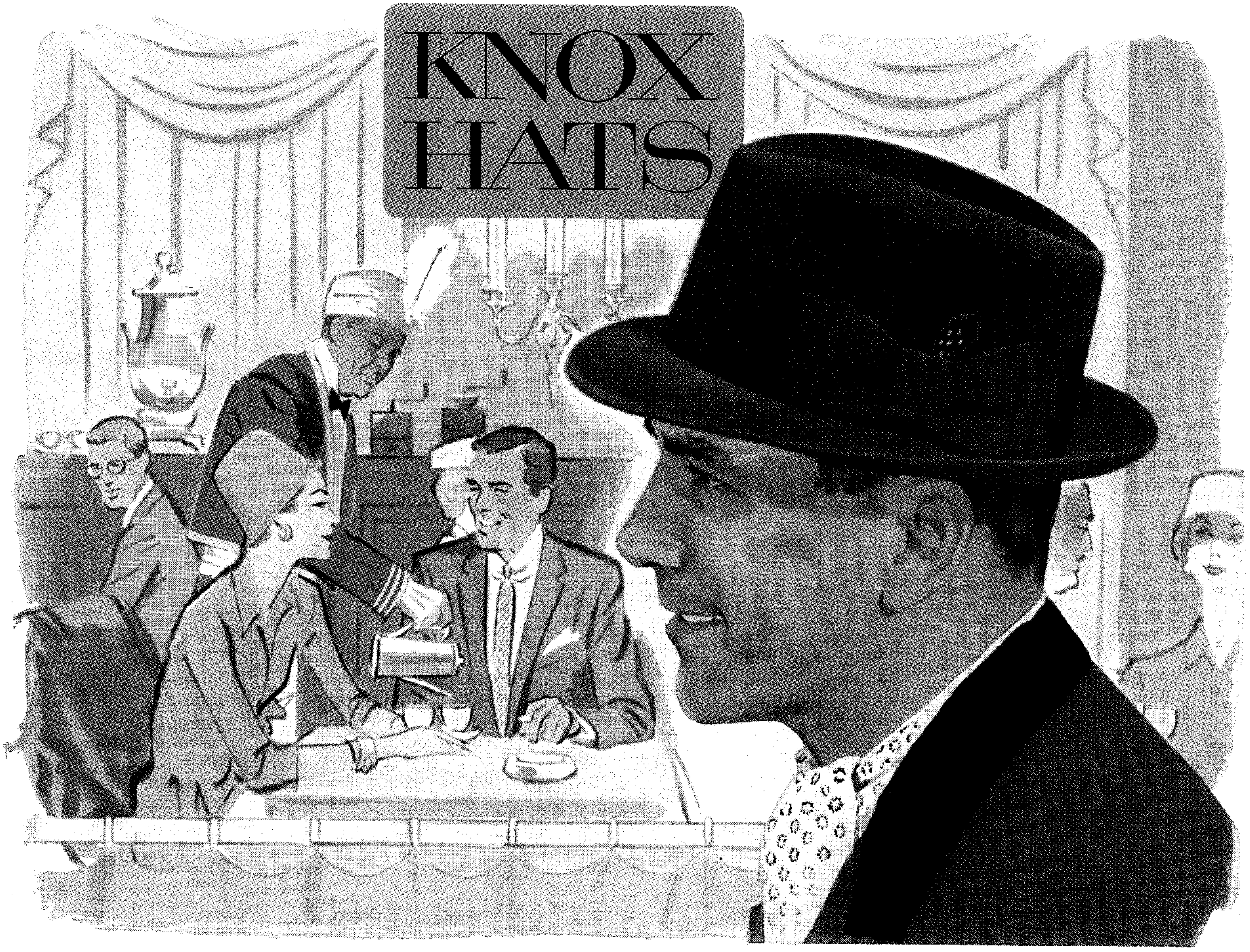

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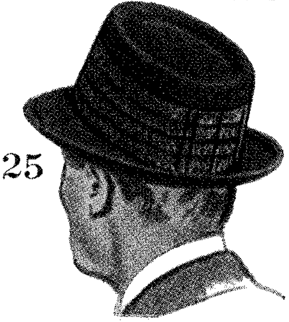

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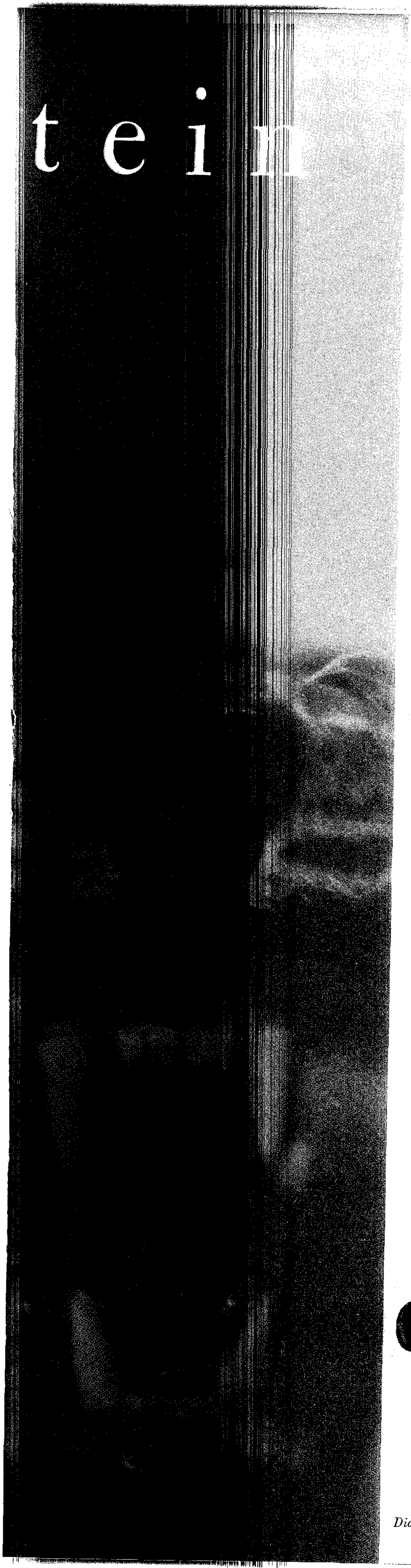

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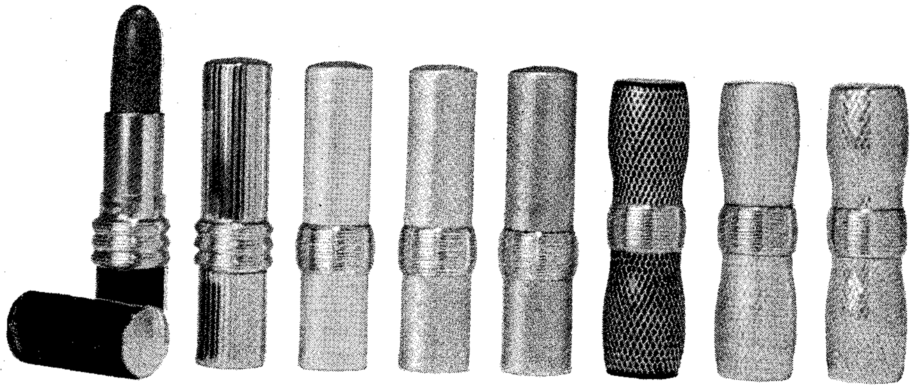

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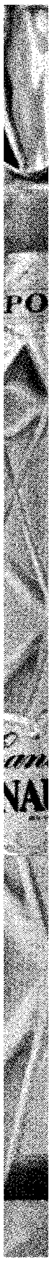
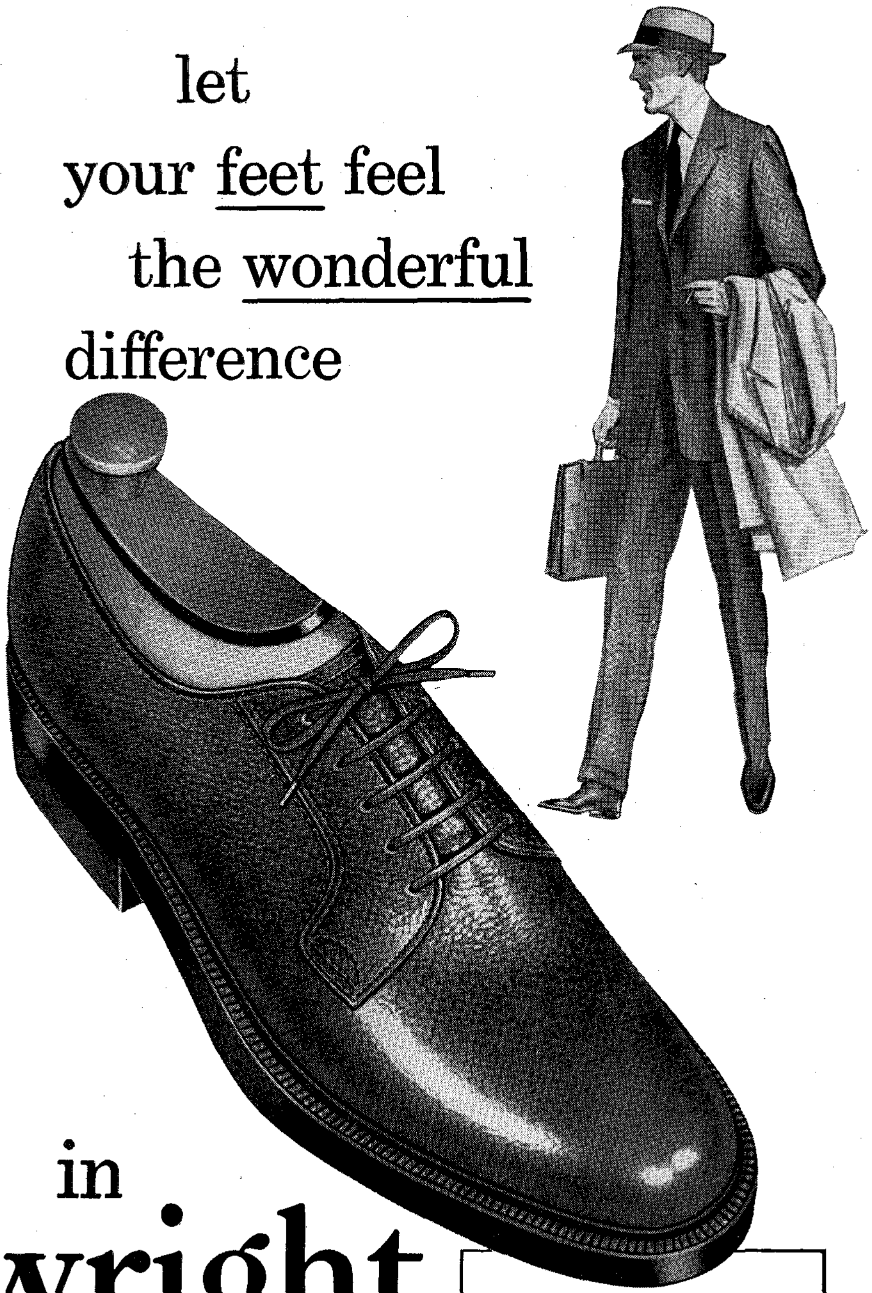


sembly line at one end and came out at the other coated with chocolate and ready to be packed. I was fascinated by the rows of girls who were sorting out mountains of fine chocolates and showing no apparent interest in eating them. I asked Dr. Kleinert if the employees consumed a lot of chocolate on the job, and he said that they all did right after they started working there but that after a while they rarely touched it.

"As a matter of fact," Dr. Kleinert went on as we skirted an assembly line, "most of the chocolate eating around here is done strictly for business. Take this meeting we are going to. There we taste new creations as they reach various stages of production; we taste the current output of our factory here and our licensed factories abroad—in London; Aachen, Germany; Varese, Italy; Dordrecht, Holland; Kalmar, Sweden; and Oloron-Sainte-Marie, France—and we also taste the output of our competitors, to see what they are up to. We make fine chocolates day after day, yet certain minor changes in the flavor are unavoidable. You may use the same coffee every morning at home, but your breakfast coffee doesn't always taste the same. Chocolates vary even more widely. There may be a single lot of badly roasted beans, or the tempering may have been off a trifle. Our job is to catch these minute deviations in flavor before the customer does, and put our production back on the right track. It means that for an hour each day a number of our executives concentrate on eating chocolates."

I said that it sounded like a pleasant agenda. "You may change your mind before the end of the meeting," Kleinert replied, guiding me around some big aluminum crates filled with chocolate bricks. "Eating chocolate—even when you get paid for it—isn't much fun when you know that a quarter of a million dollars profit or loss may depend on the accuracy of your taste buds and the discrimination of your palate. The sense of taste is utterly unpredictable. Even our small tasting board frequently changes its mind from one day to the next. Sometimes we start out with great enthusiasm for a new creation, but then we try it again a few weeks later and it doesn't seem so marvellous, and after a while it's dropped. When we're about to decide on a new product, we call in everybody—the management, the sales force, the foremen in the plant—and everybody tastes it. Some of our head men take it home for their children to taste, too. You simply can't make a



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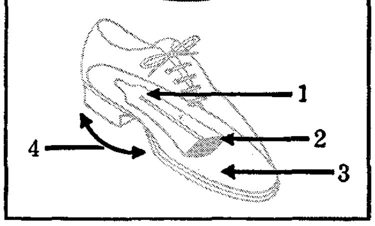

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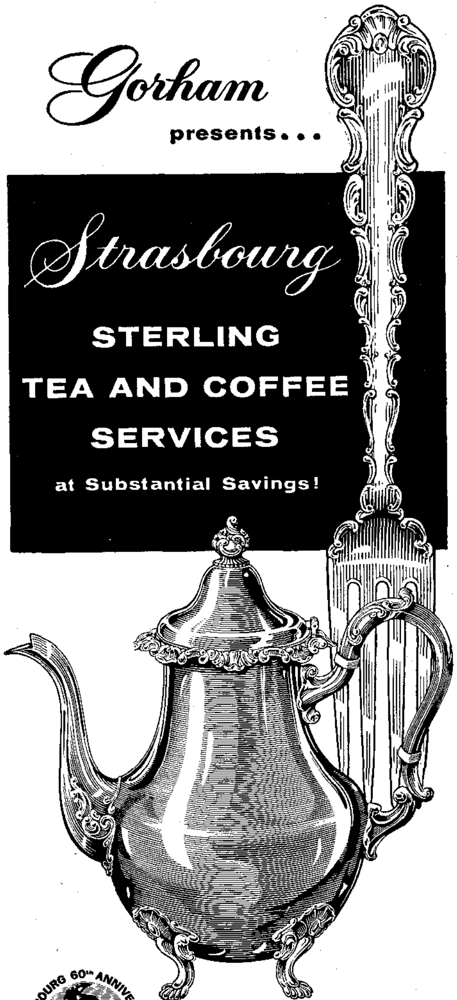

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quick decision in this business. To come out with a new chocolate, we have to produce at least thirty tons of it, print a million wrappers, and advertise it widely, to make the name known. Then it takes six months before you know whether you have a hit, a flop, or something that's just so-so."

Kleinert opened another door, revealing another freshly waxed corridor, and we left the noisy workrooms behind. "If I may say so, our tasting board is a very good one," he continued. "My own job is to arrange the tests; that is, I decide to a large extent which products will be tested, but I don't know what order they will come in or when, so it is a bona-fide tasting for me, too. Some of the members of our tasting board can recognize practically all the hundred-odd leading Swiss chocolates, just as winetasters recognize vintages and musicians remember scores. Most of our tests are made on the triangular principle—using three samples. Two of them are identical; the third is different. Obviously, a man who is unable to recognize two samples of the same product cannot be trusted to distinguish them from a different product, so the triangular system protects us against temporary aberrations of the taste buds. For very important tests, we sometimes use three samples of one product against two of another."

Kleinert and I now entered a bright, high-ceilinged hall. This, he told me, was the Kitchen. Large glass windows looked out on the gardens and villas of Kilchberg, and the clamor of the machines in the factory reached us only faintly, sounding like the rushing of a faraway waterfall. At one end of the hall stood a conference table; the other end was fitted out like a modern restaurant kitchen, with gas stoves, big sinks, mixing machinery, and gleaming pots and pans. On the stoves, great kettles filled with liquid chocolate of various colors were being kept warm in even larger kettles of water. Shelves lined the rear wall, and these held tier upon tier of five-gallon jugs labelled "Bénédictine," "Cognac," "Griotte," "Anisette," "Curaçao," and the like.

At a counter near the battery of stoves, Kleinert introduced me to two white-coated men, Emil Bischofberger and Walter Rutz, who, he said, were Lindt & Sprüngli's master confectioners, head mixers, and chief inventors. "They have what most people would think was a dream job," he went on. "They are paid to create new chocolate candies, so when they get in the mood,

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they take a few kettles filled with what we call the basic masses—the chocolate mass, which is just liquid chocolate; the *praliné* mass, which consists of molten sugar and finely ground almonds; the Suvretta mass, which contains powdered sugar, almonds, hazelnuts, cocoa, milk, coffee, and vanilla; the Gianduja mass, which is ground hazelnuts; and the rest of them—and start to mix and taste."

Some shelves on a nearby wall were stacked with hundreds of small boxes and bottles—enough flavorings, sweetenings, fruit essences, concentrates, fragrances, and powders to fabricate every kind of candy known to man. There were clove, cinnamon, vanilla, honey, cassis, pineapple, pistachio, malaga, caramel, and many, many more. Not far from the shelves stood a large table covered with an assortment of chocolate bells, chocolate soldiers, chocolate pistols, chocolate cigarettes, chocolate chickens, chocolate Christmas trees, chocolate leaves, and chocolate coins, as well as chocolate bars, chocolate rolls, and irregular chunks of chocolate.

At the moment, the dream-job inventors didn't seem to be carried away by inspiration. They were staring without enthusiasm at a collection of grayish-looking bonbons in a metal box they had just opened. The grayish look, Kleinert told me, was caused by the oxidation of walnut oil in the nougat mixture with which the candies were filled. Bischofberger, a sturdy, slow-moving fellow, glanced at me, shrugged, and said, "These candies are perfectly good—but go tell that to the customers! They want everything dark and glossy. And we could give them this candy that way, only it would mean adding a step to the assembly line, and that would cost too much. Maybe we can work something out, though."

Rutz, a slim young man with a gentle voice, explained that some chocolates take on the objectionable gray coating faster than others. "Darker chocolate, which contains less milk fat and more cocoa butter, can be kept a year or two if it is stored in a cool, dry place," he said, "but milk chocolate and cream chocolate should be eaten within six months. Of course, the wrapping makes a difference. We wrap our regular, hundred-gram chocolate bars in aluminum foil, which seals them hermetically, but the bonbons are much harder to deal with. When we are considering a new candy, one of our biggest problems is to determine wheth-

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er it will stay fresh for six months.”

“And another is whether it can be mass-produced,” Bischofberger put in. I asked if they had hit on anything particularly good lately, and Bischofberger looked at his fellow-expert. “Remember the wonderful bar we made for Peter Jegher’s birthday last year?” he said. “Milk chocolate filled with fresh wild strawberries and fresh whipped cream.”

Rutz nodded appreciatively. “It was delicious,” he agreed. “But, of course, that wasn’t commercial stuff. It would spoil overnight.”

AT almost exactly eleven o’clock, three executive-looking men, all wearing the pharmacists’ coats that seemed to be standard garb for Lindt & Sprüngli officials, strode into the Kitchen, and Dr. Kleinert led me forward to meet them. One was Jürg Jegher, Peter Jegher’s younger brother and the company’s technical director, and the others were his principal lieutenants—Heinrich Kägi, the production chief, and Gebhard Oberegger, the chief confectioner, who supervised Bischofberger and Rutz. While we were exchanging greetings, a girl in a white smock came in through a door from the next room, carrying a large tray laden with pads and pencils, dull-bladed knives, a number of glasses marked “1,” “2,” or “3,” and—kept warm in a pan of hot water—three carafes filled with a brownish liquid. As she began distributing these items around the conference table, putting a set of three glasses, a pad and pencil, and a knife at each place, Jürg Jegher, a dynamic-looking man with a high forehead, rubbed his hands together and exclaimed, “Ah, hot cocoa! Just what I need this morning!”

He sat down at the head of the table, and Kägi, Oberegger, Rutz, Bischofberger, and Kleinert took places along the sides. My seat was next to Dr. Kleinert’s. The girl filled the three glasses in front of each man, and the meeting got under way. Dr. Kleinert, after a glance at some papers, announced that we were going to taste a routine run of cocoa. Turning to me, he explained that the three bottles contained two samples, one made by his company and the other by a competitor.

I watched Jürg Jegher. His elbows were firmly planted on the table. He lifted one glass after another and inhaled the aroma of the hot cocoa, completely absorbed in the task of sniffing. He changed the position of the three

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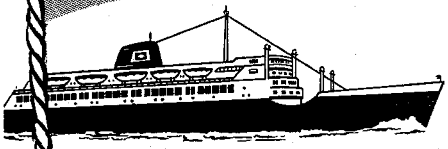

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glasses and sniffed again. Then he lifted one glass, took a sip, swallowed, and inhaled the aftertaste. He looked very much like a winetaster at work, and, indeed, he told me later, the technique is practically the same for cocoa and for wine, in that one lets the liquid roll over and then under the tongue. He tasted the contents of the two other glasses and then went back to the first. In the meantime, the other members of the tasting board were sniffing, sipping, swallowing, and inhaling, each in his own fashion. Afterward, everybody scribbled a few marks on his pad. When I thought I had got the general idea, I sniffed at the glasses before me and then sipped a little from each. I thought that Glass No. 1 and Glass No. 3 contained the same cocoa, and that it was inferior in taste to Glass No. 2.

"Well, that's an easy one," Jürg Jegher said. "Number One and Number Three are the same cocoa, which contains too much vanilla. Number Two has the finer, stronger flavor."

He looked around the table. There was no dissenting voice, and I felt very pleased with myself at having passed the initial test. Rutz said that the beans of the inferior cocoa had been roasted too quickly.

Dr. Kleinert studied a sheet attached to the back of his writing pad, then shook his head, seeming a bit crestfallen. "Number One and Number Three are our cocoa," he said. "Two is the competitor's."

There was a moment of mild consternation. Everybody looked slightly foolish. Then Jürg Jegher said cheerfully, "All right, now let's go to work and find out what went into the better cocoa." Dr. Kleinert nodded and made a note, and the girl took the glasses and bottles away. A minute later, Dr. Kleinert put two of the company's famous Lindor chocolate bars on a tin plate in the middle of the table. They had just come off the assembly line, he told me; this was a "current-production" test, in which the chocolate would be rated for appearance, brittleness, flavor, fineness, and smoothness. He carefully unwrapped the bars—first the decorative outside paper, then the wax paper underneath, and, finally, the hermetically sealed aluminum foil—taking pains not to touch the chocolate with his fingers.

The tin plate was passed around and the chocolate bars were earnestly scrutinized, each man scribbling remarks about their appearance on his pad. Then Kägi, the production chief, put them to the brittleness test, digging his blunt knife into them. They broke into pieces that, to judge by the absence of vocal criticism around the table, were satisfactorily clean-cut, with no embarrassing splinters. Everyone thereupon took a segment of chocolate and munched away in deep concentration. Jürg Jegher stared down at the table and let the chocolate melt slowly in his mouth. Kägi tasted with his eyes closed. Rutz prayerfully looked up at the ceiling as he savored his piece. Kleinert looked tense. Bischofberger frowned as if he hated chocolate. Oberegger, the chief confectioner, inhaled through his mouth in an attempt to get the full flavor. Almost certainly I was the only person at the table who thoroughly enjoyed the chocolate. Lindor won me over quickly. It is milk chocolate filled with a soft, smooth, delicious cream that melts luxuriously on the tongue. There is nothing rough or coarse about it. It's wonderful.

For a while, no one spoke, but there was a good deal of scribbling on the pads. Then Jürg Jegher said to me, "Today's trend is toward chocolates with a low melting point, which have a soft, cool feel on the tongue. It's a sound idea. Once you've broken off a piece, you can't make yourself stop eating until the whole bar is gone."

"It's the American influence," Dr. Kleinert said. "After the war, people in Europe discovered American ice cream. Now they want their chocolates like that—cool and creamy."

"Our Lindor has the quality they want," Jürg Jegher said, "but it melts at seventy-seven degrees Fahrenheit, so we can make it and sell it only during the colder seasons. It reaches its peak two weeks after it is made. A year ago, we began to ship Lindor in September, as usual, and along came a warm Indian summer and the creamy filling leaked out. We had our problems in the prewar days, too, but this wasn't one of them."

THE talk turned sociably to the prewar days. Everybody seemed glad to relax for a moment from the rigors of chocolate tasting. "The prewar days were easier," said Kägi, a precise man with a carefully knotted necktie and carefully parted hair. "Most of our output was solid chocolate bars. You poured it into the molding forms, let it harden, wrapped it, and sold it. Today you've got to *assemble* a bar. First, a hollow shell of chocolate is made in a metal mold, and put aside to cool and set. The shell is filled with

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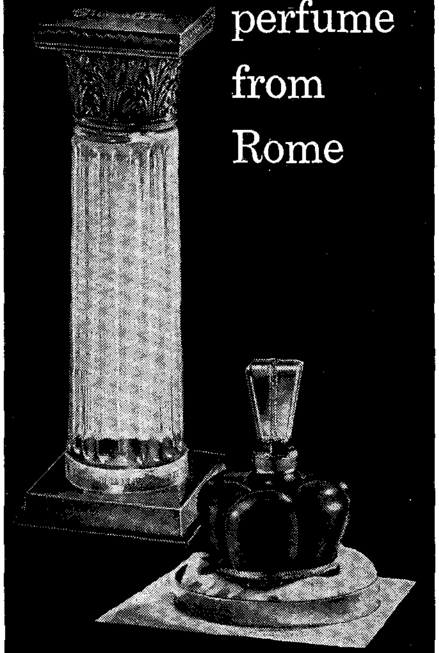

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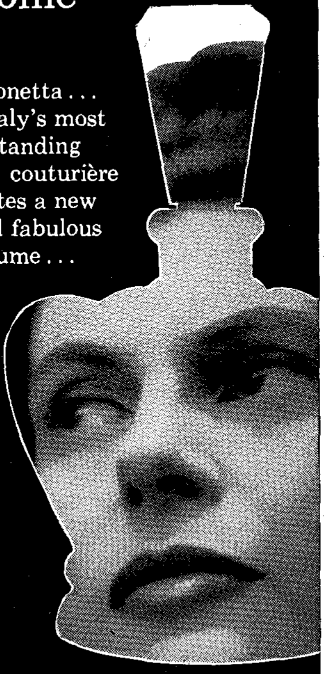

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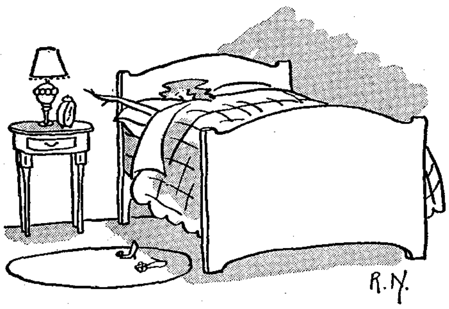
whatever is required, and allowed to cool and set again. Then the opening through which the filling was poured is plugged with chocolate, and the whole thing is put through a cooler, and, finally, it's ready to be packed. If the shell is too thick, the bottom breaks on the assembly line. If it's too thin, the filling runs out. And sometimes we have to develop a chocolate with a different combination of fats to make the shell more pliable. What a job! A butcher puts anything he likes into his sausages, but we always have to think of physics and chemistry. And it should taste good, too."

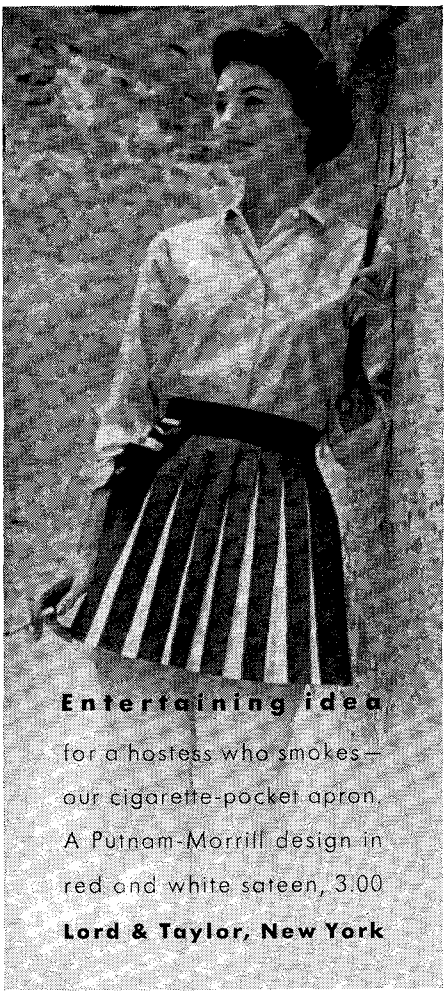
"We ought to decalcify our water," Dr. Kleinert said abruptly, and everyone looked at him.

"What's that?" Jürg Jegher said. He sounded slightly annoyed.

Kleinert took off his glasses and began to polish them nervously. He didn't like being the center of attention. "The molding forms are aluminum, and when they are washed in ordinary water, it leaves an invisible film of calcium on the metal. Then, when the forms are filled with hot chocolate, the heat naturally generates electricity. . . . I may not have it exactly. After all, I'm a chemist, not a physicist. Anyway, I've read that the metal forms are charged negatively, which means that the chocolate carries a positive charge, so if the forms were completely dried before they were used, or if the water was decalcified, there could be no—"

"*Please*, Dr. Kleinert, let's not get into new complications," Jürg Jegher said hastily, raising both arms. "We have enough of them now. Hermetically sealed bars to keep out humidity and germs. Chocolates filled with fruit, jam, creams, liqueurs—practically everything but sardines and mustard. We are leaving terra firma and reaching the sky, gentlemen. We no longer make chocolates. We carry out engineering projects." He turned to me. "We've already created a white chocolate—Blancor, made of milk, sugar, and cocoa butter, with no cocoa powder. Someday we will come up with a trans-





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parent chocolate that looks like glass."

The gloomy mood brought on by the thought of decalcification was dispelled. Everybody was entranced by the prospect of a bright, glassy chocolate future. Getting back to the Lindor they had just tasted, Jürg Jegher said it was smooth but not *perfectly* smooth, and Rutz thought the caramel flavor was too strong. I ate another piece, and it still tasted delicious to me.

The next item on the agenda was three chocolate bars done up in white paper that had been marked with code numbers. While Dr. Kleinert unwrapped the bars, the girl distributed crackers, which everybody ate to get the Lindor flavor out of his mouth. Dr. Kleinert passed the three bars around—they were dark bittersweet chocolate—and one of them was criticized for having tiny white spots on it. Again there was a lot of sniffing, tasting, swallowing, comparing, frowning, and scribbling. This time, I was unable to match two of the bars against the third, because they all tasted alike, and while all three were fine, I began to realize that I was eating an uncommon amount of chocolate.

Kägi said, "Numbers Two and Three were made here in Kilchberg. I.O." ("I.O.," standing for "*In Ordnung*," is the expression that Swiss sergeants use to signify that a weapon has passed inspection; it is the equivalent of our O.K.) "Number One is different," Kägi went on. "Surface slightly scratched. Brittleness, fineness, and smoothness perfect. The flavor is somewhat too bitter. Probably made by our factory in Aachen."

Kleinert checked with the sheet on the back of his pad and nodded. "Right."

"I don't think its smoothness is perfect," said Rutz. "Rather sandy. I'd say the tempering was too fast."

An animated technical argument that I could make very little of ensued between Rutz and Kägi. Jürg Jegher, acting as moderator, brought it to an end by asking Kleinert to "take it up with Aachen." The girl distributed more crackers. Everybody looked tired and rather grim, and I wondered what the next chocolate would be like. It turned out to be filled with nougat, and very rich. Rutz leaned over to tell me that it was the twenty-second sample of a new chocolate, still in the experimental stage, which as yet had no name. After careful tasting and thorough discussion, the experts agreed that it still wasn't quite right; the nougat filling was too hard in relation to the soft chocolate

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shell, the almond aroma should be increased by one per cent, and the vanilla content should be reduced by two per cent. Rutz and Bischofberger listened attentively and said they would try again.

The meeting broke up, and Jürg Jegher accompanied me back through the factory, loading me up with chocolate samples along the way and urging me to try this or that candy that caught his eye. It was a little after noon when I got away, but I had no thought of lunch. And, as a matter of fact, it didn't occur to me to slow down and drink in the aroma of chocolate when I turned onto the highway for Austria.

—Joseph Wechsberg

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT PLAY

[*From "The Law of Libel and Slander in the State of New York," by Ernest P. Seelman*]

131 Introduction. And now there enters on the pages of the law, a most unwelcome visitor. Evil leers from its eyes, and wicked intent struts in its every step. Its aspect is indescribable. It cannot do right, if it would. It is predestined to do wrong. It is a giant ogre, attacking and blasting the fair fame of countless unborn thousands. Its tongue is sharper than a sword. Its breath more destructive than fire. It dwells in a land of bogs, morasses, quicksands and pitfalls. To slay this ogre is the ambition, at some time of life, of every valorous judge. He arms himself with the spear of metaphysics; the breast plate of reason; the shield of right; and mounts to the prancing steed of precedent; and lance at rest, he rides full tilt at the giant monster, which grins and leers but does not flee from the onslaught. "Aha, aha, it is slain" cries the triumphant victorious warrior. "No longer will it live to plague the minds of future hapless judges and juries, lawyers and litigants. Prostrate it lies, never to rise again"; and the brave judge turns his steed and proudly canters off the field.

But the shapeless, evil, wicked monster shivers, shakes itself, rolls over slowly, rises on its limbs, rubs its bruised part and finally stands erect, the same old ogre; no not quite the same, a new protuberance now appears where the spear had struck, adding a new aspect to the terror it excites. It is the eternal, implacable foe of all who love the law; especially the law of libel. Its name is MALICE.

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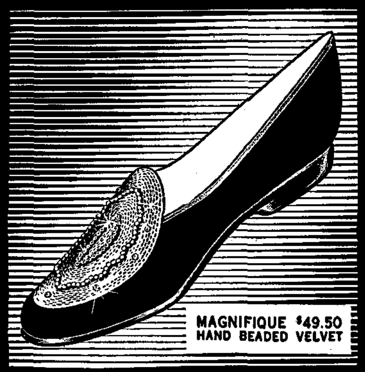

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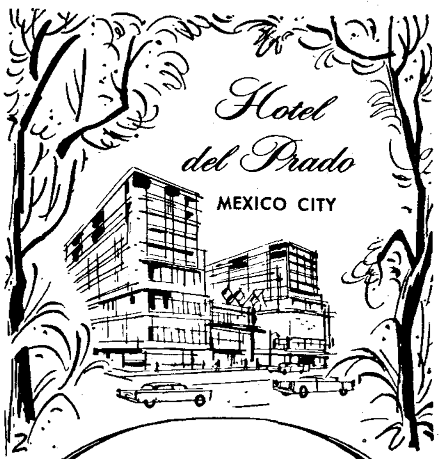

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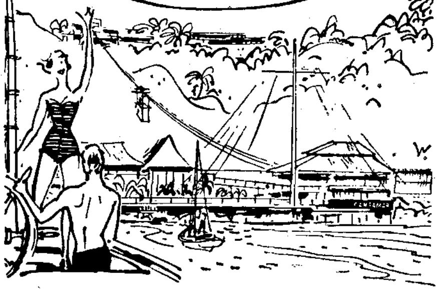

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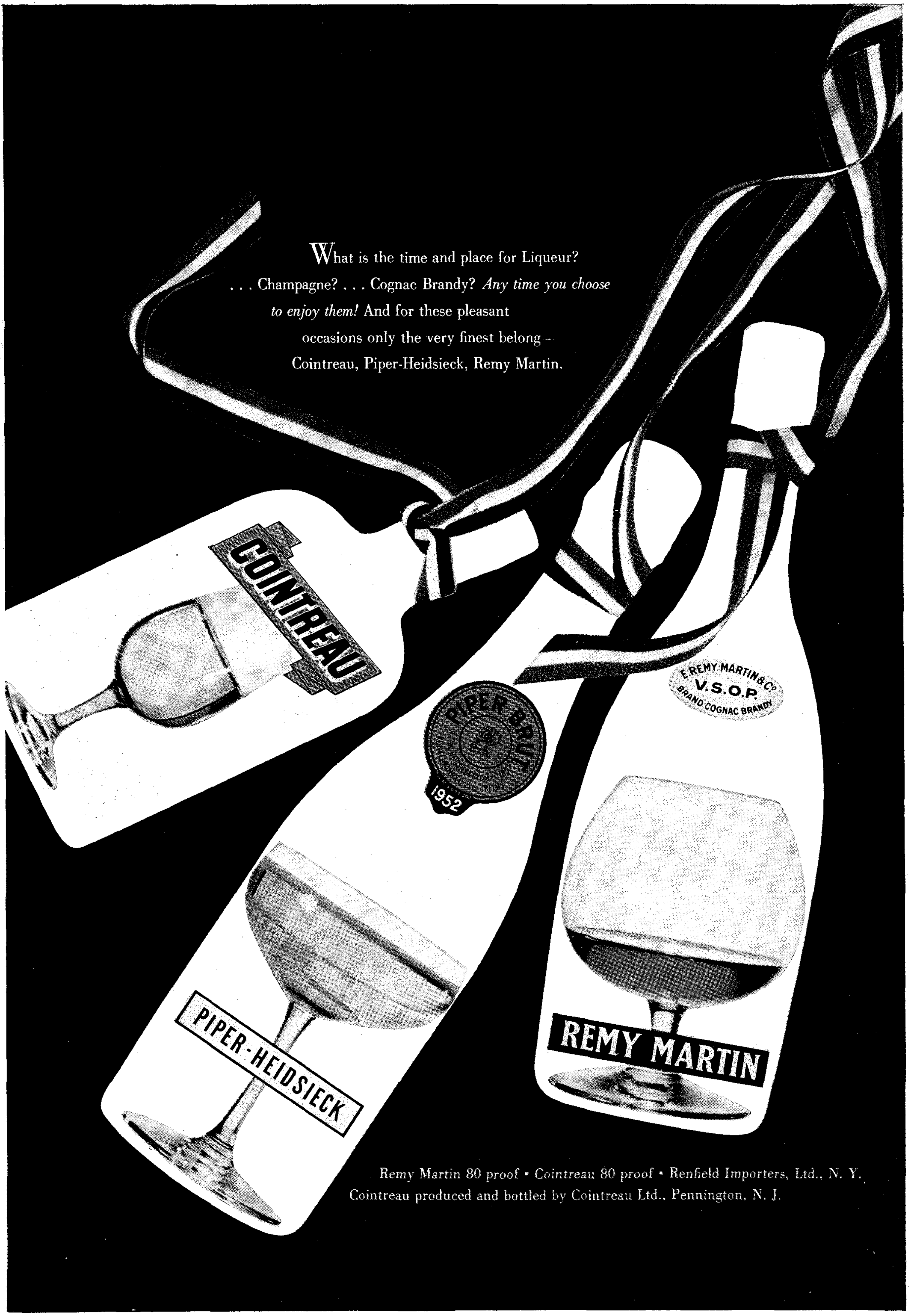
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bouncy Retread

“My Man Godfrey,” a movie that amused me twenty-one years ago, when I was in knickerbockers, has been done once again—this time with all the new-day trimmings of CinemaScope, gorgeous color, and souped-up sound. You might think that the frail and frivolous plot originally cooked up by Morrie Ryskind and Eric Hatch would collapse under the weight of modern film techniques, but actually, after stammering through the wide-screen expanses during its initial reels, the picture becomes articulate, and occasionally quite funny. To get the enterprise under way, we are confronted with a group of high-toned New York types who are engaged in a scavenger hunt. Among the various items to be scavenged is a live animal, and one of the merrymakers—a flighty young lady with a heart chock-full of loving-kindness—comes up with a darb. In fact, he turns out to be a titled, if down-and-out, Austrian. His discoverer is immediately taken with him, partly because she is always on the side of the afflicted and partly because of his elegant way of conducting himself.

Up to this point, June Allyson and David Niven, who play the young lady and her trophy, seemed to me to be less diverting than Carole Lombard and William Powell in the original version, but, as I recall it, when I was in knickerbockers I thought practically everything was wonderful. At any rate, after Miss Allyson contrives to install Mr. Niven as butler in her family’s stylish, if dishevelled, residence, things pick up considerably. The ménage consists of Miss Allyson’s mother (Jessie Royce Landis), who is not quite well in the head; her father (Robert Keith), a harried financier; her sister (Martha Hyer), who hates her; her mother’s lazy and incompetent musical protégé (Jay Robinson); and a maid (Jeff Donnell), who, after serving the family for sixteen years, regards herself as the only sane body in the house. While the domestic lunacy of the family is dwelt upon just a little too strenuously, there are some comical scenes once Mr. Niven sets about getting the group on an even keel. Somewhere along the line, Miss Allyson brings home a bloodhound to protect her from her sister, who is bigger than she is. The beast is a marvellously hilarious addition to the cast, and when he starts howling in accompaniment to the concertos of the musical protégé, “My Man Godfrey” becomes splendid entertainment.

“Deadlier Than the Male,” a French film directed by Julien Duvivier, who also had a hand in writing the script, offers some interesting views of the seamy side of Paris, but the theme of the picture isn’t much to get excited about. It concerns a restaurant proprietor (Jean Gabin) who is gulled by a young woman (Danièle Delorme). Mlle. Delorme tells M. Gabin that she is an orphan, illegitimately spawned by his ex-wife after their divorce. In reality, the ex-wife (Lucienne Bogaert) is a very much alive drug addict, who has collaborated with Mlle. Delorme in a plot to hook M. Gabin in marriage and then do away with him. Just to add to the generally sordid tone of her activities, Mlle. Delorme, after marrying M. Gabin, proceeds to cuckold him with his best chum, a medical student (Gérard Blain). None of this is particularly persuasive, but M. Gabin does a good job in an unlikely role.

The Italian film called “Sins of Casanova” presents Gabriele Ferzetti having, as you might expect, one affair after another. The ladies who succumb to him (Corinne Calvet, Nadia Gray, Mara Lane, and Marina Vlady) are certainly a swell-looking bunch, but when you’ve seen one of Mr. Ferzetti’s seductions you’ve seen them all.

In “The Mystery of Picasso,” a French film created by Henri-Georges Clouzot, the Master does his work on some kind of material that enables him to sketch and paint unseen while the camera picks up the results of his efforts from the reverse side of what might be called his canvas. When Picasso isn’t working, he appears from behind his easel to chat with M. Clouzot about his aims. The artist is indeed an impressive figure, and his talent is stunning, but neither the paintings nor the commentary will do much to solve the mystery of his protean abilities.

—John McCarten

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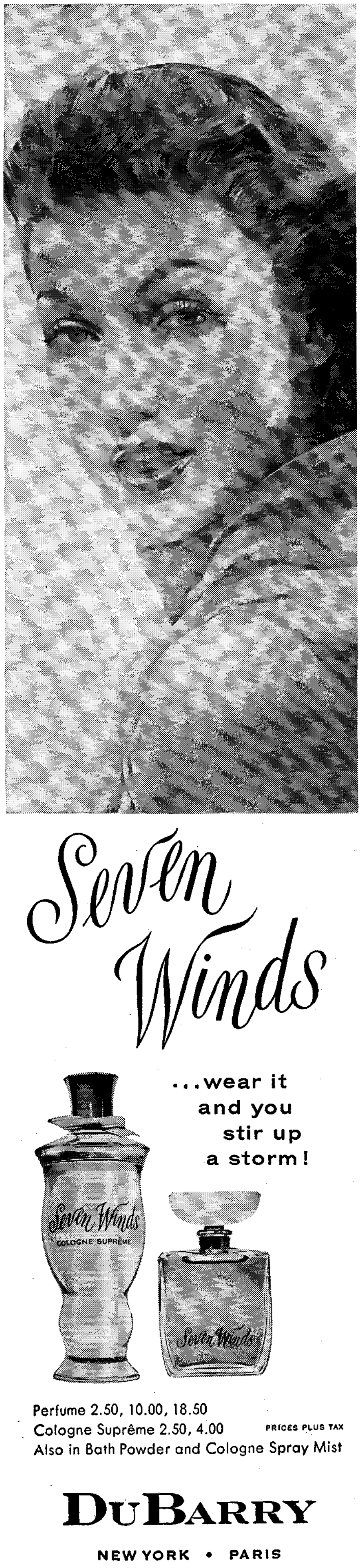

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LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 9

THE first reactions here to the Soviet Union's launching of its artificial satellite were almost poetic in their felicitously phrased astonishment. Parisian papers called it "a myth become reality" and "the first proved possibility of an effective evasion from our planet," said of it that "the road to the moon has been opened" and "a giant step in the sky has now been taken," and wrote that "for the first time, an object fashioned by the hand of man is promoted to the condition of a celestial body, endowed with an independent existence in cosmic space." Phrasing it more simply for history, one Parisian paper commented, "Friday, October 4, 1957, was the first day of the Year 1 in the interplanetary era." Yet it was not until Saturday morning that the Communist Party paper *Humanité*, like every capitalist journal in Paris, came out with the world-shaking news. You might have thought that for propaganda or prestige value the faithful Comrade paper here would be given a scoop on this astounding, victorious Soviet event of the century. But, as usual, the French Communist Party was treated by Moscow like a poor country cousin. The Tass Agency must have given out its satellite news so late that *Huma's* front page could not be changed beyond squeezing in a last-minute headline above its title, saying "PREMIER SATELLITE ARTIFICIEL LANCÉ HIER PAR L'UNION SOVIETIQUE." On page 2, usually the theatre, movie, and book page, it ran the Tass Radio Moscow story, plus a triumphant little paragraph about the "*vive sensation*" in Washington.

There are no French Sunday papers, so it was not until Monday that *Humanité* swelled into its limited propaganda stride. The Tory *Figaro* of Monday morning carried four pages on the Soviet satellite, plus a huge front-page announcement: "SENSATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD." But if you think that *Huma* made the Russian savants' achievement its main front-page news, you are dead wrong. Its major headline was about Mollet and Pleven and the French government crisis; football and sports got a big front-page play, and so did the steelworkers' strike. Then came a satellite feature story for the lower-brow echelons, which have already nicknamed it "*le bébé-lune;*" this story was called, believe it or not, "A Baby That Jumps from Bordeaux to Barcelona in One Minute." And, finally, tucked away among this front-page rubbish was a short, official, pure-propaganda editorial, called "*Le Spoutnik*"—a word that it never once translated for its French readers. Its theme, of course, was that this new mastery of celestial nature is owing to Soviet science, and that Communism alone created the social conditions in which Russian science brought to flower the world's first satellite, as well as the world's first intercontinental ballistic missile, whereas "in lands still subjected to capitalism," like the United States, "scientists complain of the insufficient means put at their disposal for research." Then came the sombre warning: "The launching of *le spoutnik* should riddle those Western propaganda lies that seek to make people believe that when the Soviet Union talked about its intercontinental missiles it was only bluffing." This was followed by the carefully baited illogical question "Does not the launching of this satellite prove that science today has reached a stage where a happy life for all mankind can be assured only if it is relieved of the burden of armaments?" And "Mankind is now prepared to conquer the heavens" was the editorial's concluding, high answering thought, which is probably the truth, too.

There has naturally been some shrill French laughter at the poor astronautic position that the United States finds itself in—especially in this International Geophysical Year—with the Russian-manufactured baby moon beep-beeping over Paris, Washington, and New York as it hurries around the world fifteen times a day, just after our Atlas rockets, supposed to hold up the defense framework of the Western world, fizzled out and fell flat. In a jocular editorial, the liberal *Combat* said, "Whatever one thinks about the Russians—and those captured German scientists who gave them that helpful push from behind—one can't help saying that proud Uncle Sam has taken an awful beating, that his rockets are all wet, and that his 'Around the World in 80 Days' looks pretty silly compared to the Russians' present show of 'Around the World in 90 Minutes.' "

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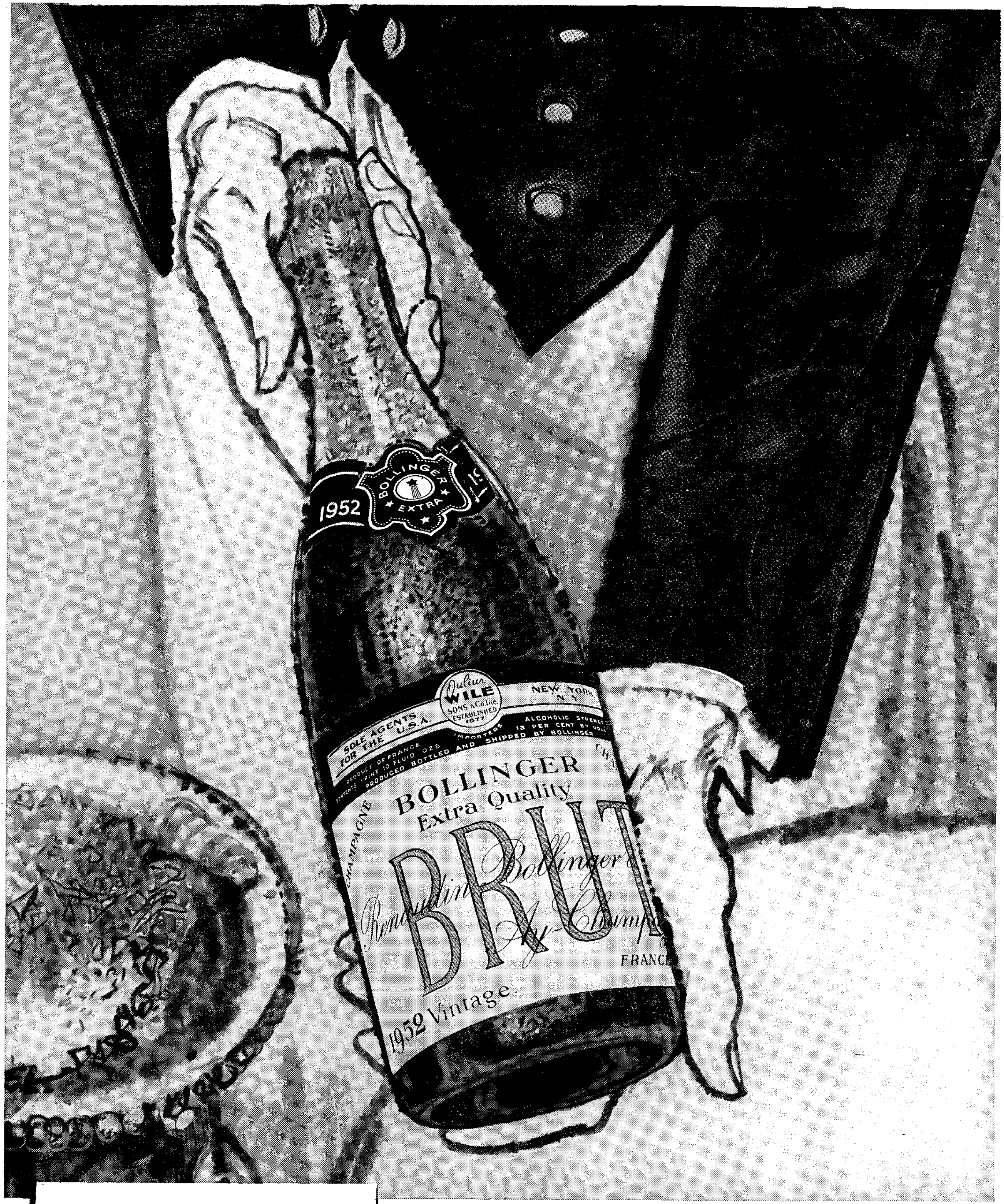

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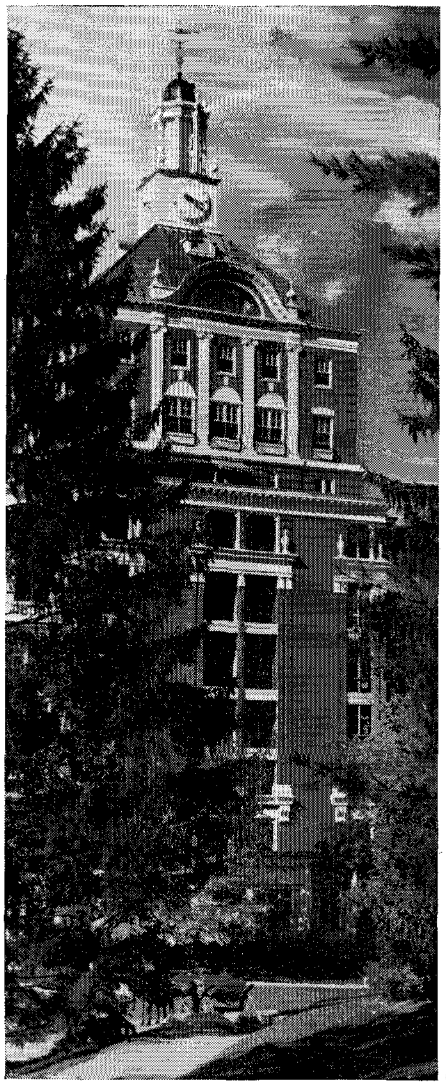

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the French, as they well know. In Parisians' natural concentration of talk right now in all classes—cocktail, bourgeois, intelligentsia, *bistro*—on *le spoutnik* as the Slav newcomer that has led to our present decline in reputation, they analyze the satellite's international importance in four ways. These are its almost majestic dominance as the No. 1 dramatic attraction of human interest around the entire world, which automatically makes Russia the cynosure of universal attention; its power as a magnetic political instrument; its meaning as a potential military aid, which only the naïve could deny; and, finally, its mere entity as something that was not made in the U.S.A. It is constantly being remarked that America talked about—indeed, is still talking about—its satellite, but that the Russians built and launched theirs, which is the one being talked about right now. There is a folkloric phrase being much cited here—"selling the bear's skin"—which the French find especially suited to the American satellite situation. The phrase comes from the story about a braggart who sold a bear's skin before he killed the bear.

THE Paris concert season has opened again, with all three of the noted Paris symphony orchestras—the Lamoureux, the Colonne, and the Pasdeloup—playing (traditionally, and inconveniently for the music lover) on the same day, Sunday, and at the same hour, five-forty-five, in the Salle Pleyel, the Théâtre du Châtelet, and the Palais de Chaillot, their respective sanctified abodes. It is a dignified, murderous old rivalry that has gone on for years, with each of the box offices suffering annual agonies, since there are not enough regular concertgoers in Paris to slice into three parts and still have anything much better than a half-filled house. The Lamoureux seems to be getting off to the best start this season, with the gifted, vigorous Igor Markevich as its new regular *chef d'orchestre*. Markevich certainly now ranks as one of the leading conductors in Europe. He can be remembered here as a fashionable young composer of modernist items like "Rébus" back in the early nineteen-thirties, who eventually made his first local appearance as a *chef d'orchestre* at the little Salle Gaveau, where he was almost as small and agitated a podium figure as Stravinsky. Today no well-known orchestra leader stands more firm-legged than he. He leads with his torso, and his directing has life. He lets the orchestra out to the

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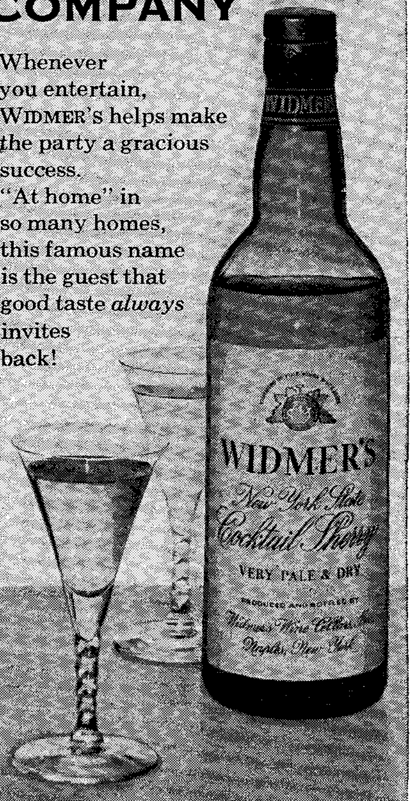

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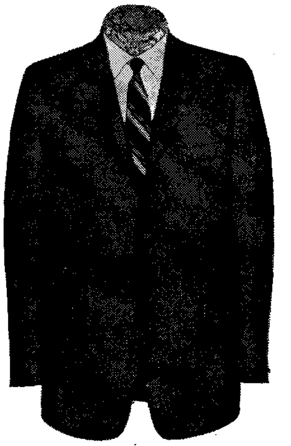
full, too, so that it sometimes plays good and loud.

Markevich's vigor, rhythm, precision, pace, crescendos, and musical intelligence made the Lamoureux's odd opening program an exciting pleasure. He began with the overture to the "Carnaval Romain," which he whirled through at a tempo that would probably have pleased Berlioz himself. The main event was a first audition, in its entirety, of a Second Symphony in E-Flat Major, by Gounod, written in 1855, which few listeners had ever even heard of. It is lovely, classical, and very French for a period that adored Italian and German music, and it has occasional richnesses of composition and coloring that remind one of his later "Faust." It consists of an Adagio; a Larghetto Non Troppo, with responses by the oboes, clarinets, flutes, and bassoons, that was a windy delight; a Scherzo; and an Allegro Leggiero Assai as finale. It was a most agreeable musical experience to listen to something that was melodic, old, and masterly, and yet was brand-new to the ears. This was followed, in the form of a shock, by Alban Berg's "Le Vin," a concert air for voice and orchestra based on Baudelaire's three poems about wine. It was written in 1929, three years after Berg's "Suite Lyrique," in which he used the twelve-tone technique for the first time; he also used it in this piece. Its vocal difficulties were easily managed by the soprano Janine Micheau—one of the best-known French exponents of extremely modern music—though her voice is possibly too pure to suit all of Berg's colorations.

Markevich ended the concert with the second suite of Ravel's good old favorite, "Daphnis et Chloé," played with such verve that the audience actually cheered it. Midway through the concert, there was a pleasant interruption when Markevich was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—the



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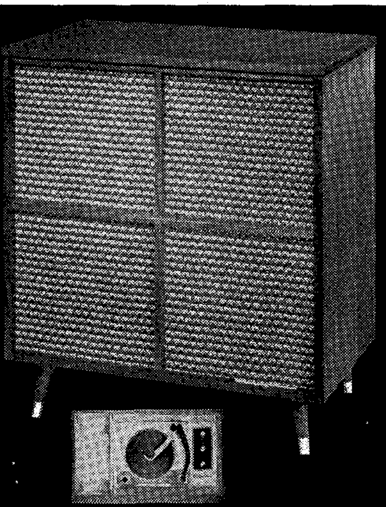

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cross and ribbon being presented to him, with the official kiss on both cheeks, by Georges Auric, the Lamoureux Association's president. So everybody stood up, including the orchestra while it played the "Marseillaise," after which Markevich, who is a Swiss citizen, made quite a long speech of thanks to France. It was an exceptionally Parisian concert, all the way around.

René Clair's new prize-winning film, called "Porte des Lilas," for one of the poorest quarters of Paris, is a return to his old *bistro* movie period of sentiment, bitterness, mistaken love, and courage, which his fame as a picture-maker and recorder of French life was founded on in the old days when a great, or even good, French film was a rarity. Once again, his camera lens is like a microscope, enlarging small human agonies and humor seen at the closest range, in intimacy. The story is about a pair of ragpickers in the Lilas quarter—Jules, known as Juju, who is a good-humored sot, and his slightly superior pal, known simply as the Artist, who plays his guitar and sings his homemade songs at night in the corner *bistro*. (Pierre Brasseur is Juju, in a really great characterization, and the Artist is played by the excellent guitarist, *chanteur*, and composer Georges Brassens, who is starring this week at the Alhambra music hall, on the Rue de Malte, and is the most recent of the French singers to turn movie actor.) They live in a tumble-down shack, which one day is invaded by a handsome young gangster on the run from the police for murder. Perforce, at the point of his gun, they offer him hospitality and hide him—sick, exhausted, and famished—in their cellar. Juju, who has never before in his selfish, drunken life been responsible for another human being, becomes the gangster's slave—becomes a new, and, in his squalid way, a nobler man, moved to altruism, devotion, a sense of duty, and the perils of friendship. It is the Artist, though, who, as the more respectable-looking of the two, finally manages to get a passport so that the gangster can forge his own name on it and flee to South America—on money he has wangled from the *bistro*-keeper's pretty daughter, whom he has pretended to love, and has even pretended he will meet and marry in Marseille. On discovering the clay feet of his idol, poor Juju, who vainly loves Maria himself, becomes a responsible man indeed. He shoots the gangster with his own gun. The picture ends with the two ragpickers

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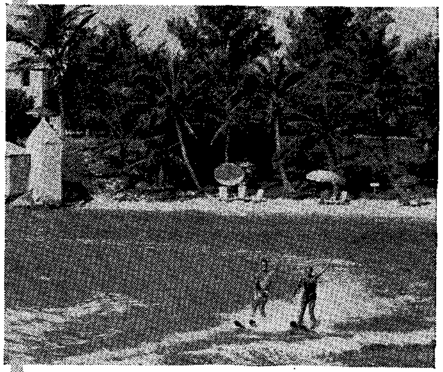

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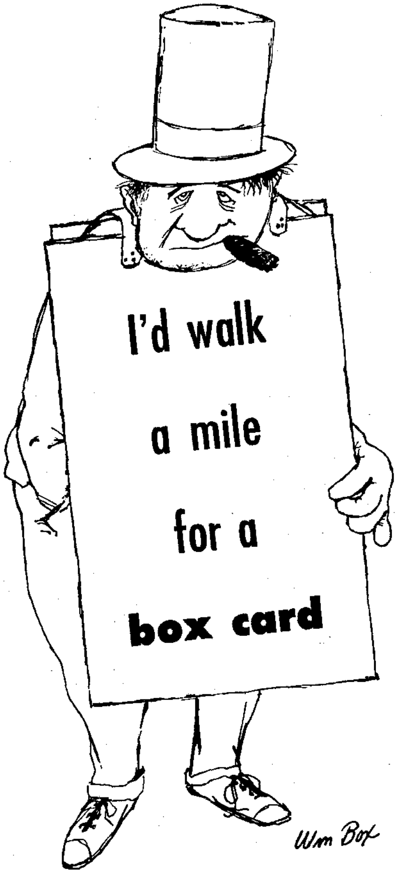

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peacefully pushing their cart, loaded with rags and now a dead body, toward the Seine. It is a movie with a happy ending. The picture has had a mixed reception. It has been hailed as a chef-d'oeuvre of dramatic comedy—of the light tone for the tragic theme, with the limpid, true, black-and-white touch of poverty and life—and as the best film of René Clair's career. Others think it merely a good Clair film that contains the best acting of Pierre Brasseur's career. Either way, it is a French film not to miss when it comes to New York.

FRANCE still has no government. This makes everything seem nice and quiet. M. Guy Mollet, who was Premier last year, was asked last week if he wouldn't be Premier again, and he said yes, but the deputies said no, and refused to have him. Then M. Pleven was asked, and he said yes, but the deputies said no once more. Now M. Mollet has been asked a second time, and has said no. Pretty soon, somebody will say yes, and the deputies will say yes, too. Then France will have another government and the dissensions and rigmaroles can start all over again. It is something to look forward to.

—Genêt

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Players are seated in a circle. The leader opens the game by turning to the one on his left and saying, "Did you know Uncle Ben?" The person addressed replies, "Which one of your uncles was that?" The leader replies, "The one that went like this." The leader then starts pounding on his right knee. The next player on the leader's left then turns to the one on his left and says, "Did you know Uncle Ben?" The same dialogue takes place until all are imitating the same action. When the question has gone around the circle and has come back to the leader, he adds another action, as for example, striking the left knee with the fist. Each time the game goes around the circle an action is added, such as patting the right foot, the left foot, nodding the head, etc. Do not play this game too long as it soon ceases to be amusing.—*From "The Cokesbury Game Book," by Arthur M. Depew.*

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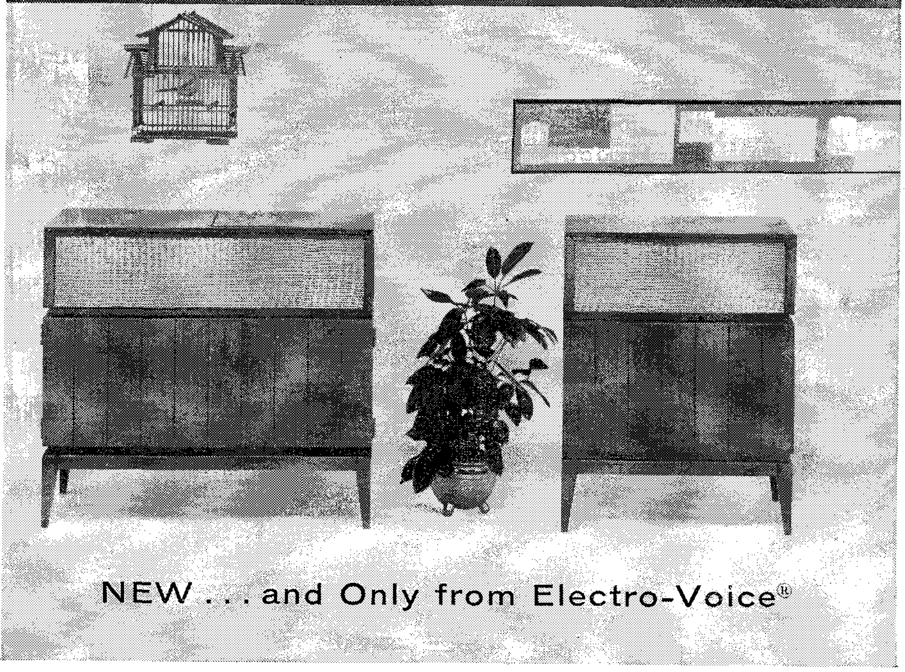

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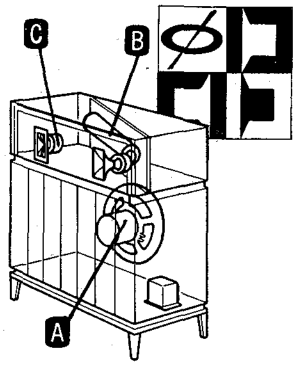

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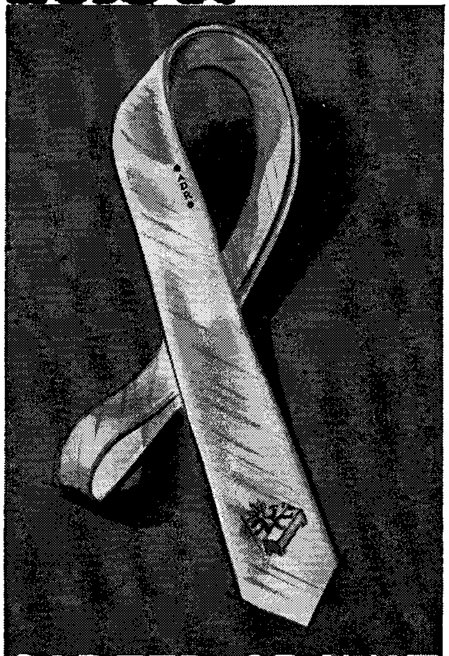

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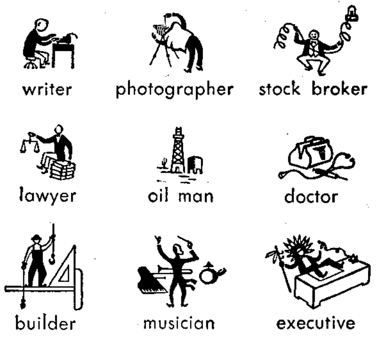

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FOOTBALL

A Tale of Two Cities

THERE is nothing in the foreseeable future to cure the New York habit of long weekends in the country. This fall, just five games of college football will be played on the island of Manhattan, all of them at Baker Field, Columbia's pleasant little uptown stadium, where the city begins to meet the countryside. In Philadelphia, it is quite the other way. There, last Saturday, in the great, grim Municipal Stadium, Army, whose native habitat is West Point, was celebrating (or else compensating for) its divorce from Ivy League competition by being host to Notre Dame, whose native habitat is South Bend, before an audience that may turn out to have been bigger than all this year's Baker Field audiences put together. This resumption, after a long intermission, of relations with Notre Dame also marked the full-fledged resumption by Army of its old habit of big-time, or the-world-is-my-oyster, football. It was a pretty good resumption, too, for Army would have won the match if it hadn't decided on what seemed like an unnecessary exhibition of overconfident pass-throwing. That gave an obscure Notre Dame man, Stickles, the chance to kick a field goal and beat Army, 23–21. Since the blue-ribbon prize of big-time football, the Army-Navy game, is already a fixture in Philadelphia's back yard (and back yard is the word for the Municipal Stadium), the city is beginning to look like a boom town.

PHILADELPHIA's titular representative, Pennsylvania, was out of town over the weekend, losing to Princeton, 13–9, but giving an excellent account of itself and looking like the best Penn team in some years—a solid quarterback, a sturdy line, and a running attack operated by half a dozen fast and slippery runners. Riepl, the team's sharpest passer, is out of action at the moment, but if he mends in time to play again this season, you can look forward to some elegant fireworks. Penn was the apple of Philadelphia's eye before it came down with an attack of big-time ambitions—a period now happily at an end—and it may well be again. On Saturday, Penn partisans saw at least the promise of a happy tomorrow, while the great expectations of Princeton partisans were turning gray. Penn's trompe-l'œil ball-handling was often baffling, Princeton's fondness for expensive penalties caused a great deal of trouble, and a new disease (falling down without being touched) was almost fatal. The dozenth Princetonian to catch it took his tumble while he was guarding Berlinger in the fourth quarter. Berlinger, catching Twitmyer's pass, would have gone for the winning touchdown if another Princetonian hadn't cut all the way across the field and laid him by the heels just five yards short of his destination.

ALL the armed forces are on the move. Over the weekend, Army was in Philadelphia; Navy, whose native habitat is Annapolis, spent Saturday on the shores of San Francisco Bay, beating California, 21–6, after going to North Carolina the week before and losing a game there, 13–7; the Air Force Academy, whose native habitat is Colorado, was in the District of Columbia, losing to George Washington, 20–0. It is natural that the armed forces, who represent the taxpayers' money, should be distributed where the taxpayers can get a run for that money, but I'm not sure it's natural for the Air Force Academy to be playing under lights on Friday evenings in baseball parks; that comes too close to being put on a bread-and-circuses diet. . . . Army is not entirely separated from Ivy League football. It's in the hundred-and-fifty-pound round robin, in which lightweight squads play an interesting, if almost unnoticed, grade of football on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings. By any standard, though, Army is still too much. Friday's result: Army 50, Columbia 0. . . . Dartmouth, against which exactly three points have been scored this year, took on what had seemed to me a competent Brown team and beat it, 35–0, on Saturday. Rutgers took on what observers I have faith in say is a competent Colgate team and beat it, 48–6. The news about Colgate should cheer Princeton, Yale, Army, Syracuse, and Brown, all of which are dating Colgate this fall; the news about Rutgers should appall Columbia, which ends the season as Rutgers' host. —J. W. L.

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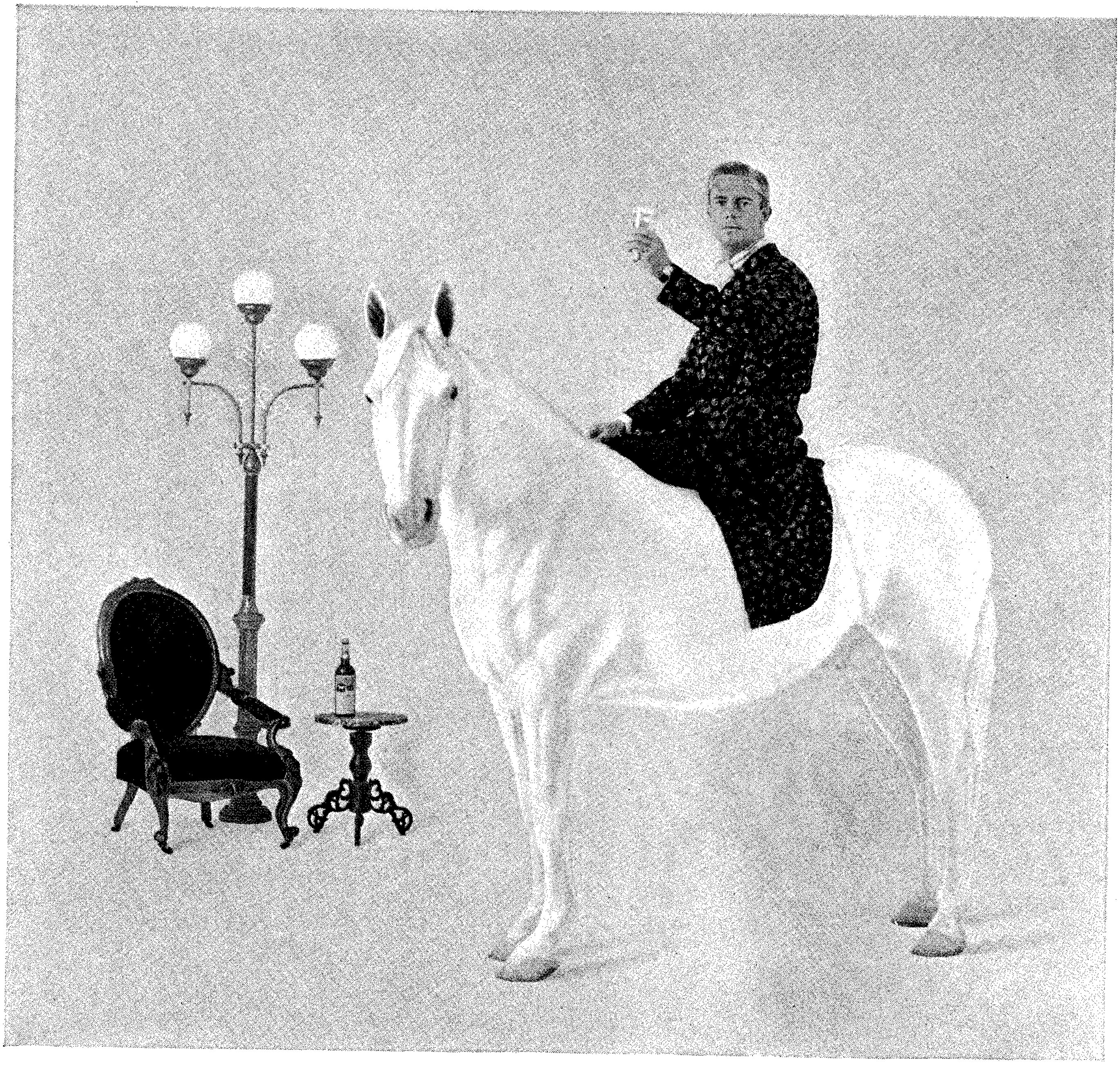

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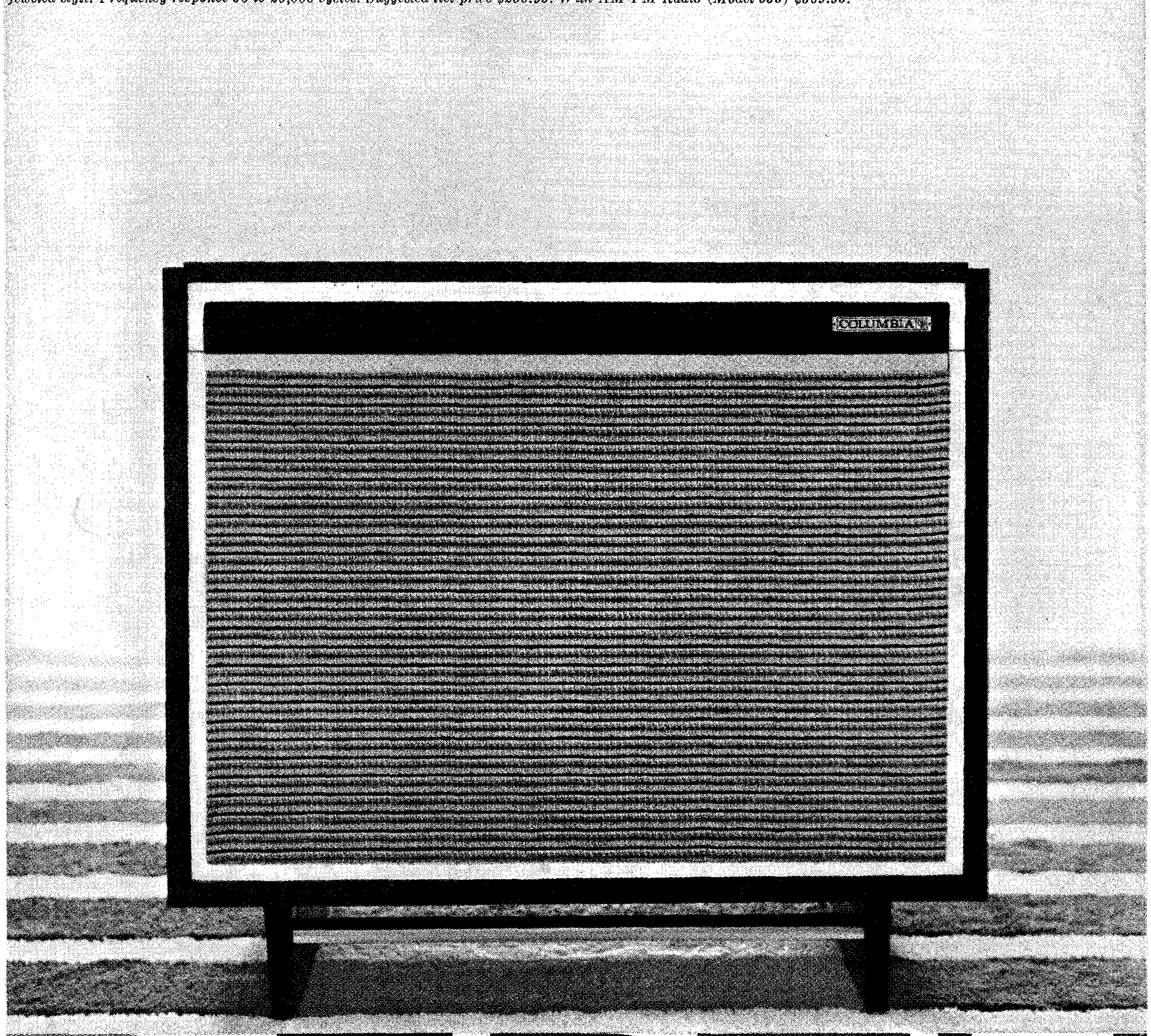

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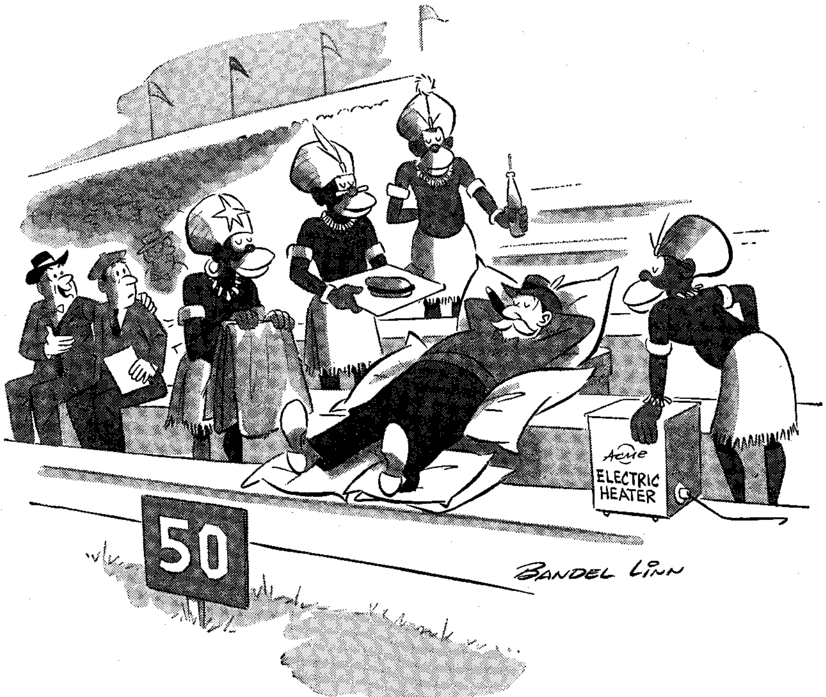
MEADOWBROOK, PA.,
SEPTEMBER 30, 1957

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN the course of reminiscing about his adventures as Mayor of New York in a recent article in your magazine, Mr. William O'Dwyer made reference to the incident of the runaway tallyho, an obscure but colorful bit of municipal drama that took place almost ten years ago, during one of the city's many outbursts of official pageantry. Since Mr. O'Dwyer's version of the incident differs sharply from what really happened, I would like to render a true account of the facts, as a service to future students of the Mayoralty. According to Mr. O'Dwyer, who was on top of the tallyho, the horses bolted and he was in imminent danger of being thrown off and killed; he further said that while this was going on, Grover Whalen—the man responsible for putting him in this perilous situation—was all smiles and blandness. Such was not the case; indeed, it was Mr. Whalen himself who, singlehanded, quelled the fractious horses and saved the Mayor a spill. I was not only an eyewitness of the scene, which took place in the driveway of Gracie Mansion, but, as it happens, a prime mover in the events leading up to that stirring tableau on the morning of June 12, 1948.

The occasion was not, as Mr. O'Dwyer put it, "the hundredth anniversary of something or other;" rather, it was the fiftieth anniversary of the consolidation of the five boroughs into the present City of New York. The Mayor's Reception Committee, of which Mr. Whalen was chairman, had arranged to mark the day with the largest peacetime parade in the history of the city. As one of Mr. Whalen's lackeys, I had drawn the assignment of assembling and staging this enormous shindig, and, if I may say so, it turned out to be a hell of a parade. There were seventy-five thousand marchers, five hundred vehicles and floats, a hundred bands and drum-and-bugle corps, and, at the head of it all, the tallyho in question. It was a magnificent green Brewster (the Brewster was the horse-drawn Cadillac of its day), which I had rented from Kauffman's, the Twenty-fourth Street hostler, and it carried, in addition to Mayor O'Dwyer and the driver, four gray-toppered gentlemen made up to resemble the mayors of the

(*Advertisement*)



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municipalities involved in the 1898 merger. (I forget what happened to the fifth mayor.) Mr. O'Dwyer described the coach as being pulled by brewery nags; actually, it was drawn by four glossy chestnuts with rosettes in their bridles—a quartet of trained harness horses, from a West Side livery stable, that were long in the fetlock, perhaps, but nicely matched for size and color. He has, however, correctly identified the driver of the tallyho as Sergeant Burke, one of New York's mounted cops.

Well, to get to the heart of the drama, the tallyho clattered into the driveway of Gracie Mansion around noon of the fateful day, and as the Mayor swung onto the seat alongside the driver, the news photographers began to snap pictures. The popping of flash bulbs evidently frightened the horses, for they bolted out of hand. Now, Sergeant Burke was a splendid horseman, and for several weeks he had been taking a cram course in tallyho driving at one of the uptown armories, but handling a coach-and-four is a tough job for a tyro under any circumstances, and it was obvious that nobody had told him what to do if the horses took their bits in their teeth. The tallyho spun around the driveway on two wheels, swaying like a ship in a storm, with the Mayor clinging to the top for dear life. Strangely, the only thing I could think of at that moment was the famous photograph of another New York mayor—William Gaynor—being supported by two men on the deck of a steamer, his face streaming blood from an assassin's bullet. Fortunately, however, Mr. Whalen is a man of action and not given to such Freudian flashbacks. He threw himself into the path of the charging horses and, grabbing the bridles of the leading team, brought the tallyho

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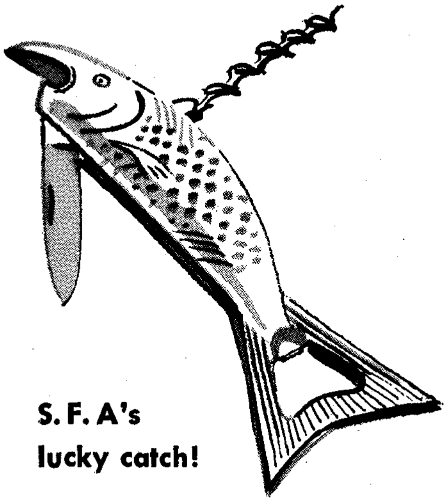

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to a shuddering halt. It was a feat of real bravery.

In deference to Mr. O'Dwyer, I must say that a lesser man would have jumped off the tallyho right then and there and said to hell with it, but, after smoothing down his hair, he went through with his rôle as parade leader. As for me, I was so unnerved that I repaired to a York Avenue bar for a quick one and never did get to see the parade, which, I understand, lasted for more than nine hours.

Sincerely,
FRANK ZACHARY

•

RADIO TELEPHONE CALLS TO THE OUT ISLANDS

Few residents in the Out Islands have telephones installed in their homes or offices.

Telephone facilities are provided at the nearest radio station, which operates on schedules fixed by the Headquarters of the Telecommunications Department in Nassau.

When a call is placed for someone in an Out Island, it involves a journey on foot for the Out Island operator, to ensure that the party called arrives at the telephone at the right time. It also involves a similar trip to and from the telephone for the party called, who, on arrival at the radio station, must stand by and wait for the operator to contact Nassau and advise that his party is ready to answer the call.

All is well if the originator of the call is on hand and the call is completed there and then. But all too frequently the party called has had a fruitless errand as the originator is not to be found; he having left his office or home without leaving any message, or could not wait, and has cancelled the call without notifying the Nassau operator.

The party in the Out Island who has made the journey from home to the radio station, only to learn that his or her time and energy have been wasted, may be forgiven for assuming that the error lies with the service and not with the caller, whose lack of consideration or thoughtlessness has needlessly wasted the time of a public servant, and greatly inconvenienced the frustrated and aggrieved member of the public, who answered the call but in vain.

Please remember, whenever you wish to make a call to anyone in the Out Islands, to "let the Golden Rule apply—keep your promise and stand by."—*The Bahamas telephone directory.*

What about a little sailboat?

•

William V. Vinall, 55, of Greenwich, was found not guilty of reckless driving. Mr. Vinall was arrested Friday after his discharge from Stamford Hospital where he had been treated for injuries suffered in an accident here the week before.

Every man has some aim in life—what he hits is another thing.—*Darien (Conn.) Review.*

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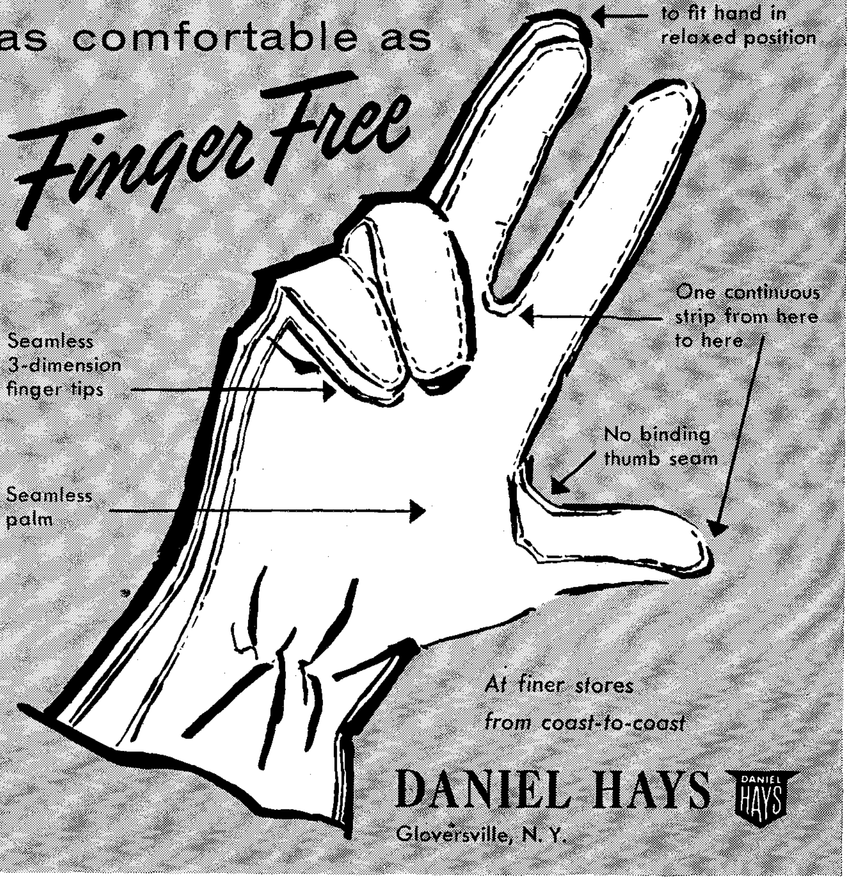
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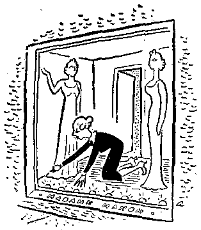
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

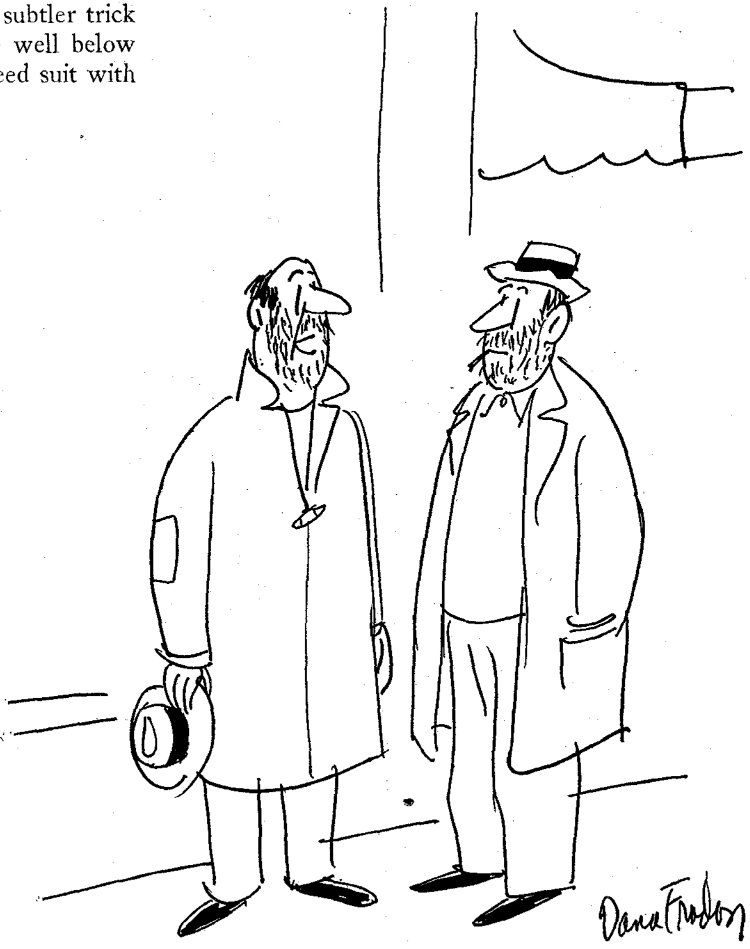
FEMININE FASHIONS



PRELIMINARY reports of the sacking of Paris (with the sack dresses perpetrated by Dior, Balenciaga, Givenchy, and the rest) have been exaggerated. Sack lines show up here and there in the import collections of our custom houses, but they look more supple on the body in movement than they do in photographs, and, what is even better, they are a minority group indeed. I should have had more faith. I should have remembered that Bergdorf Goodman, Bonwit Teller, and Hattie Carnegie would do a lot of editing in Paris and come home with the maximum of news and the minimum of freaks. And news there certainly is. Waistlines, in daytime clothes, are indicated either slightly or not at all. Women who have always found box jackets flattering, because they make the hips look narrower by contrast, shouldn't balk at the subtler trick of bloused lines that come well below the waist, as in a Dior tweed suit with the jacket bloused on a band that is low in front and perceptibly lower in back. The stubby little suit jackets that indent only a trifle in front before coming to rest on the hipbones have a pert charm, too. A real beauty of this sort is by Givenchy, the jacket easy and loose in back and with a cutaway line in front, plus a pompon smack at the dead center of the chest. (Bergdorf and Bonwit Teller have both the Dior and the Givenchy.) In dresses, a bloused line to the hipbones is a specialty of M. Dior, and there are all kinds of folds at the hips, front or back, to give a two-piece, overblouse look that is kind to hip and abdomen. Dior in Paris and the Hattie Carnegie designers in New York are particularly fond of such tricks. And I am infatuated with the new day coats, especially the great, enveloping, horse-blanket ones. Bonwit Teller's salon shows some gems, among them Laroche's straight coat in gigantic charcoal-and-white checks, with side pleats placed low. Lanvin-Castillo's valuable contribution to the Bonwit assemblage is a fuzzy tan-and-black supercheck with immense sleeves and double-breasted buttons. This one is big enough to wrap the wearer around and around. And then there are cowls—cowling the back of just about everything and draped so deep that they sometimes reach the hem, as in Cardin's red fleece coat, which Bergdorf has copied for its ready-to-wear collection.

As night approaches, the shaggy, offhand motif disappears from both the Paris dresses and our own, and old-fashioned femininity is ascendant—neat waistlines, luxurious fabrics, and beautiful roundness over the hips (in Paris, particularly at Lanvin-Castillo; here, at Hattie Carnegie, Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue, Mainbocher, and Carrie Munn, to name names). There are harem drapes that occasionally have Japanese-lantern fullness before contracting sharply at the hemline, and vampire sheaths that manage to be ladylike—Balmain's sinuous black velvet with bows down the rear, suggesting a particularly well-bred vampire (Bonwit), and many slithery fishtail trains starting low in back (Sophie and Oldric Royce). There are also haggard evening sheaths, such as Givenchy's smoke chiffon. A scarf goes around the décolletage and shoulders, then descends in a huge loop to the narrow hemline in back to make a—well, let's call it an *im*perfect circle (Bergdorf Goodman and Bonwit Teller). All in all, the mood is reminiscent of the twenties, when dressy afternoon clothes were in abeyance. The watchword is breezy, somewhat shapeless, and casual in the daytime, form-fitting and female at night.

Bergdorf Goodman's beautiful array of French imports for custom copying includes Laroche's suit of pumpkin wool, the jacket very long and barrel-shaped in back and medium-low in front. Heim's gray-and-black tweed sheath dress buttons up the rear; the cowl back serves both the dress and the collarless jacket. Dior's black velours coat with a cowl back, a *dégagé* front, and a mink ascot covers one of his simple dresses—a plain back and a front bloused to the hipbones. A chemise dress by Laroche, the new white-haired *garçon* of Paris, appears in pumpkin wool jersey with a cord tying in the front fullness; the back is unrelieved. Lanvin-Castillo favors roundness over the hips even for daytime—things like oxford-gray tweed with gathers over the hips,



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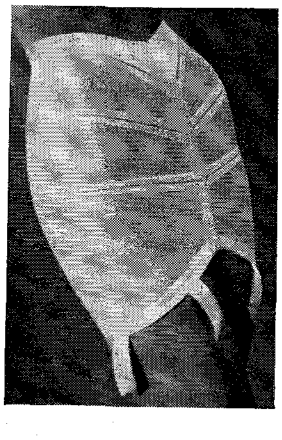

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which are emphasized by string bows above them. And there's still more roundness for evening—Balenciaga's satin brocade formal gown with an overskirt poufed in front and pulled up to a bow in back, whence enormous fullness flips outward and downward, and Dior's shadow-print ottoman dance dress with a puffy, Japanese-lantern skirt. Bergdorf also deals in ready-to-wear copies of other Paris triumphs. Particularly good are the coats and the chunky tweed suits, and Balenciaga romps off with top honors, in my opinion.

The French clothes I saw at Bonwit Teller are entirely custom. There are lots of well-behaved daytime black crêpes from the likes of Patou, Heim, Laroche, and Lanvin, with plain backs that still take an easy curve inward at the normal waistline. (No middies around *here*.) Dior's reefer coat of gray fleece is bulky at the top and narrow at the hem, and there are flap pockets placed low; it clings to the buttocks in back and blouses slightly above, flapper style. Deep-bloused backs in dresses find an articulate sponsor in Laroche; a band that goes across the stomach dips way down in back, and cowl drapery from the neckline descends to meet it. For evening, there's Patou's white satin with delicate black cut-velvet traceries all over it; tucks in front of each hip give a round line, and a bow is placed inside the deep U neck. A Patou dance dress is a black lace sheath with ruffles below a deep oval back décolletage.

Hattie Carnegie, never one to duck extremes, shows more sacks from Paris than the others. One is Dior's red fleece dress with a plain oblong back and a bogus jacket front, accomplished by buttons and the prevalent fold low across the front. Carnegie also brought home Lanvin's white basketweave wool dress, which has a casual two-piece middy fold around the hips and easy looseness between this and a seam right across the bosom. There is even a sack for evening—Dior's green-and-gold brocade with string shoulder straps and a matching, mink-collared straight jacket. But, in general, the Carnegie ideal after dark implies snug bodices that are set into full skirts like the stoppers in perfume bottles. Representative is Balenciaga's black brocade dance dress, the barrel skirt all masses of cluster pleats. For big evenings, there are a couple of Simonetta's beaded, full-skirted satin ball gowns and Balenciaga's trailing turquoise brocade, whose main interests are in back—a deep U dip of

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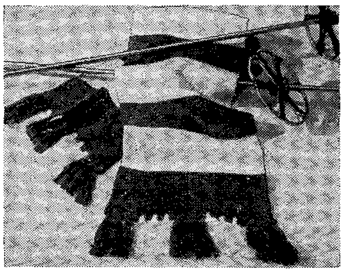
MUFFLERS FROM SCOTLAND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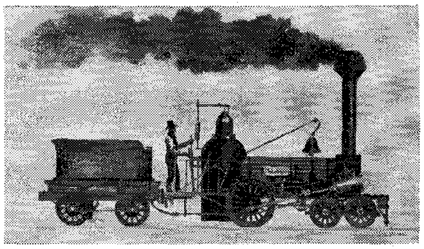
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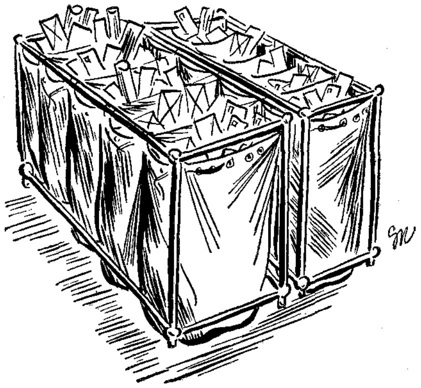
the strapless décolletage, and drapery held by a series of bows down the side back.

Note: All the youthful day clothes so far have been shown in the lengths we're accustomed to. I'd like them shorter. No kneecaps, but a leggier look.

I CAN'T remember when New York custom designers have been more inventive. Mainbocher's customers like the scenery to change constantly, which means clothes with a chameleon quality that adapt to every environment but remain serene and yet female. Mainbocher has new ideas about barrel effects—a straight black-and-tan tweed skirt has a black cashmere pullover with a bow of the tweed on the stomach to give the thing a one-piece look. A rounded jacket, well down on the hips in back and lined with beaver, goes over it. A three-quarter coat of raspberry tweed has two sharp curved seams around the middle, five inches apart. Mainbocher still does those calm, round-necked, sleeveless blouses matching the lining of trig hipbone suit jackets (there are lots of quilted linings, these days), but he does new ones, too—what he calls "jacket blouses," with buttons, little pockets, and suit-jacket detail. One is of white satin brocade to match the jacket lining of a bright-blue wool bouclé suit—easy-fitting and resting on the hipbones. His approach to basically slim skirts with flattering movement is to use four panels, two front and two back. One suit in charcoal cashmere wool has these, and you'd think they were box pleats. After five, panels are likely to be gathered, and the emaciated underskirt, in contrasting color, shows only when the wearer moves. One such, shown in a turquoise-and-royal warp-printed satin, has a one-shoulder décolletage and a violet underslip. A black paillette sheath with a V neck has a flaring point-d'esprit overskirt so much briefer than the underskirt that it suggests a tutu. (This should accustom the eye to the idea of much higher hem-



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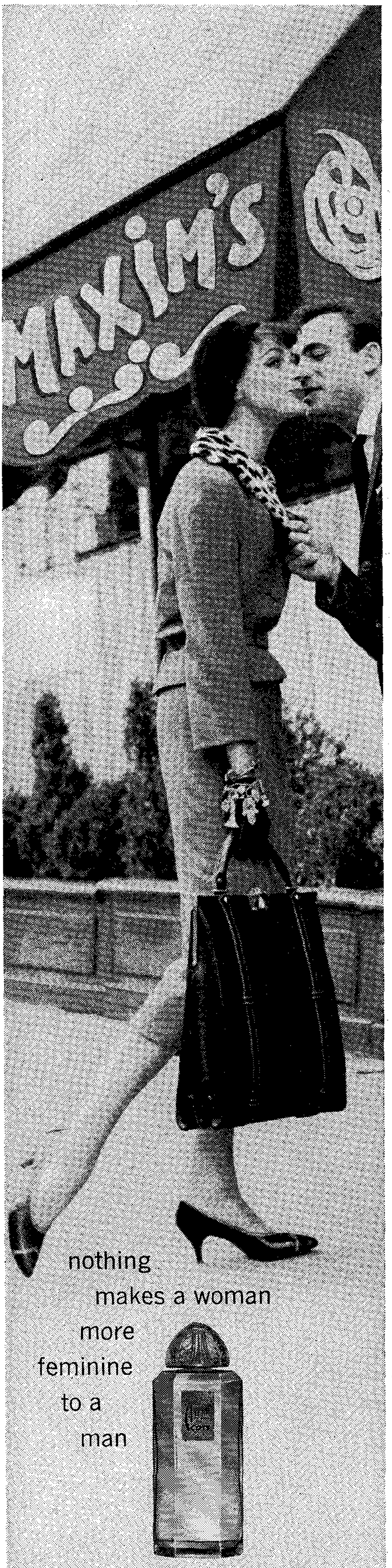

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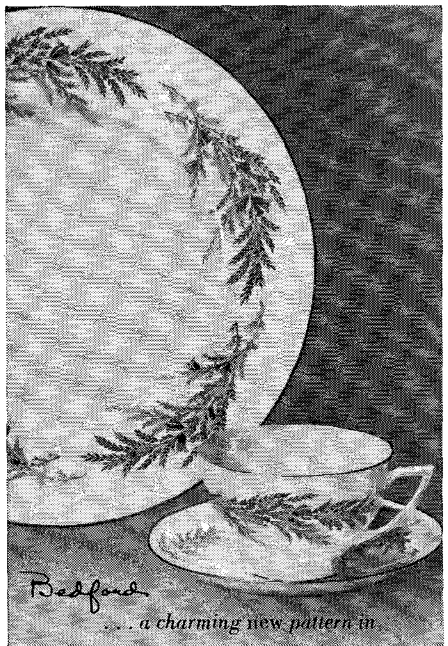
lines.) Black satin calf-length trousers can be glimpsed under a blue-satin and cut-velvet sleeveless sheath, slit up the sides to the hips. This Oriental type of sheath, which moves with exceptional grace, appears again in a red brocade dress with no ornamentation except a casual knot worked in just below the waist and another on the chest. If evening clothes aren't stark, they are extravagantly fluffy; one Mainbocher has a skirt that is all vertical bands of gathered lace ruffles (a hundred and fifty yards of them), with wide black satin ribbon making a snug midriff and shoulder straps that flare outward like epaulettes. Mainbocher can make even sequins look soft, as in a gray lace dance dress with a round skirt, the whole dotted with iridescent pastel sequins. A band of gray mink goes around the strapless top.

Hattie Carnegie has carried on a long and ardent liaison with Paris ideas, and it isn't stopping this season. Its unique "little" suits (usually semifitted) have plenty of devious detail; a new notion is an oblong plastron applied down the front and back of suit jackets and projecting a bit below the hem. This type of jacket often accompanies the simplest tweed dresses, whose fake folds suggest an elongated two-piece dress. Other fakery makes one of the Carnegie coats look double—double collar, buttons down the front, and folds forward on each side to give the illusion of a loose, straight coat worn over a slender, buttoned one. An extreme number, shown in white wool, hangs straight and loose, with a middy fold around the hips and slight gathers below. When evening comes, the Carnegie clothes, as always, go in for taut bodices and skirts that are rounded over the hips by bias tucks spraying outward. They're cut day length; satins, brocades, lamés, and other glorious fabrics are the wherewithal. Many have trim jackets to match. For a ball, my favorite is all line, almost a primitive statuette—white brocade beginning with a simple oval neck, then sculptured into a neat waist, then a skirt that swells smoothly, falls to the floor in back, and has a shallow inverted V to show the ankles in front.

Sophie and her co-conspirator, Stephen Erklin, who operate at Saks Fifth Avenue, have never been accused of un-American dressmaking, and all their efforts are homage to the natural waistline. Quiet ease in daytime and extravaganza at night are no new ideas to them, either. You *know* that there



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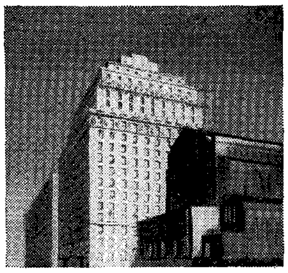

The Ambassador
PARK AVE. at 51st ST.

are always beautiful suits here, so let's get on to a couple of other daytime things. One is a black-and-white tweed coat with a black mink collar. The waistline is pinched indeed, and outward folds down the back of the skirt hint at a bustle. The dress with it is hand-quilted black crêpe. More allover handwork (waffle tucks on gray wool) distinguishes a curvy shirtwaist dress with a black mink collar on the bolero. But the cocktail and evening clothes are breathtaking, even this grandiloquent year. Lots of dance-length dresses own their own coats. For example, a pyramid coat of a sprawly brown-and-brilliant-blue print ottoman covers a U-necked dress that has a round-hipped overskirt buttoning down each side of the slender sheath of the same stuff. Another costume involves a dress of bright green-and-blue warp-printed taffeta; the coat is lined with green velvet. Sophie is one of the few designers who understand floor-length evening dresses. Whatever you prefer, it's there for you. Ingratiating daintiness in wallpaper-print white satin, with tiny red velvet roses and blue leaves and gray branches, is demurely managed with a square neck, little puffed sleeves, and cartridge pleats around the hips releasing gathered fullness. Allure is the purpose of a black wool broadcloth sheath with a deep, squared-off V back and a fishtail train starting low in back. A rippling black sequin bolero, tied in a string bow at the throat, goes with it. Red chiffon satin makes a puff-skirted masterpiece, with a deep harem tunic that goes to below the knees in front but is shorter in back. There are draped chiffons to give even Grès pause, one with a charcoal velvet belt and a skirt and a strapless top in shades of gray marquisette, worked in diagonal lines to give a wraparound effect. (All midriffs are snug at Saks, by the way.) Among the full-skirted ball gowns, one is of chartreuse satin brocaded with pale-greenish roses. It's accompanied by a knee-length chartreuse satin mantle lined with the brocade and suggesting Watteau's day.

CARRIE MUNN has a new custom collection that, as usual, is full of dance dresses. She has always liked small waists and full skirts. This year, her gayest full skirt, part of a pink satin number, is caught in beside and behind the knees with satin bows. She calls this dress Carrie Knickerbocker, and the skirt *does* have the effect of Dutch pantaloons with ruffles below. The skirt of a navy satin dance dress goes out wide at the sides into low points before nar-

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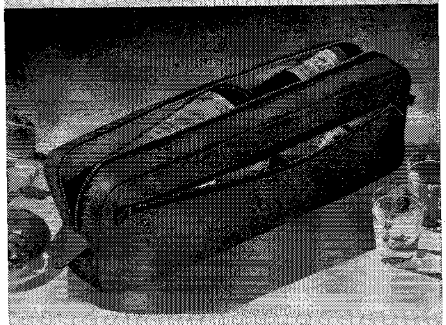

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rowing again at the hem, sort of like squared-off panniers. Munn is fond of lamés, which she leaves largely unadorned, making them simple and full-skirted, often with absurd patch pockets. I especially loved Timid Leopard, made of a gold-shot white lamé with modest gray splotches. Her real tour de force for formal evenings, though, is a wide, wide harem skirt composed of big, jagged pieces of satin in pale gray, pale apricot, prune color, copper, café au lait, and heaven knows what else; for a change, the back of the skirt is just chocolate satin. Her most spectacular daytime coat is a pyramid of black corduroy, quilted and padded all over. It's lined with satin brocade and is accompanied by a satin brocade blouse; the corduroy skirt is straight, with a padded hem.

Eleanora Garnett's salon flies your measurements to Rome, and the ensuing costume of your choice flies back to you in two weeks. Here we find practical outfits that nevertheless have a swashbuckling look, such as her air-travel ensemble. There is a belted coat of light-gray flannel with double rows of buttons widening down the skirt. Folds come from in back of the shoulders. The belt can be transferred to the dress. The dress, of dark-gray wool jersey, has a V neck and a most adroit culotte skirt. Another smashing costume is shown in gray tweed, with a very full bloused jacket knotted above the waist in front. The attached hood is to be worn over the hair or as a cowl. The dress has a simple round neck and a full back. Then, for evening, there are dresses that are extreme indeed but have lots of verve. A fascinating one called Enigma is made of black satin; the skirt is a spiral going round and round in an irregular, pagoda series of tiers. Garnett combines enormously full tops and the skinniest possible skirts. A red taffeta dress has a topheavy peasant-blouse top shirred on elastic from each side of the front all the way around the back; the narrow skirt is caught in under the buttocks with a tie. A lovely long sheath is of black wool, with long sleeves and a slash up the front. Wide black satin ribbon makes a sash and panel that go to the floor, as well as the deep, deep pleated collar—Cardinal Richelieu in a décolleté mood.

OLDRIC ROYCE, no slouch, is moving with the times by making his day clothes slouchier. A prime example is a dress of mossy gray-green wool with a stole that fastens onto two buttons beside

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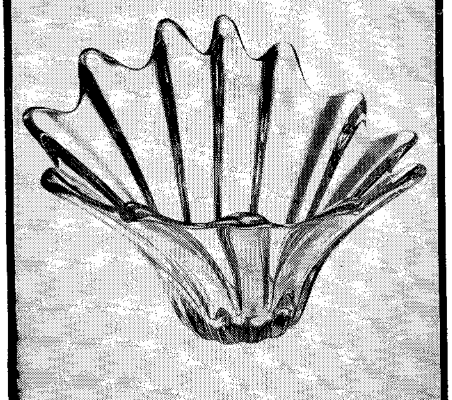

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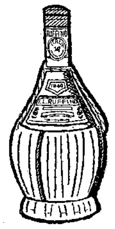

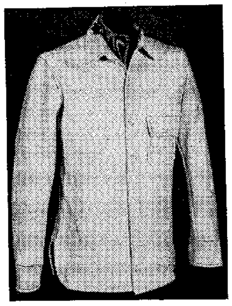

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the straight-across neckline. The top of the dress is all bias and loosely fitted; a diagonal fold ascends from the skirt to button onto this top above one hip. Fine detail is always rampant in the Royce ménage; a new stunt is a zigzag closing accomplished by diagonal bands that sort of interlace. This appears on straight coats and suit jackets. For evening, opulence reigns. A ball gown Queen Elizabeth is almost certain to see over here works like this—a huge skirt of black tulle with white-and-tobacco poult de soie making one of the upward-crossed, strapless bodices he loves. In back, white poult sweeps down the center and is flanked by tobacco poult panels. A tulle fichu goes with this. The Queen, however, will probably not have a chance to be amused by an absolutely hey-hey nineteen-twenties sheath of white satin. Rows of tiny gunmetal beads make a fine stripe all over the fabric and go into a spiderweb design at the base of the V neck, in front of one hip, and in back of the other. The top is bloused a bit. This is not to say that the prevailing tone at Royce isn't grandeur; he understands evening clothes in the most elegant tradition.

AND now let's abandon the custom houses and pick out a few prizes in the specialized ready-to-wear field.

Elizabeth Arden's Count Sarmi, whose fantasies appear in the Arden salon and nowhere else, has just plain outdone himself this year in variety. I'll get to only a few highlights. For one thing, he makes black wool or crêpe dresses with skirts in a three-tiered spiral wraparound as mystifying and attractive as Garnett's. He puts buttons on some simple wool dresses that have a wraparound effect. His warp-printed taffeta afternoon dresses with bracelet sleeves are completely charming. One with brown roses on a black ground has a bateau-neck top, and the back of the skirt flips out below a V banding low on the spine. For dancing evenings, he

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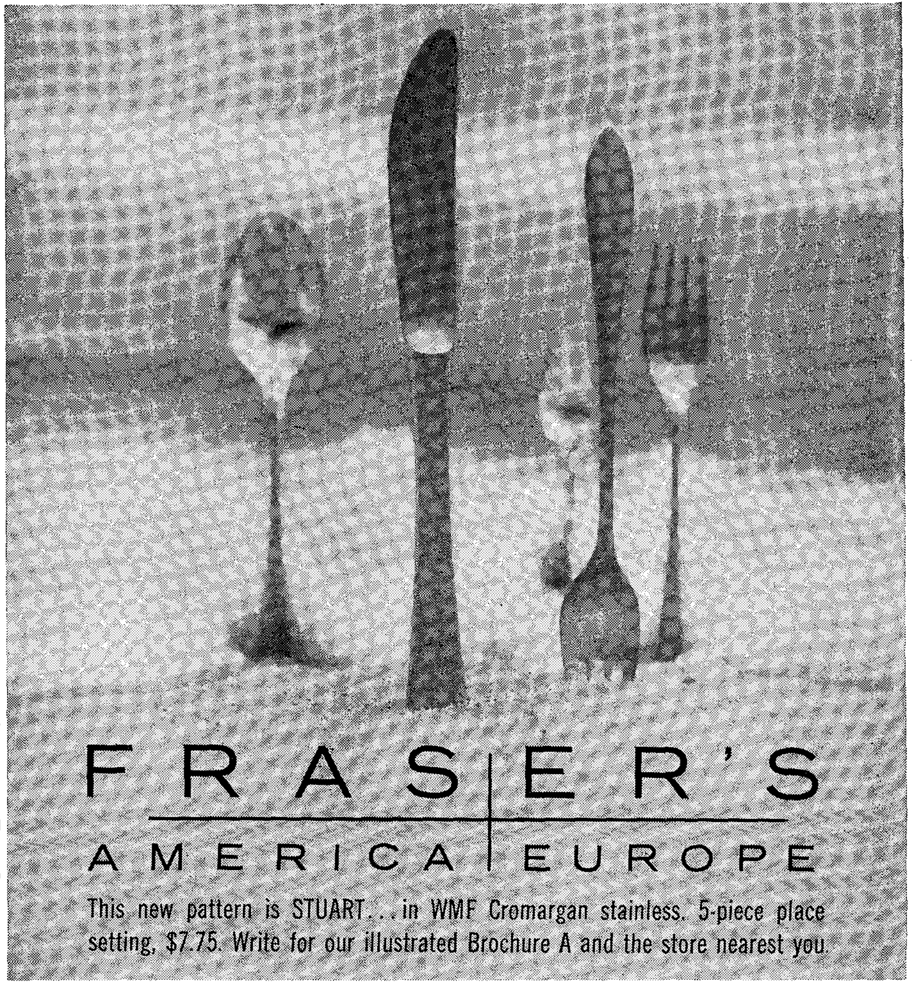

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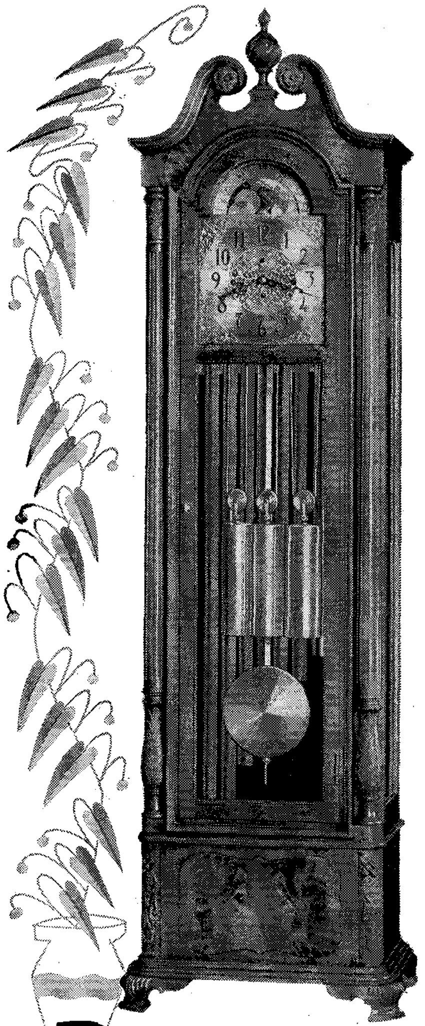

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does enormous lantern skirts, all concealed pleats, with harem hems. One is in black taffeta or gold lamé. Another skirt is full on the hips but flat down the stomach; it's of pink taffeta (both Miss Arden and Count Sarmi have a knack for using baby colors in a knowing way). A short pink satin evening sheath, deeply bloused over a bow low in back, is covered with embroidered pink rosebuds and green leaves. A full-skirted, shimmering dance dress of white organza (with a woven gold pattern involved) has baby-blue satin shoulder straps. For dramatic evenings, black point d'esprit with chenille dots makes a full skirt that is short in front and down to the floor in back; a strapless black velvet top, cut very low in back, completes this. For sirens, there's a black velvet dress with an easy, rounded floor-length skirt, long lace sleeves, and lace over nude chiffon descending to the waist in back. Another long-sleeved beauty in a semi-sheer black lace has a high neck, a huge white satin bow across the chest, and a fishtail train. . . . Bernard Newman (Bergdorf only) is noted for his suave black silk crêpe or wool costumes—dresses with lowish cocktail necklines and snug jackets—and he has made plenty more of them. What is new this year, though, is his use of a very fine and primly printed challis. This makes masses of charmers, among them an oval-necked, short-sleeved dinner dress that can add a two-tone chiffon panel to descend to the floor. . . . Irene (only at Gunther Jaeckel) still turns out those long, long suit jackets, come what may, and for evening she is either completely candy box or completely Theda Bara. In the first category, there is a semifitted sheath of white net with pink-and-white ribbon making an allover lace pattern. This is worn with a pink net stole over a white crêpe fitted slip. In the vamp category, there's a slinky black sheath slashed up the left side to the knee. The high-necked top is of nude chiffon covered with lace; this transparency extends *below* the bust in front and to the waist in back. . . . Hattie Carnegie's ready-to-wear customers admire Carrie Munn clothes, particularly her black faille coat-dress types with flaring circular skirts and fly fronts. A new temptress has red grosgrain ribbon slanting outward from each side of the waist to the hem, but it's concealed by a fold and shows, in a tantalizing way, only when the wearer moves. Hattie Carnegie's salon, needless to say, admires clothes by Carnegie, Inc. And so does Lord & Taylor, especially the knit

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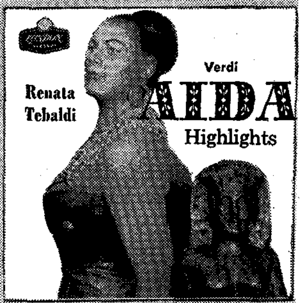

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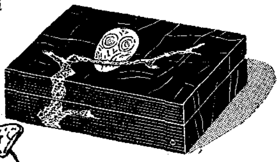

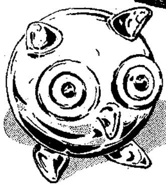

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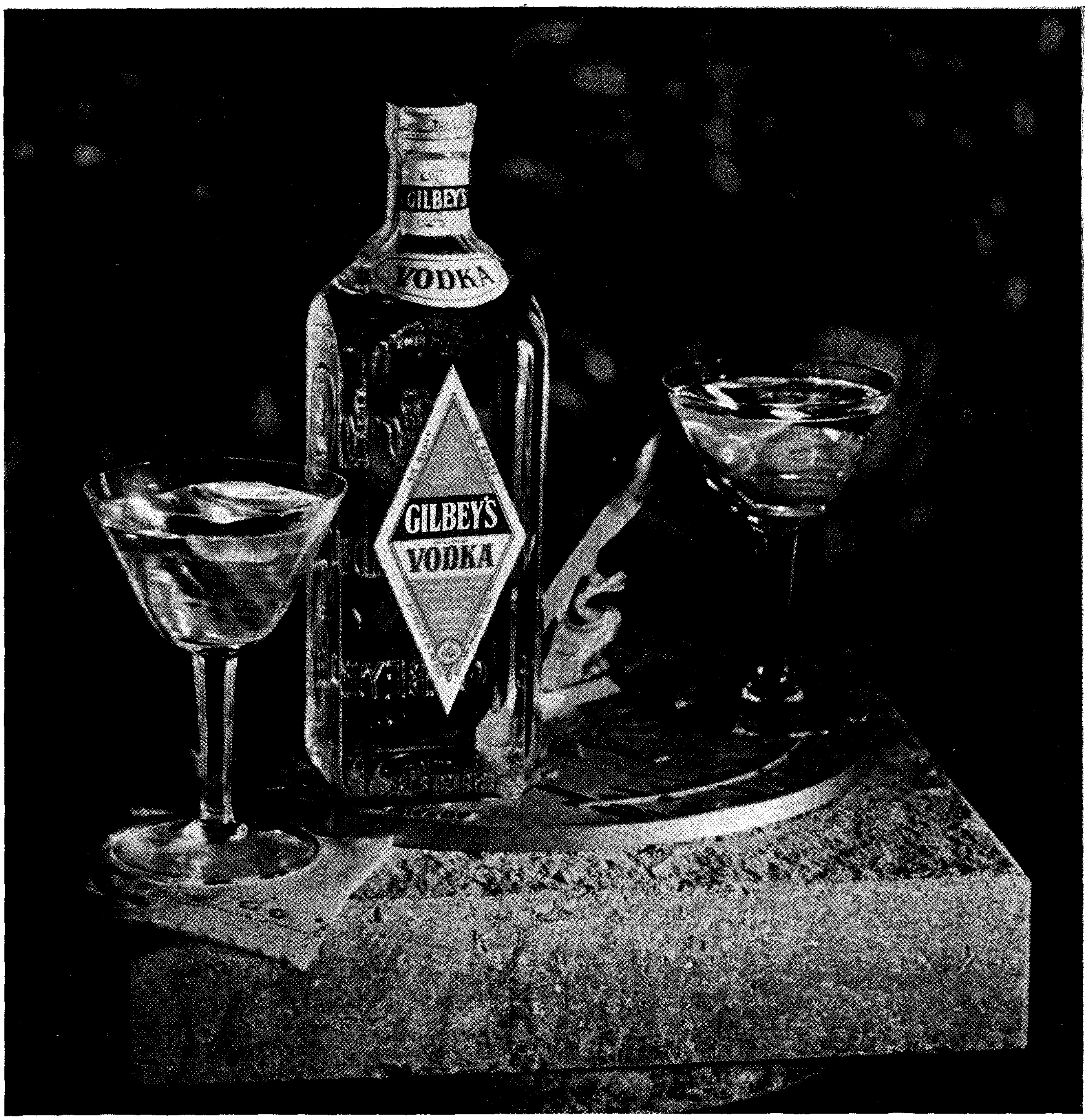

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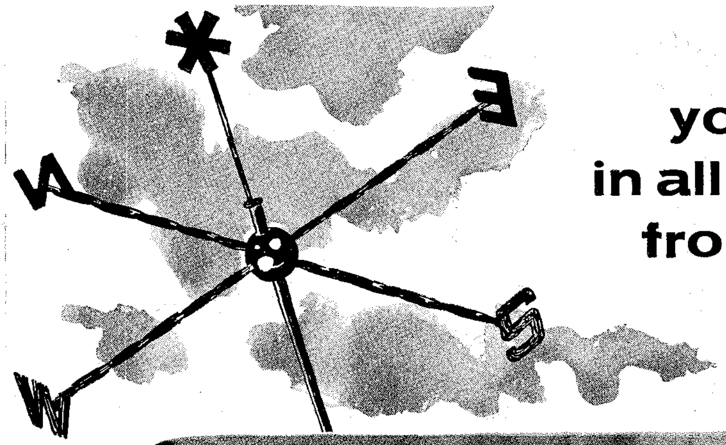

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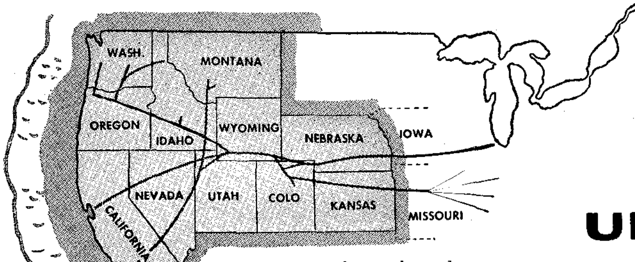

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dresses. One of taupe or black with a double-breasted, fake-two-piece top has a straight skirt and a notched collar. That's all there is to it, dears. It was at the Carnegie shop, though, that I saw two terrific coats. One is of green-and-red checked blanket wool—straight in back, with the checks running diagonally, and a hint of an Empire waistline in front, where the checks run up and down. The other is a perfect black velvet cocktail coat with three rhinestone buttons high on the chest. The same type of cut—semifitted and high-waisted-looking in front and a straight back.

And this ought to be enough to keep even the intercontinental set busy the rest of this season. —LOIS LONG

•

BACKS TO THE ENGINE

Sitting with backs to the engine,
We are not conscious of the future
Menacing us, of harsh mountain,
Long tunnel, and strange terminus,
Only of a present that diminishes
Into blue distance, where horses
Graze in the paddocks of the sun.

From those who are looking back
Nothing is stolen. So we enjoy
A wholly quiescent mood, in which
It is not we who move but fields
And horses, and the twelve stations
We cannot stop at, each a stage
On our enforced journey in time.

Hidden from us, the blue diesel
Bears us through autumn orchards
Tolerant of winter, by deserted
Playgrounds where a pensioner sits
Waiting for the dismissal bell.
What disturbs us is not speed
But loss of it—this slackening

Of the landscape. If prematurely
We reach for our luggage, the end
Postpones itself, and we've time
To ponder, before we step out
Under that clouded span of glass,
Whether our arrival presupposes
A fresh directive and departure.

—F. PRATT GREEN

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"But to place a man in a multistage rocket and project him into the controlling gravitational field of the moon, where the passenger can have scientific observation, perhaps land alive, and then return to earth—all that constitutes a wild dream worthy of Jules Verne."—*Dr. Lee DeForest quoted in the Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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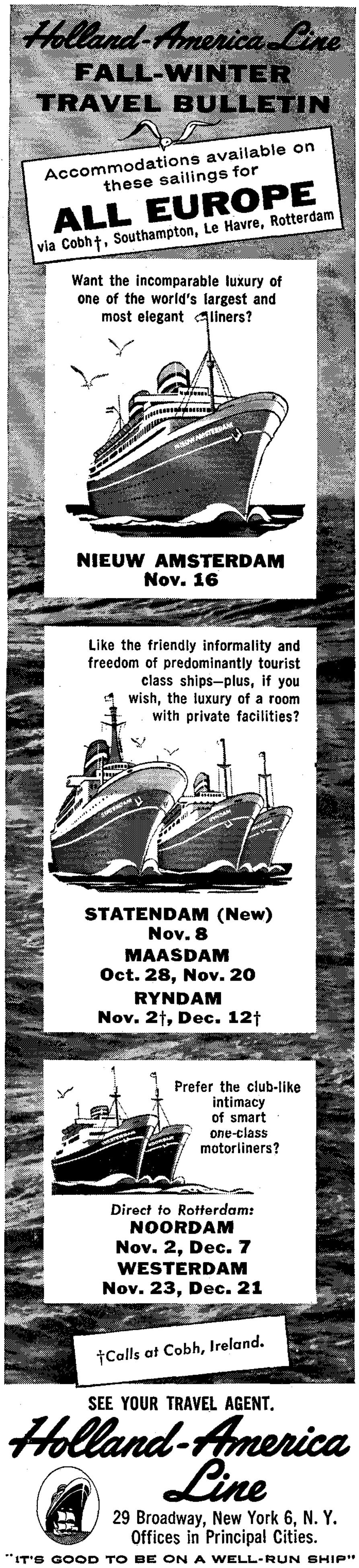

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A LITTLE BRAHMS, A LITTLE BEER

"OH, George, wait a minute. I want to speak to you."

George Donnelson, assistant professor of music, paused on his way up the steps of the music building of Stafford College, and waited for Rudy Adams, of the Biology Department, to join him. He pulled up the collar of his topcoat, because it was a raw, windy afternoon.

"We're meeting tonight at Carlotta's," Rudy said as he came up. He and George were members of an amateur string quartet.

"*Carlotta's?*" George said indignantly. "We met there last week and the week before."

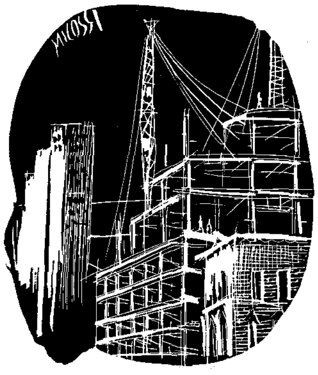
"But you know how much her parents like to hear us play. I told her we'd come."

"Well, I won't be there. For God's sake, why does the only violist in town have to be a woman who whispers and tiptoes around like— like the proprietor of an antique shop? She's too much for me."

"Oh, come on. You will come, won't you? I'm bringing the Shostakovich quartet. I'd like to run through it, if we have time."

George took out his pipe, and scowled as he tried, unsuccessfully, to light it in the wind. Finally, he said, "The quartet has a big second-violin solo for you. *That's* it!"

"You're not being fair." Rudy's face, which was round and pink, grew a shade pinker. "It's a very fine work, and you know it. Look, I saw the Old Man a while ago, and he's coming."



The Old Man was their nickname, used privately, for Kurt Oppenheim, head of the German Department, who was the cellist of the quartet. He was about twenty years older than George and Rudy.

"But Carlotta!" George said, still indignant. "And all I ask is just some good Brahms and a cold bottle of beer."

Rudy laughed.

"It's no joke," George said. "I'm serious. She really does get on my nerves."

"She's very fond of you," said Rudy, grinning. "And her parents are, too."

"It's no joke," George said again, and started on up the steps.

"See you at Carlotta's at eight!" Rudy called after him. "And I'll bring the Shostakovich."

AT eight o'clock, George got out of his car in front of Carlotta Lindsey's house, which was at one end of the campus, behind the science building. Her father was a retired professor of mathematics. It was raining in enormous drops, and George had his violin and music under his raincoat. A folded music stand was in one raincoat pocket, weighing him down heavily on that side. He rang the bell, and while he waited, rain collected on his hatbrim and overflowed in cascades down his nose. "Damn it," he said, jerking his head ferociously. He was already sorry that he had come. Just then, Carlotta opened the door and peered out. By clutching his middle and walking stiff-legged, George was able to get inside without dropping his violin or music.

"Why, it's George!" Carlotta said, with a sort of hushed reverence. "And you're wet! Now, just let me take care of everything." With many pats and a good deal of tiptoeing about, she managed to relieve him of his wet hat and coat, and his violin, music, and stand.

George walked into the living room, where a fire was burning in the fireplace. Rudy and the Old Man were already seated at their stands. Rudy raised a hand in greeting. "*Wie geht's?*" said the Old Man. Life suddenly began to look much brighter to George; he felt caught up in anticipation of the music to come. Professor and Mrs. Lindsey sat in one corner of the room. George went over, greeted them pleasantly, and talked a few moments with Professor Lindsey, agreeing that things were indeed in terrible shape at the college. Mr. Lindsey, it was generally understood, had been on the faculty during a more enlightened era.

Excusing himself, George warmed his hands at the fireplace, and then, taking his seat, half facing the others, he opened his violin case, which Carlotta had brought to him, and tightened his bow. Next, he put on the shoulder pad, and to test its position he picked up his violin and ran through a scale. His tone, he thought, had a nice, meaty sound tonight, and his left hand felt supple. He was eager to begin; perhaps it would be a good evening after all. Carlotta was seated now, frowning as she tuned her C string. Ever since George had known her, there had been trouble with the C-string peg; either it slipped or it stuck, and usually it required much discussion. But tonight she said nothing about it. Even if she had, George wouldn't have cared. In his mind, he was hearing delightful snatches of Mozart quartets. "Well," he said, and he beamed at Rudy and the Old Man, and at Carlotta, too. "Let's get down to business. Shall we warm up with a little Haydn? I brought the Brahms quartets for later, if it's all right with the rest of you. And," he added generously, "Rudy brought the Shostakovich."

"Really!" Carlotta looked at Rudy coyly, as if this were a very daring thing to do. "Shostakovich!"

"We begin with Papa Haydn?" asked the Old Man, going through the stack of music at his feet. "'Berühmte'?"

"'Berühmte.' Number Thirteen? O.K.?" George said.

"O.K.," said the Old Man.

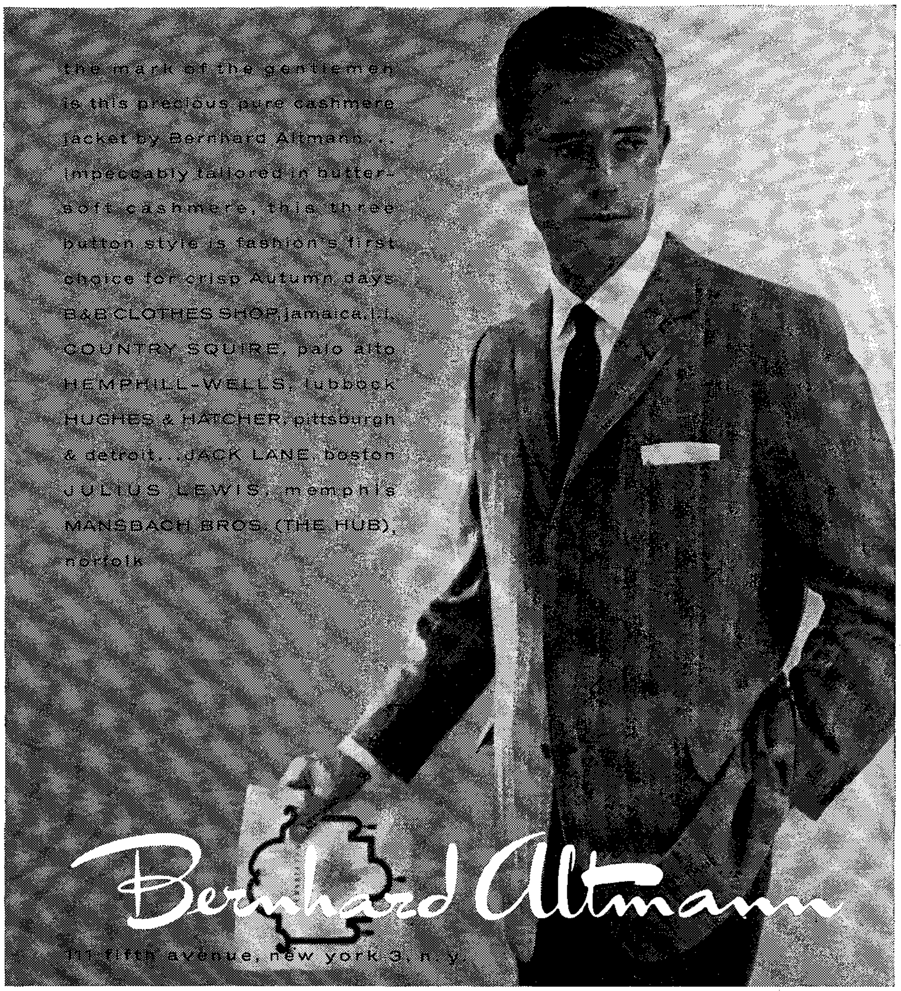
"Have you got the A?" George asked, and sounded the open string. How fine! In a moment, they would really start. He leaned toward the music, feeling like a child waiting in a darkened theatre—only this was so much better, since he was part of the orchestra tuning up, part of the magic world to come.

"Oh, George, I must tell you," broke in Carlotta's whispery voice, and she put the viola down on her knees. "The way you looked, giving the A—it reminded me of an article I read just the other day, a marvellous article all about the temperaments of quartet players. George, it said the first violinist is the leader type, who asserts himself." Carlotta paused, and giggled a little. "And the second violinist is a self-effacing person who wants to conform, and the violist is a champion-of-lost-causes type—you know, George, the viola being the orphan of the orchestra, and all that—and the cellist is the stable, dependable type that others always lean on, and . . ."

George closed his eyes and sat, stony-faced, until Rudy came to the rescue. "Let's play through the Haydn and find out how dependable Kurt is," Rudy said.

Carlotta finally raised her viola to her shoulder. Then three pairs of eyes watched George for the signal, and they began.

Not a bad beginning, thought George. Sturdy and bright. No non-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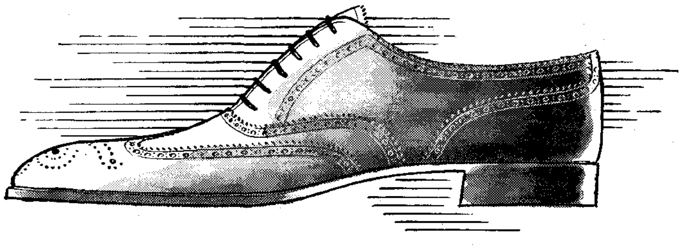
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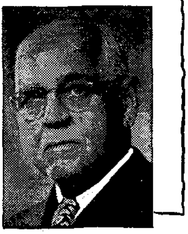

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sense about avoiding the obvious. Four beats in the measure, and there they are—boom, tick, tick, tick—in the cello, viola, and second fiddle. And the quick, lilting phrase—it flies in the air between the two violins and then darts to the other two instruments. The *sforzandos*, just pinpricks, really—one shining bubble is burst and another is tossed into the air. What a fine second violinist Rudy is—such an ear for matching a phrase. It's a pleasure to sit next to him. And the solid beat of the Old Man's playing—his cello tone is like good ground beneath your feet. But Carlotta. Why must she make those atrocious scoops of sound? And yet technically she's good. Incomprehensible. George smiled, remembering that Rudy had said she probably had all her time free for practicing when she was young, and that accounted for the glib technique.

The movement came to an end squarely on the tonic chord. George brought his bow back up to the string, hoping they could go on to the next movement without a break. Carlotta smiled at him sweetly and laid her viola across her knees. "If anyone would like a little bite of something before we go on . . ."

"That's right," said Mrs. Lindsey. "Carlotta made some very special cookies for tonight."

"Such gifted hands," murmured the Old Man, avoiding George's eyes.

"Oh, not really," Carlotta whispered.

"I hate to sound impolite," said George, his voice carefully controlled, "but I'd like to go on. Couldn't we have the cookies later?"

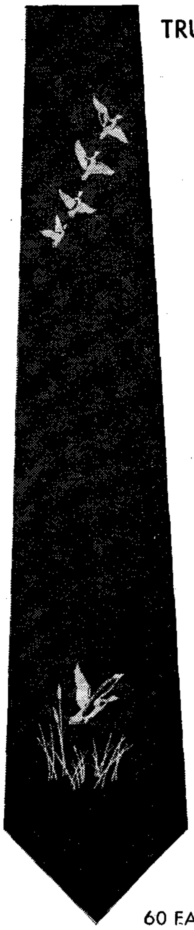
"How about you, Rudy? Kurt?" Carlotta asked.

The Old Man shrugged, saying "Why not finish the quartet?" Rudy nodded agreement.

With Carlotta subdued, they completed the Haydn without incident and then started the Shostakovich. Carlotta did a fine job of sight-reading the viola solo in the opening of the second movement, and George was surprised into saying "Bravo!"—which flustered her so much that she had to stop and begin again. They decided to skip the third movement until they got a chance to work on their parts, but they ended up the last movement in great style.

"How about trying some of the Brahms right now?" George said. "We all sound pretty good tonight."

"You are really very fond of Brahms, aren't you, George?" said Mrs. Lindsey. "Do you know, when I



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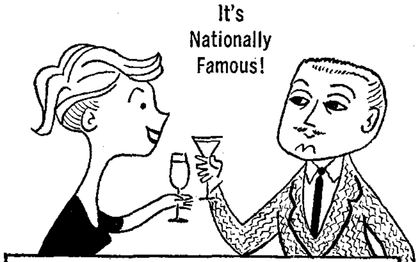
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was a very little girl—oh, a tot, really—I was taken to someone's home in Vienna to hear him play. I'll never forget it." Mrs. Lindsey shook her head sadly, as though the news of his death had just reached her.

George almost dropped his bow in his excitement. "You did hear him, really? But you've never mentioned it! What did he play? Did you speak to him? What was he like?"

"Well, I'll never forget," Mrs. Lindsey said. "He had soup stains on his suit. Oh, I don't know what he played—I suppose Schumann, or something like that—but I can still see those stains on his suit. And his beard looked a little grimy to me. Well, I was just a child."

Rudy abruptly turned his back to them all and was seized with a violent coughing fit.

"Cocoa, everybody?" Carlotta, who had slipped from the room while her mother was talking, now tiptoed in with a tray. "I'm afraid there won't be time for the Brahms. It's a little late, but we can have a nice chat over our drink. George, I *must* talk to you about the Shostakovich. Now, don't be a naughty boy and leave before your cocoa, the way you did last week," she finished archly, and after passing the tray around she settled down in a chair next to him.

THREE days later, Rudy telephoned him at the music building. "George," he said, "I've got good news."

"We're going to get a raise at last?"

"No, no—listen. There's a new violist in town—a good one!"

"What?"

"Her name is Poldi. Braddock, over in Chemistry, called me about her. She's some relation of his, and she's here to work as a secretary, or something, for a year or two. After that, she's going to New York to look for an orchestra job."

"You're not kidding?"

"No, I'm not. She's a refugee—she used to be in the Berlin Philharmonic."

"Ha!"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

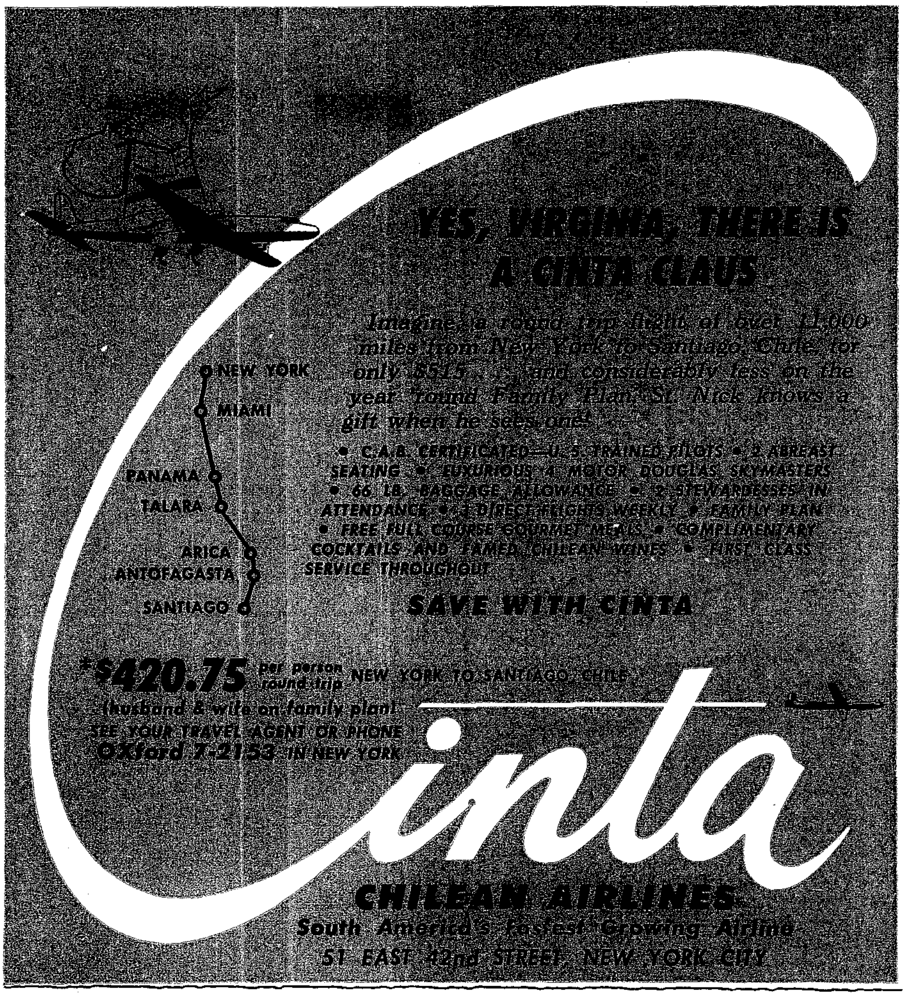
"I know of twelve different people who say they were concertmaster of the Berlin Philharmonic. It must have been a ten-thousand-piece orchestra."

"Well, do you want to play or don't you?"

"Sure I do. Let's play tonight."

"All right. I'll check with the Old Man. If you don't hear from me, it's on. Can we play at your place?"

"My boy, I'll go home now and put



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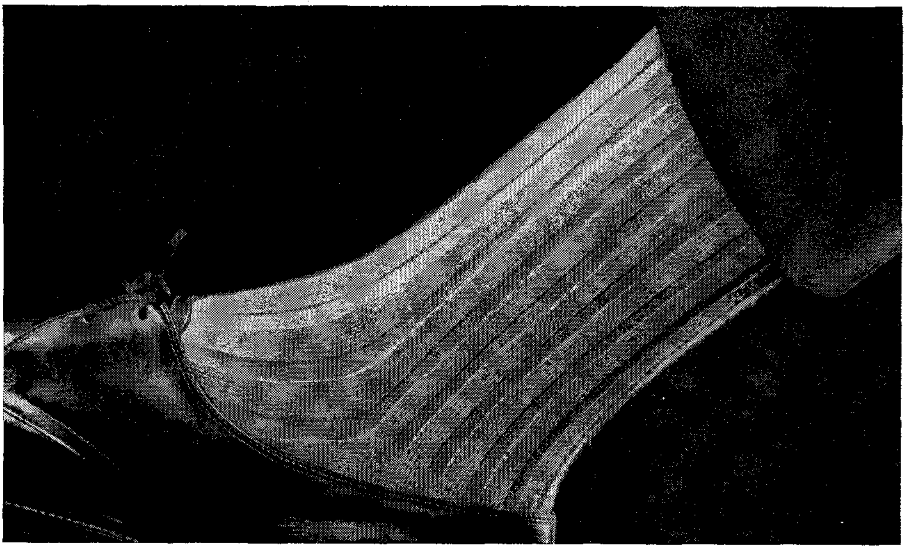

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the beer in the refrigerator. Eight o'clock, as usual."

AT seven o'clock, in the large, old-fashioned living room of his apartment, on the north side of the campus, George began setting up the music stands. When he had finished, he moved the big floor lamp into the middle of the room and brought four straight chairs from the dining room. Then he spread a white cloth on the dining-room table and set out glasses, a straw basket filled with crackers and rye bread, and a platter of Münster and Roquefort. How right everything looked! He glanced at his wristwatch. There was plenty of time to browse through his chamber music and decide what to put on the stands. Returning to the living room, he got his albums from the corner bookcase. He smiled as he went through them. Mozart to begin, of course. And then Brahms. By all means, Brahms. And, to finish, Ravel or the Debussy. They hadn't done either one in a long time. He put the Mozart music on the stands. There was still some time left, and, taking his violin from the top of his battered upright piano, he went through a few exercises. His hands seemed rather stiff and cold. He was starting over, more slowly, when the doorbell rang, and the Old Man came in with Rudy.

George greeted them, and then asked, "Where's the new girl?"

"Oh, she'll be along," Rudy said. "I called her at Braddock's house and offered to pick her up, but she said not to bother. I gave her your address."

The Old Man looked approvingly at the floor lamp in the center of the room. "Plenty of light. That's what I like," he said.

After disposing of their hats and coats, the two men took their instruments out of their cases, tightened and rosined the bows, and sat down at their stands. Rudy tried a few bars of music.

"I wish she'd get here. What's her name—Poldi?" George said. "You know, I'm beginning to work up a little enthusiasm now. I think we ought to branch out—get some more music. Do you realize we don't have a single Bartók quartet?"

The doorbell rang, and George went to the door and opened it. A big girl, with lively coloring and a thick braid of black hair, stepped briskly into the room. "So—I am Poldi," she said, and George noted gratefully that her voice, far from being a whisper, was loud and

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clear. She shook his hand firmly. He took her viola and her coat, and there were introductions all around. "His voice I have heard on the telephone," said Poldi, nodding toward Rudy. Then she slowly looked around the room. "It is charming, charming," she announced. "There is something European about it." She smiled warmly at George, who felt flattered. "And now I must say one thing," she went on. "I hope you will all please forgive my very poor English." The men hastened to assure her that her English was remarkably good. "You are very kind," she said, smiling again. "Then I do not hesitate to express myself."

She sat down, tuned her viola quickly, and turned to the music on the stand. Then she frowned. "I see you have put out Mozart. But it is a mistake everyone makes to begin with Mozart. He is so— so transparent. Everything comes through, everything is heard. We put him at the end—yes? Like a piece of fresh fruit at the end of a rich meal."

George was charmed. How right she was. He had simply never stopped to think it through. No doubt of it, these European women had something—individuality, that was it. American women all wore the same makeup, the same clothes, even the same mental attitudes. Here was a real person.

Poldi removed the Mozart from her stand and took the music that George handed her. "But why, why do we play Brahms tonight?" she cried. "All that *Weltschmerz!* All that heavy, heavy Hungarian passion! You can feel the thick boots of the peasant when you play Brahms. No. We do *not* play this. No." She shook her head with terrible finality. "We must play Beethoven. Opus Eighteen."

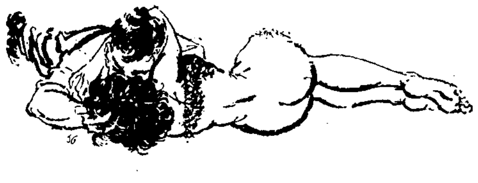
"Well, all right," said George, a little bewildered. "I'll look for the music."

"Look for the music!" she almost shrieked. "*This* is the backbone of the quartet repertoire—you should know these quartets from memory. In Berlin, we play them from memory always. *Ach,* you American musicians! So superficial, always sight-reading, always new music, and nothing goes in the mind"—she clapped a hand to her head—"and nothing goes in the heart." Here she thumped her chest with a clenched fist.

George, who had found the Beethoven, quickly handed out the music, hoping to quiet her down by being agreeable. "Say," he said brightly. "If anyone would like some beer to

"THUNDERBOLTS and LIGHTNING!"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

LOOK BACK IN



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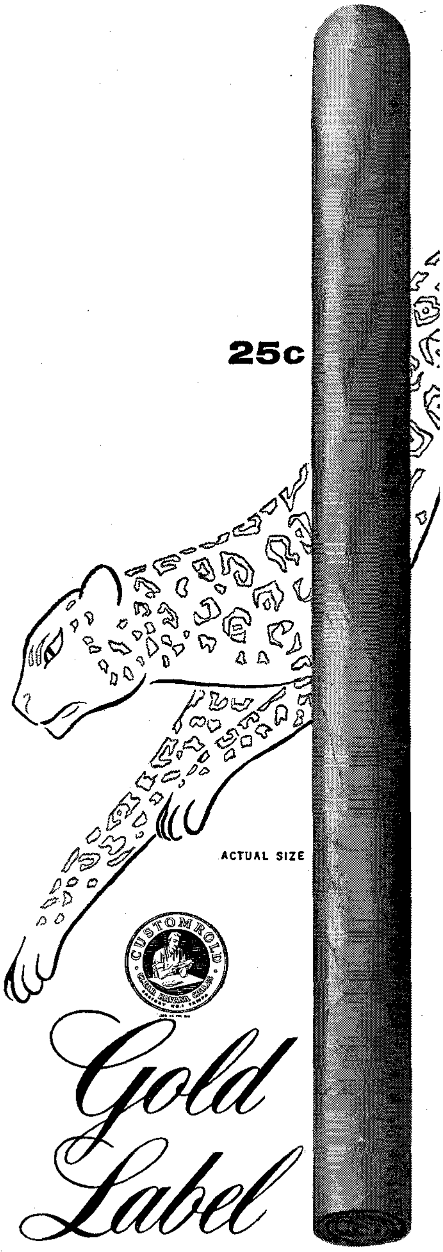

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drink during the rests, I've got some in the kitchen."

"Beer! Beer!" exclaimed Poldi. "There is no time for this. The drinking and the talking we do another time—now we come together to make music. And now"—her voice became low and husky, and she leaned forward as if to impart some grave prophecy—"now we make *real* music. You will see."

George shuddered. His fingertips felt very cold. He knew he was going to play abominably, but he gave the signal and they started.

As he played, it seemed to him that everything except Poldi had moved far away from him. The Old Man at his cello, Rudy, the music on the stands—all had receded into a hazy other world. He seemed to be trapped with her in this very instant. His right arm moved mechanically up, down, up, down, while Poldi, who had stopped playing after the first eight bars, stamped her foot to the beat and conducted with her bow, using it to cue in each of the parts. "Now, now, now!" she cried, with the fury of a Valkyrie. George almost missed a note in a brief solo passage. "*That's* right, *that's* right," she sang, never losing a beat. "Now! La-*dee*-da-da-*dee*-da-da. Ve-ry good."

—SARI MAGAZINER

•

OUR FORGETFUL BIOGRAPHERS

[*From "Dizzy: The Life & Personality of Benjamin Disraeli," by Hesketh Pearson*]

Like so many people who are not wholly indigenous, Disraeli was fonder of England and the English way of life than were the natives of the island. His letters display a keen appreciation of the scenery and the great country-houses, though the average Englishman may have felt that his estimates were expressed too ornately. "Good-bye, my dear Lord," he once said after a visit to Lord Shaftesbury. "You have given me the privilege of seeing one of the most impressive of all spectacles: a great English nobleman living in patriarchal state in his own hereditary halls."

—*Page 134.*

"I detest society really, for I never entered it without my feelings being hurt," he once said; and country-houses were particularly obnoxious, for he had no sympathy with the tastes or pursuits of those who dwelt or stayed in them.—*Pages 180-181.*

•

The blond stripper was grinding to a halt under the blue spot when we walked in and grabbed a table.

There was really no need to grab it, for it was Monday night and there were only three other people in the big room, half of them waiters.—*Pasadena Independent.*

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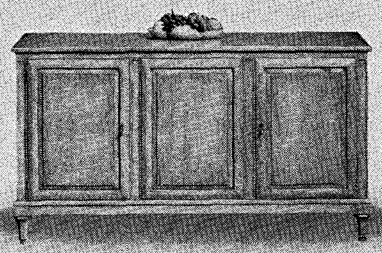

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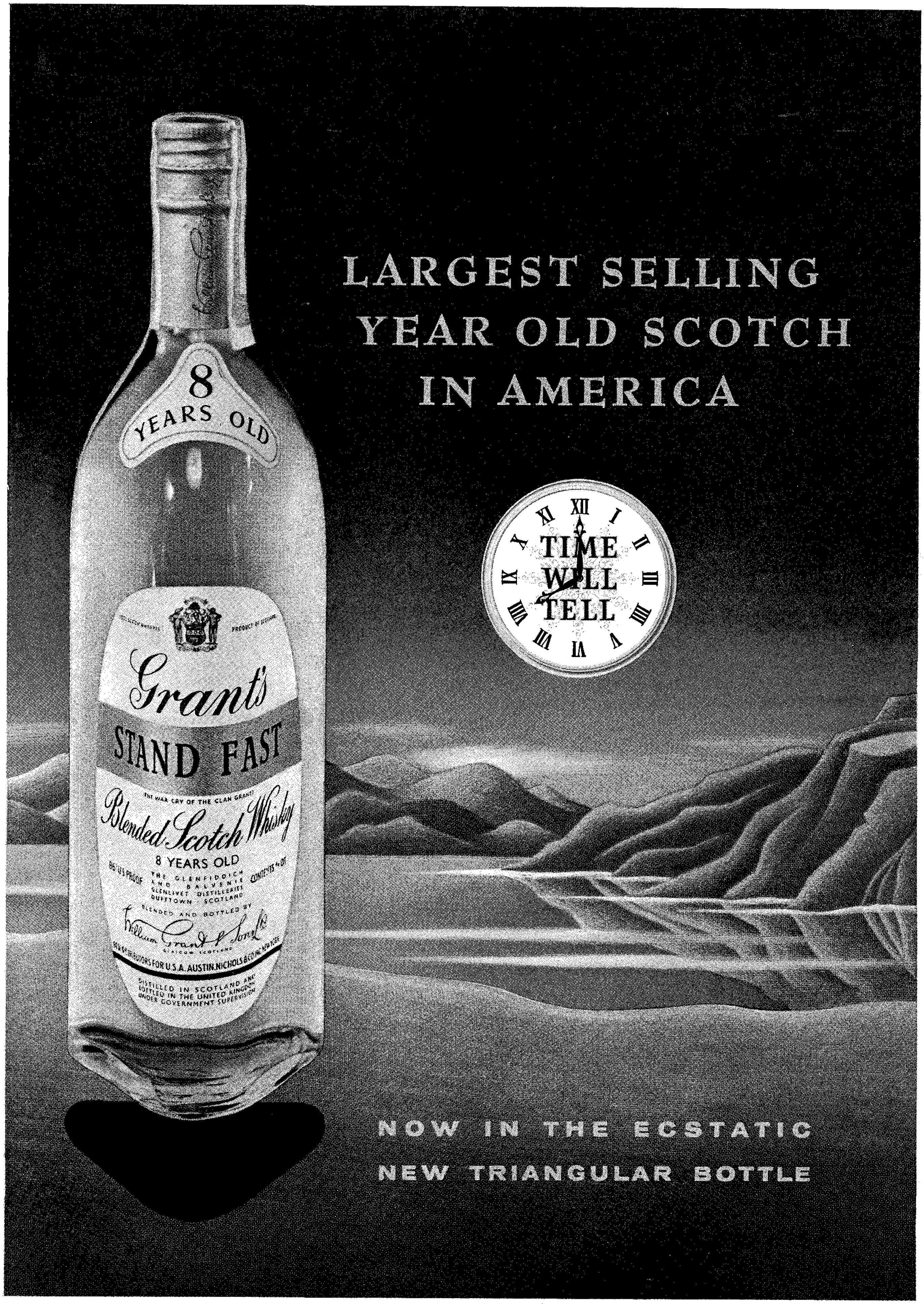
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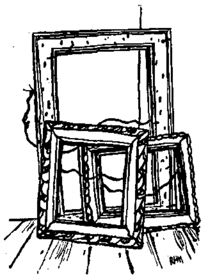
THE ART GALLERIES

Expressionismus über Alles



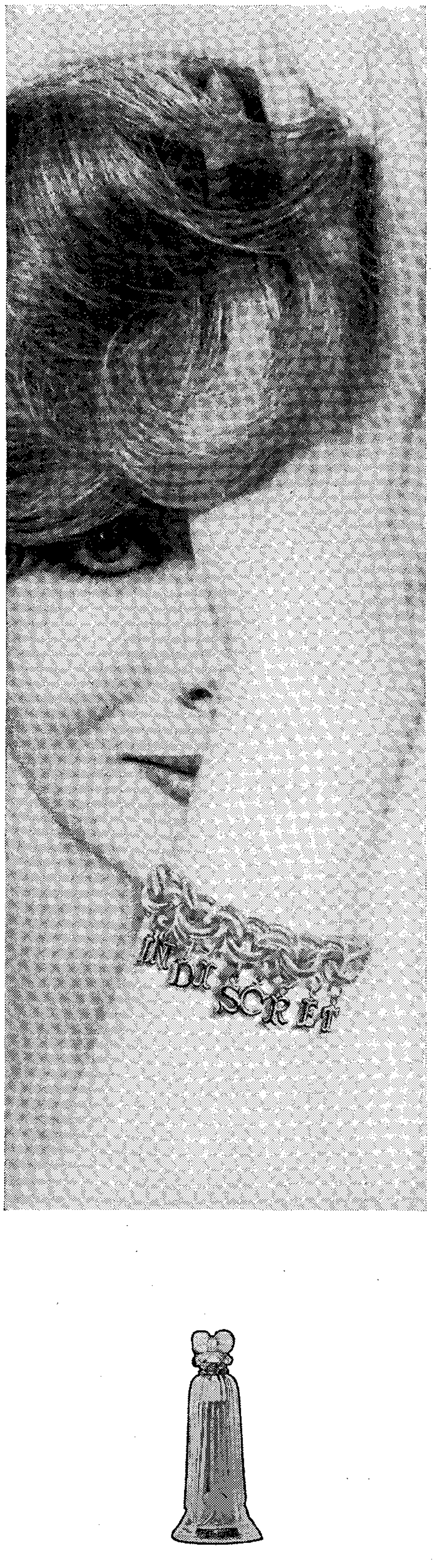
PROBABLY the best test of the validity of an art movement is the strength and the duration of its appeal, and, judged by these standards, German Expressionism must be ranked as one of the most important in all our recent art history. Arising around 1910, both it and the artists who had formed the school were cut off almost immediately from contact with the rest of the world by the First World War. Yet it survived, as it survived both the Second World War and the Hitlerian attacks upon it, and, in fact, it has become a stronger and stronger influence—culminating, of course, in our own Abstract Expressionist school, which is itself a kind of boiling-down to its essentials of the original Expressionist thesis that emotion can be conveyed by the manipulation of sheer color.

Meantime, as an indication of its general appeal, a number of galleries here are featuring either the German Expressionists or their immediate successors, and though these shows figure mainly as an embellishment to the Modern Museum's big loan collection called "German Art of the Twentieth Century," some of them have an attraction outside that. The Viviano, for instance, is showing portraits by Max Beckmann, all done in the twenty-five years before his death, in 1950, and illustrating a side of his production not very well known in this country. Beckmann came toward the end of the true Expressionist era and never went in for the movement's initial flamboyance. His point of view was always calmer and more thoughtful, as his style was closer to the realistic, and although he's known chiefly for his big allegorical paintings, his portraits contain something of their sober, philosophic feeling. I liked particularly his "Quappi with Fur" and the darker, dramatic "Wolfgang Frommel."

It's Expressionism again at both the Borgenicht and World House, though at the latter the term is used rather loosely, to cover a collection that includes—in addition to an ebullient "Self-Portrait" by Ludwig Meidner, among other excellent pieces—works by such men as Matta and Archipenko. At the Borgenicht, I'd cite especially Christian Rohlfs' brilliantly colorful "Sunny Forest" and the group of small, whimsical sculptures of animals by the little-known Ewald Mataré. Emil Nolde, one of the founders and one of the most versatile of the group, is the feature at the New Gallery; note the contrast between the almost savagely handled "Two Russians" and the charming and tender "Blond Child."

I was most taken, though, by the showing of paintings and other works by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, at the Kleemann. Moholy-Nagy, to be sure, was neither an Expressionist nor a German. He was Hungarian by birth, and his associations were with the Bauhaus Group, whose emphasis was on a stricter, more classical design and a more intellectual and orderly approach generally. There were connections, however, and in any case his influence both as an innovator and as a teacher has been tremendous. Walter Gropius, who headed the Bauhaus staff while Moholy-Nagy was there, has compared him with Leonardo, and certainly he showed much the same versatility, being equally at home in painting, sculpture, and architecture, as well as such lesser arts as photography and stage design. At the same time, as the current exhibition reveals, he was experimenting with such then wholly new techniques (this was in the late nineteen-twenties) as paintings and reliefs on aluminum, copper, and other metals, multi-layered paintings, and constructions in transparent plastics, and with other methods and materials now common. But for all its inventiveness, there was a certain dryness about his work that may have robbed it of general appeal; for the moment, at least, he has been passed by, and the present collection is the first one here of any consequence since a memorial, shortly after his death, in 1946. Yet he was a man who will surely be remembered, and such pieces as the wirily active "Space Ch. II," "For CMN," with its delicately traced design, and the small, delightful "Blue Globe" give a hint of the range of the man's capabilities.

WELL! The Modern Museum's big German affair—the first major survey of the subject since 1931—is still the week's headliner, and I'd better get on to it if I'm ever going to. Big it is (the list runs to a hundred and seventy-eight items, including oils, sculptures, and graphics, by forty-two



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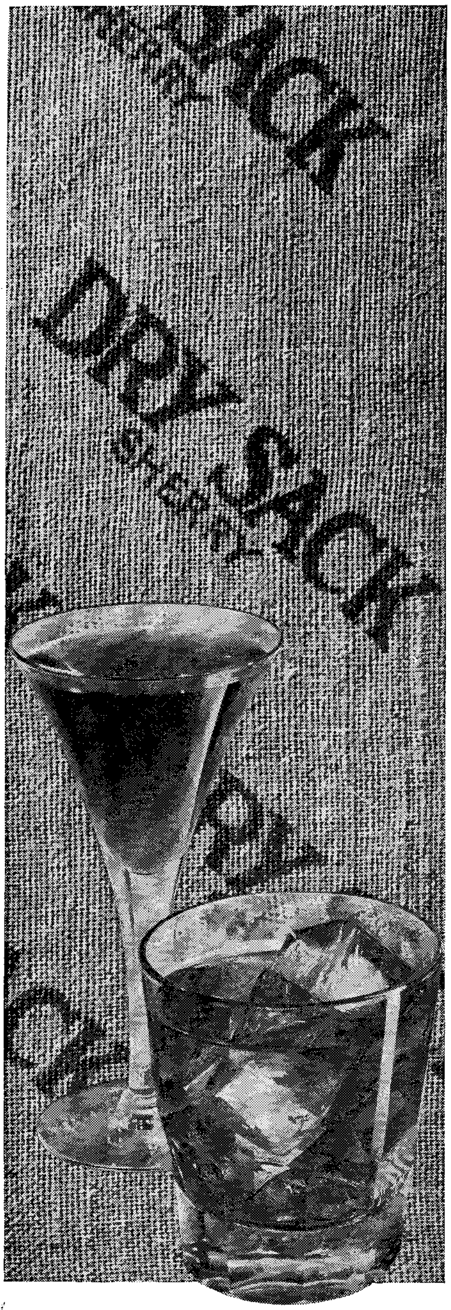

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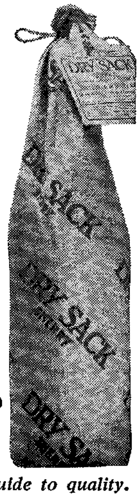

artists), and since the aim is to cover the whole field of twentieth-century German art, its range extends well beyond Expressionism to include on the one hand the now almost forgotten but talented precursor of the style, Paula Modersohn-Becker, and on the other hand such later developments as the New Realism of George Grosz, Otto Dix, and others, the mergings of this with Dadaism and even the beginning of Surrealism, and the impact of these and other foreign influences on such men as Kandinsky, Klee, Kurt Schwitters, and Lyonel Feininger.

In this respect, one of the most interesting things about the show is the opportunity to study the parallels between the German and other European developments at the time. These were many, and diverse. Thus, if the earliest men of Die Brücke and Der Blaue Reiter groups claimed the Norwegian Edvard Munch as their model, they must also have seen the works of van Gogh and the other Post-Impressionists. The resemblances between the Fauves and the Expressionists are so clear as scarcely to need mentioning, while the connection between Kandinsky and Franz Marc and the Italian Futurists is almost as unmistakable. The Bauhaus—in its purposes, at least—was as closely related to the Purists in France as to the Dutch De Stijl, and it sometimes seems as if all of Europe (or its artists, at any rate) were not only facing the same problems but finding remarkably similar solutions for them, more or less simultaneously.

Yet there are differences in temperament about the Germans—a certain sombreness, a kind of Northern sinewiness of temper—that set them apart from the others. These qualities show up best in the Expressionists, giving their work a depth and bite that Fauvism, for all its greater felicity, never had, and it's these that make their section the best in the show. It's about as comprehensive a survey of the school as could conveniently be got together. Not only all the famous members are included—Marc, August Macke, Nolde, and so on, all with fine pieces. (See particularly Macke's lovely, summery "Girls Under Trees" and Nolde's savagely stern "Three Russians.") Many less well-known men are included as well, like Erich Heckel, Karl Schmidt-Rottluff, and Otto Mueller, and these, too, are excellently represented; indeed, Heckel's cool, blue "A Crystal Day" and Schmidt-Rottluff's "Rising Moon" were to me among the high points of the show. The show,

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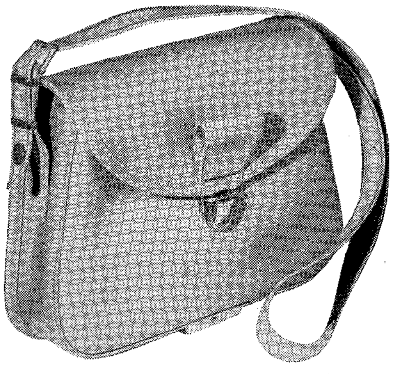

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incidentally, takes us up to the present day, and a lively and informative section is devoted to such contemporaries as Willi Baumeister (see his odd, cabalistic "Homage to Jerome Bosch"), Theodor Werner, Fritz Winter, and others. On leaving here, the exhibition will be seen at the St. Louis Museum.

IT would take a long stretch to link Stuart Davis—now at the Whitney in a loan show summarizing his work—with the Expressionists, and I shan't attempt it. Yet it occurs to me that, just possibly, he wouldn't be painting in such brilliant, flaunting colors if those Germans hadn't opened the way for him. The exhibition, though not overly large (there are fifty-five paintings, ranging from a "Super Table," dated 1925, when the artist was thirty-one, to four that were done only last year), gives a remarkably succinct view of what turns out to have been a more than usually orderly progression. Or is it partly the selection and the arrangement that give that impression? At all events, as I went through the show, I found myself constantly feeling that I was reaching an understanding of the stages of Davis's development—and the reasons for them, too—better than I had before.

Among the first are the Paris pictures—"Place Pasdeloup," "Café, Place des Vosges," etc.—still, in their mixture of precision and elegance, among the best evocations of the city I know, and after that a series, not always so successful, of New York and New England scenes. (Note, though, the superb "Sail Loft" and "The Terminal.") Toward the end of the nineteen-thirties, however, there is a change. It's as if Davis felt too tied to the image, and with "Bass Rocks No. 2" and "Report from Rockport" he breaks away from all traces of the representational—in the latter, particularly, in a real explosion of wriggling, riotous color that in a sense sets the tone for most of his subsequent work. There were failures in the period that followed, mostly in overexuberance and unintegrated design, and it's encouraging to note that from then on he seems to have worked steadily toward a simpler, more concise pattern—to the end, indeed, that most of his later paintings have an authority that had often been lacking. I liked especially "Deuce" (with its exactly symmetrical structure), the bright "Visa," and the small but charmingly balanced "Outside."

—ROBERT M. COATES

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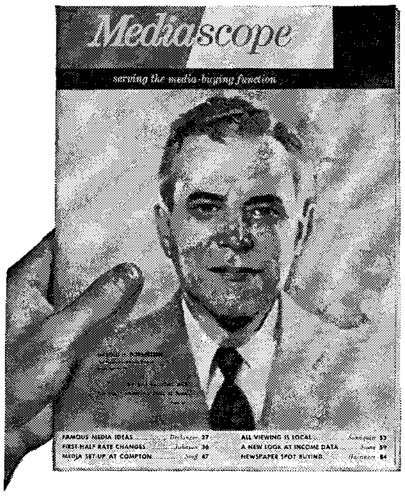

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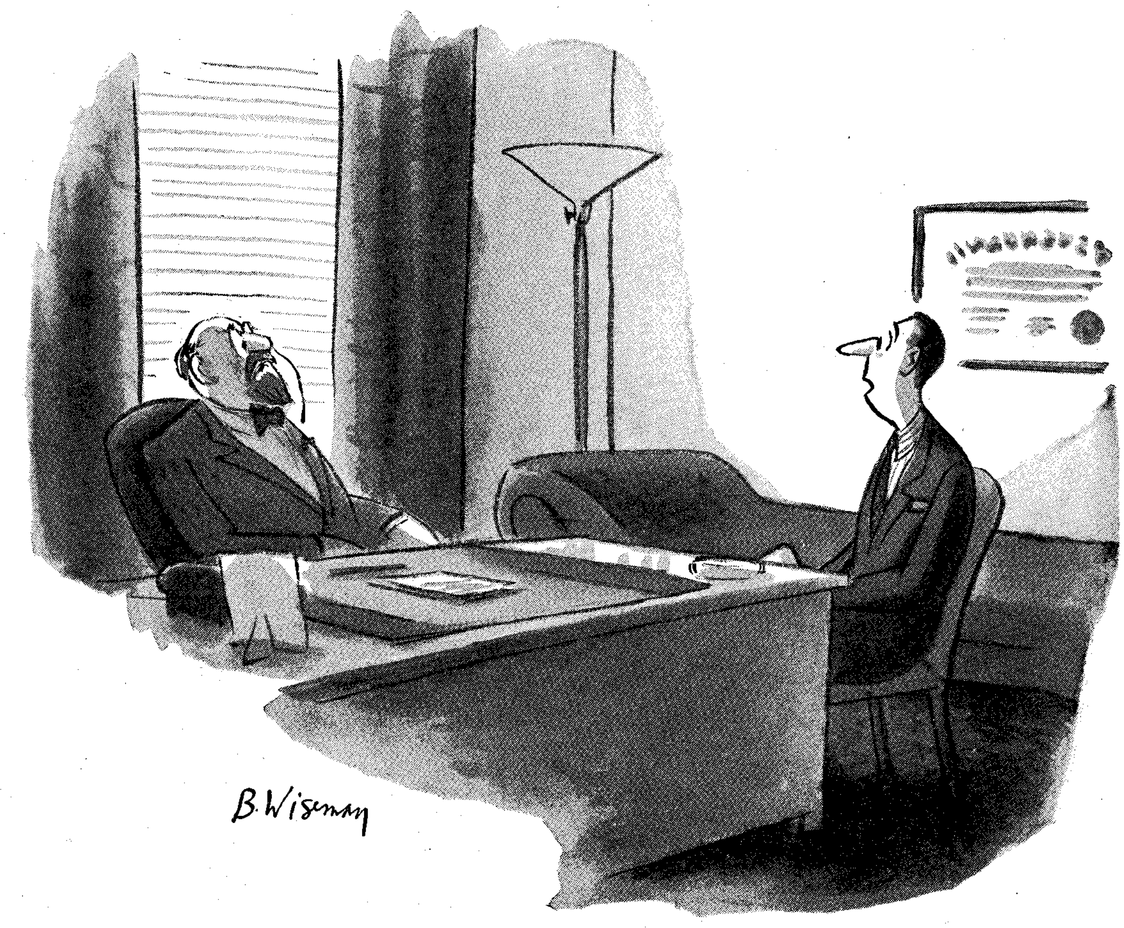
BOOKS

Turgenev and the Life-Giving Drop

THE maiden name of Turgenev's mother was Varvara Petrovna Lutovinova. The family knew little of their ancestry before the beginning of the eighteenth century, but they had since then accumulated a fortune by methods which sometimes amounted to plunder. The family history was full of scandals. When Varvara Petrovna was a little girl, her mother married again and took her to live with her stepfather, a drunken country squire, who beat her and humiliated her in ways that she could not bear to talk about. Varvara's mother was hardly gentler: she made favorites of the daughters of her husband and did nothing to defend her own daughter. Turgenev gave the following account of her to one of his German friends: "The quick-tempered old woman was stricken with paralysis, and spent all her time sitting almost motionless in an armchair. One day she got very cross with the little serf boy who was in attendance on her, and in a fierce fit of anger seized a log and hit him over the head with such force that he fell unconscious on the floor. This sight produced a most unpleasant impression on her: she bent down, picked the little boy up, put him beside her on the big armchair, placed a pillow on his bleeding head, and, sitting down on it, suffocated him." The daughter was unattractive but extremely strong-willed, and she knew that she would inherit the family property. When Varvara Petrovna was sixteen, her stepfather tried to rape her, and she ran away, on foot and half dressed, to the house of an uncle twenty miles away. The uncle took her in, but the atmosphere of the household was not friendly. He kept her under rigorous discipline, and she resented this. By the time she was twenty-six, the relations between them had become so embittered that he threatened to put her out and wanted to disinherit her, but before he had a chance to remake his will, he died of a heart attack.

Varvara Petrovna now found herself the mistress of an enormous property—a number of separate estates, tenanted by thousands of serfs (Turgenev's friend Pavel Annenkov says that she possessed five thousand in the Government of Orel alone)—which she ruled with a brutality which rivalled that from which she herself had suffered. She identified herself with the Czar and referred to her peasants as "subjects." She was not only tyrannical but ogreish. For the slightest deviation from her orders, and sometimes on trumped-up pretexts, she would have her people flogged or ship them off to Siberia—though from this latter fate they were sometimes rescued by neighbors, who took them on their own estates, while Varvara Petrovna's household pretended that her sentences had been carried out. She would not allow her maids to have children, because children interfered with their duties, and they threw their babies into a pond. When two of her favorite servants were married to one another, by her orders and without being consulted, she permitted the wife to have children but made her keep them so far away that the mistress could not hear them crying, in a place to which it was rarely possible for the mother to get to see them. On her removal to Moscow for the winter, the mistress forbade this woman to bring her children along, and when she learned that the girl had dared to disobey, she made a terrible scene, which a member of the household has described: "Varvara Petrovna, hoarse with rage, threw herself out of bed, with one hand seized Agatha by the throat, and with the other it seemed as if she tried to tear her mouth to pieces . . . but immediately let go, and almost falling into the nearest armchair, she had an attack of nerves." She gave orders that the children should be sent back to the country, but they were hidden in a servant's room, where they lived locked up all winter, never allowed to go out, for fear the mistress would see them. On one occasion, when the keeper of the linen was having a



"My problem is this, Doctor. I'm not in tune with the bluebird."

celebration of her "name day," enlivened, as a matter of course and as Varvara Petrovna well knew, by a liberal consumption of vodka, the mistress played on her servants a morbid and ferocious practical joke. She declared herself to be dying and summoned the fifty members of her household and office staffs to pass before her bedside. Pretending to be only half conscious, she noted which servants did not appear and which had a smell of vodka. Then she quickly recovered, demanded tea, and decreed that all these culprits should be punished: "Rascals, drunkards! You were all drunk. You were glad that your mistress was dying! . . . You were drinking and celebrating a name day with your mistress dying!"

There is, of course, in all this the terrible need of a woman who has never been loved to make herself felt by others. She had married a young cavalry officer, of an older and more honorable family, which, however, was going bankrupt. He was handsome and attractive to women, and he had found Miss Lutovinova so repellent that it had been only by his father's going down on his knees and begging him to rescue the family estate, which would otherwise be sold at auction, that he had been persuaded to marry her. He gave Varvara two sons—Ivan and his brother Nikolai—but was continually unfaithful to her. He was allowed by her no power in the household, and he did nothing to protect the children, whom their mother sometimes thrashed every day, for reasons which in some cases were never explained to them. He died when he was forty-one and when Ivan was sixteen. Thereafter, Varvara Petrovna carried on up to the time of her death, when Ivan was thirty-two, a systematic persecution of her children. She had nothing but contempt for writers, and she never forgave Ivan for his interest in literature, which she considered no career for a Turgenev. But by refusing to give him an allowance, she forced him to earn money by his pen and so to become a professional writer, to get published and to prove his competence, earlier, perhaps, than might otherwise have happened. By the time he had inherited property, he had written "A Sportsman's Sketches" and had proved himself already a master of both storytelling and Russian prose.

The content of Ivan's early work is mostly in one way or another a product of his mother's personality. In the stories Turgenev wrote before 1847, when the series of "Sketches" was begun, there is an alternation of two main

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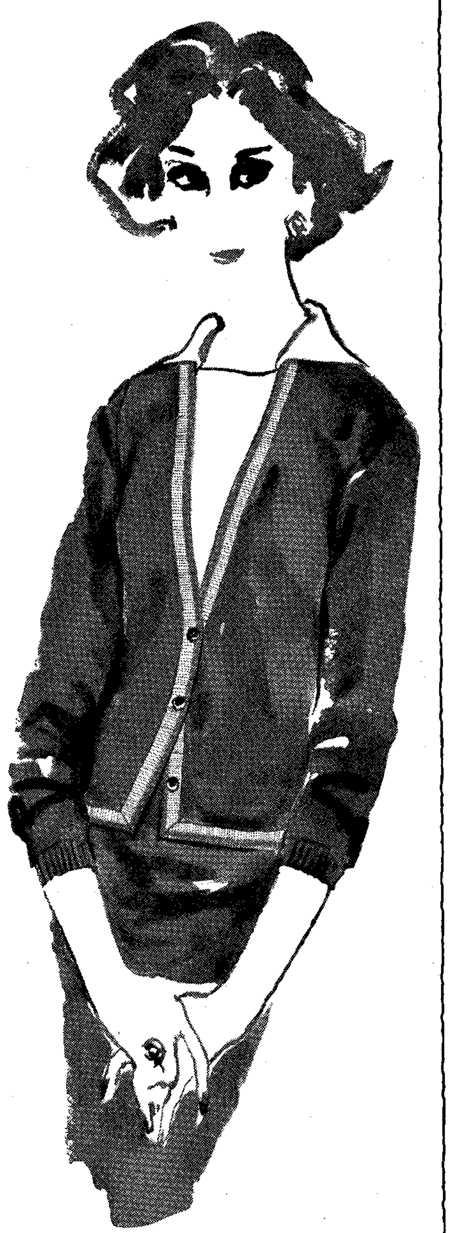

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themes. The salient one is a force of evil so powerful and so audacious that no resistance to it is possible—a force that, as long as his mother was living, appeared in a masculine form. The queer scoundrels of "The Duellist" and "Three Portraits"*—the latter perhaps an episode from the family history, in which the Lutovinovs appear as Luchinovs—seduce and mishandle women and provoke their more decent rivals to duels in which the latter get killed. In the one-act play "The Indiscretion," of 1843, which begins as an amusing comedy, you have the same implacable villain, who bullies and ends by murdering the heroine. This comes as a surprise to the reader, who expects her to extricate herself, and makes the otherwise adroit little piece impossible, one would think, for the stage. Turgenev even added an epigraph, consisting of two lines of dialogue, in which it is shown that this scoundrel was not merely never brought to justice but that he lived to become a respected official.

The complementary theme to this—in "Andrey Kolosov" and "Petushkov"—is the timid or inadequate man who lets the woman down. In "Andrey Kolosov" you have something of both. Andrey wins and drops poor Varya in a selfish, cold-blooded way, and the narrator, who worships Andrey (in slavish imitation of his hero), after winning her, drops her too. Here we find in Turgenev's first story a situation that is to run through all his work and to have its great development in "Fathers and Children": two friends, one ruthless, one shy, who become involved with the same woman. In the case of "A Sportsman's Sketches," the whole impact of the book is a protest against the antiquated system of serf-holding that Varvara Petrovna stood for: without explicit sympathy for the serfs or overt condemnation of the masters, the latter are played off against the former. In this book, Turgenev invented what was really a new genre. He had been able to learn from Pushkin, whom he took for his master, the trick of evading the censorship by telling a story in such a way as to make it convey its moral without any explicit statement, and he was the first Western writer of fiction to perfect the modern art of implying social criticism through a narrative that is presented objectively, organized economically, and beautifully polished in style. The stories of Mérimée—many of them written be-

---

*Except for the spelling of proper names, I give the titles in Constance Garnett's translations, unsatisfactory though these sometimes are.

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fore Turgenev's—are distinguished by these three qualities, but so were the short stories of Pushkin and those of Lermontov's "A Hero of Our Time." The following dates will give some idea of the way in which this form was developed: Pushkin's "Tales of Belkin," 1831; Mérimée's "Mosaïque," 1833; Lermontov's "A Hero of Our Time," 1840; "Andrey Kolosov" (Turgenev's first prose short story), 1844; Mérimée's "Carmen," 1845; the first of "A Sportsman's Sketches," 1847. But no prose tale before Turgenev attempts, through sheer technical precision, not merely to tell a story but also to hit on the head a social and moral nail. "Madame Bovary" was not begun till 1851 and not published till 1857. "A Sportsman's Sketches" appeared as a book in 1852.

Varvara Petrovna Turgeneva ignored Ivan's stories as they came out in periodicals, and in her last years she worked herself up into paroxysms of hatred against both her sons. Nikolai had outraged his mother by marrying her German *femme de chambre*, and Varvara refused to receive his wife. The most she would do to recognize that a marriage had taken place was to direct that her little grandchildren be led past the window of her house in order that she might have a look at them. She had at last, however, been induced to give her acceptance of the marriage on condition that Nikolai should resign from his civil-service job in St. Petersburg and come to live in Moscow and manage her property from there. She promised to buy him a house, but after he had picked one out and signed an agreement for it, she did not supply the money, and left him with his furniture on the pavement and his family still in the capital. It was weeks before she made it possible for him to complete the sale of the house, and then, when he had moved to Moscow, she compelled him to spend every day with her from eleven o'clock in the morning to three or four in the afternoon, and would not supply him with further funds, so, once he had spent what he had got for the sale of his St. Petersburg place, he had no way of keeping up his establishment. Ivan was living in Paris. It had made him so unhappy to stay at Spasskoye (the estate on which his mother chose to live), on account of her crushing cruelty and his powerlessness to do anything about it—since she received his appeals with indignant scorn—that he preferred to go away and forget her. She attempted to make him return by withholding even the small sums of money she had grudg-

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ingly granted before, and when he would not, she vicariously revenged herself. Turgenev had had a daughter by a seamstress who worked for Varvara Petrovna. The little girl was now seven. Varvara Petrovna, on leaving Moscow, where she went for the winter months, took the child away from her mother and sent her to work in the kitchen. On occasions when she was entertaining guests, she would sometimes have the little girl cleaned up and more presentably dressed and brought in to be exhibited to visitors. She would ask them whom they thought she resembled, and when they at once said Ivan Sergeyevich, she would send her back to the kitchen to become the butt of the servants.

Nikolai and Ivan at last decided to have a showdown with their mother. They appealed to her to give them small incomes, so that at least they could know what to count on. She received this request with calm and proceeded to present them with "deeds of gift," which purported to make over to them two of her other estates but which were actually of no value whatever, since she had not had them legally drawn, and had, in the meantime, as they learned, sent orders that all the corn in both places be sold, and the money forwarded to her, so that there would not be a ruble to be got from them or even a grain left for sowing. She mocked her two sons in a nasty scene, handing them the worthless papers and demanding that they thank her for them. "No one," wrote Pavel Annenkov, "could equal her in the art of insulting a man, of humiliating him and making him unhappy, while preserving decorum and calm and maintaining her own dignity." Nikolai kissed her hand and left the room, but Ivan simply got up and went. The next day his mother challenged him; why had he not thanked her? "Do you mean to say you are still dissatisfied with me?" We have an account of what followed from a member of the household who overheard it:

"Listen, Mamma," began Ivan Sergeyevich at last, "let us drop this conversation. Ah, why do you want to renew it?"

"And why do you not want to speak out?"

"Mamma, once more, I beg you, let us drop it—I know how to be silent, but I cannot lie and pretend. Do what you will, I cannot. Do not force me to speak—it is too distressing."

"I don't know what you mean by 'distressing,'" continued Varvara Petrovna harshly, "but I am offended. I do everything for you, and then you are dissatisfied with me!"

"Do not do anything for us. We don't ask you for anything now. Please leave the subject alone—we shall continue to live as we have lived."

"Not as you have lived! You have some property now," Varvara Petrovna continued to urge severely.

"Now, why; tell me why do you say such a thing?" At last Ivan Sergeyevich lost patience. "We had nothing yesterday and we have nothing today, and you know it very well!"

"Why nothing!" cried Varvara Petrovna. "Your brother has a house and an estate, and you have an estate."

"A house! And you know that my brother is too honest to look upon that house as his own. He cannot fulfill the conditions on which you gave it to him. You demand that he shall live in it, but you won't give him anything to live on. He has nothing."

"What? He has an estate."

"He has no such thing! You haven't given us anything, and you won't. Your deeds of gift, as you call them, are not valid; you can take from us tomorrow what you have given us today. Yes, and why all this bother? The estates are yours. Everything is yours. Simply tell us that you don't want to give us anything, and you will not hear a word from us. But why this farce?"

"You are mad!" cried Varvara Petrovna. "You forget to whom you are speaking!"

"But I never wanted to speak. I wanted to be silent. Do you think it was easy for me to say this? I asked you to drop it," and there was such distress in his voice that it seemed as if tears were choking him.

"I am sorry for my brother," he continued, after a short silence. "Why have you ruined him? You allowed him to marry, compelled him to give up the service and remove here with his family. Before this he did manage to live, he lived by his own labor, he didn't ask you for anything, and he was comparatively comfortable then. But here, from the day he came, you have condemned him to a life of misery—you are always tormenting him in one way or another."

"How do you mean? Tell me how?" Varvara Petrovna was aroused.

"In every way." Ivan Sergeyevich was desperate and could not help shouting. "Do you not tyrannize over everybody? Who can breathe freely near you?"—and he strode up and down the room. "I feel that I ought not to be saying this—I beg of you, let us stop!"

"So that is your gratitude for all..."

"Again, Mamma, again, you will not understand that we are not children, and that your behavior is insulting! You are afraid of giving us anything! You think that it would lessen your power over us! We have always been dutiful sons, but you have no faith in anything or anybody. You believe only in your own power! And what has that given you? The right to tyrannize over everybody!"

"So you think that I am wicked?"

"You are not wicked, but I do not know what is going on in your mind, why you should behave in this way. Do examine yourself and remember what you have done."

"What, exactly? To whom have I done wrong?"

"To whom? Who is happy with you? Remember only Polyakov and Agatha [the two servants whose children had been suppressed]—all whom you persecute, exile.

They would all love you, all be ready to lay down their lives for you, if—but you make them all miserable. Yes, and I myself would give half my life if I did not know all this and did not have to say it. They are all afraid of you, and they could love you. . . ."

"Nobody loves me! Nobody has ever loved me! Even my children are against me!"

"Do not say that, Mamma, we are all ready, your children first of all. . . ."

"I haven't any children!" suddenly shouted Varvara Petrovna. "Go away!"

"Mamma!" Ivan Sergeyevich ran to her.

"Go!" repeated Varvara Petrovna still more loudly, and with this word she herself left the room, slamming the door behind her.

The next morning she was handed a letter in which Nikolai announced that Ivan and he were about to move in on their father's estate, the village of Turgenevo. They had obtained a legal authorization and believed that their mother could not dislodge them. Ivan attempted to see her, but, when told that he had presented himself, she "went to her writing table, seized Ivan Sergeyevich's youthful portrait, and threw it on the floor. The glass was smashed to pieces, and the portrait flew against the opposite wall. When the maid came in and wanted to pick it up, Varvara Petrovna cried, 'Leave it,' and so the portrait lay there from the beginning of June to the beginning of the next spring." It should be noted that Ivan was her favorite son, and that she had never been able to forgive him his infatuation with Pauline Viardot, the celebrated Spanish singer, his lifelong admiration and at one time mistress. He now rescued his daughter from the household and sent her to stay with Mme. Viardot, and he never saw his mother again. He and Nikolai moved into Turgenevo, which was only a few miles from Spasskoye. One day, when his mother was absent, Nikolai brought his wife over and showed her around Spasskoye, which she had not seen. When Varvara Petrovna learned of this, she slashed Polyakov in the face with a riding whip, then collapsed and passed into a decline, from which she never recovered. When she was dying, Ivan was summoned, but she had died before he arrived. "May the Lord save us from such a death," he wrote to Pauline Viardot. "She was merely trying to stupefy herself. A short time before she died, she ordered her orchestra to play dance music in the next room. One ought to speak of the dead with pity and with respect, so I shall not say anything further. But since I must tell you what I know and feel, I shall

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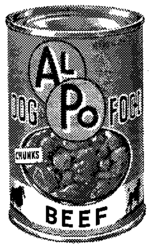

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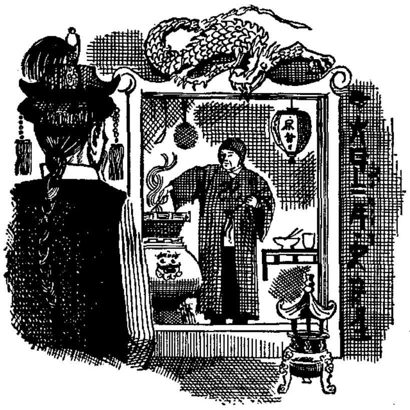

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mention one thing more: my mother thought of nothing else in her last months except (I'm ashamed to say) of ruining us—my brother and me. In her last letter to the manager of her estates, she gave him clear and precise orders to sell everything for a song—if need be, to burn everything! . . . And yet I feel that it could have been so easy for her to have made us love her." And later, when he had read her diary: "What a woman, my dear friend, what a woman! I could not close my eyes all night. May the Lord forgive her for everything! But what a life! Truly I am deeply shocked. Yes, yes, we must be good and just, if only in order not to die as she died."

This story is told in "Turgenev, a Life," by David Magarshack (Grove Press), a not definitive or brilliant but a competent and readable biography, and in "The Turgenev Family," by Varvara Zhitova (Harvill Press, London), which, though published first in Russia in 1884, just after Turgenev's death, has only recently been translated into English. Varvara Zhitova was a child of poor parents, who had been adopted by Varvara Petrovna a few days after her birth. Her picture of the Turgenev household is already bad enough, but it is made even worse when we learn from a letter of Ivan's to Pauline Viardot, written after his mother's death, that the adopted daughter was one of two "hangers-on" who had to be "removed from the house, where they were constantly creating discord . . . a regular Mme. Lafarge, false, sly, malicious, and heartless. It would be impossible to tell you all the bad things that that little viper has done." He partly, however, blames her bad character on the influence of his mother. It had apparently been one of Varvara Petrovna's tricks to play the adopted Varvara off against her slighted sons, yet at the same time she was always furious when there was any suggestion that the girl was becoming a favorite with the servants.

Turgenev, entertaining the children of a friend, once made up the following story:

"A poor child had sick parents and did not know how to cure them, which gave him a great deal of unhappiness. One day somebody said to him, 'Somewhere there exists a cave, and in that cave every year on a certain day a drop of water oozes down from the roof—a miraculous drop of life-giving water. Whoever drinks this drop of water will receive the gift of being able to heal both the diseases of the body and the

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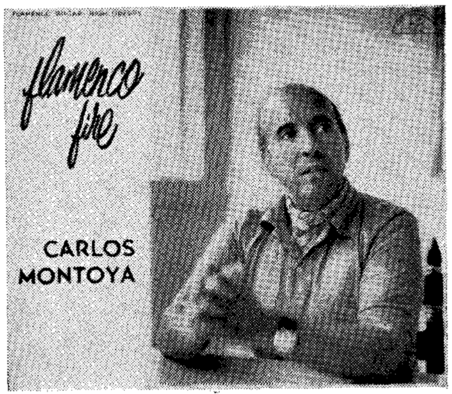

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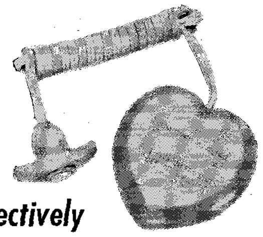

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pains of the soul.' So a year passed, and then another year—I don't know exactly how long, but the child at last found the cave, and went inside. It had been hollowed out in the rock, and the stones of its vault were cracked. As soon as he had gone inside, the poor child was seized with fright; all around him crawled snakes and reptiles, each more horrible and repulsive than the other, which looked at him with evil eyes. But the brave boy did not want to go back without having got the drop, so he waited to watch for the moment when he would see it ooze out of the rock. After waiting a long time, very frightened, he perceived at last, on the roof, a something wet that glistened. Little by little, this liquid pearl grew round and was forming a drop as transparent as a tear. But hardly had the drop formed than all the reptiles strained up from below it and opened their jaws to catch it. At that moment, the drop, which was just about to form, disappeared back into the vault. The child mustered his patience and continued to wait. And again the reptiles and serpents stretched themselves up on their tails, and, almost grazing the little boy's face, they opened their jaws toward the vault. But the child was no longer afraid. It seemed to him at every moment that the snakes were going to throw themselves on him, to plunge their fangs into his flesh or to wrap themselves about him to strangle him. But he never forgot his purpose; he, too, stood with open mouth. And a miracle occurred! The drop of life fell between his lips—he swallowed it. The snakes all began to hiss, and they made an infernal racket, but, unwillingly, they had to give way and allow the boy to pass; they were forced to limit themselves to piercing him with envious looks. And it turned out that it had not been for nothing that the child had drunk the life-giving drop. It made him a great savant; he was able to cure his parents and came to be a famous man."

Here Turgenev stopped.

"What happened then?" asked the children.

"What more do you want?" he said. "Surely that's enough for today. I'll tell you something longer tomorrow. But you must give me time to think."

II

And what was the rest of the story? Let us see what happened to the brave little boy who got away with the life-giving drop.

He did not, we may note as important, much care to revisit the

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cave. There was already, on the Lutovinov side, a tradition of horror behind the Turgenevs. Once, Varvara Petrovna took the adopted Varvara to look in on her stepfather's place, which now belonged to her. The house, in which nobody lived, was almost in ruins. Some of the windows were broken, and the frames of the portraits, which were never cleaned, had become quite black. They walked through a long, dark, and narrow hall and turned off into another corridor, where they were faced by a door boarded up with planks. There was, however, an old-fashioned latch, toward which the girl put out her hand. Varvara Petrovna snatched it away: "Don't touch it! You mustn't! Those rooms are accursed!" "I shall never forget her accent and look, so much fear, hate, and fury they expressed." It had been her stepfather's apartment, and it had revived some intolerable memory. It is quite evident that Ivan felt hardly less reluctance to return to the Spasskoye household. He had inherited eleven estates, including Spasskoye—in all, about thirty thousand acres. He had immediately liberated his household serfs, and he had tried to persuade his peasants to pay him rent for their land instead of compensating him by work on his. He was arrested in 1852, and exiled to his country place, for having written an article on Gogol's death, in which he had called Gogol "great." (It was as impossible for Nicholas I as for Stalin to brook the magnification of any other Russian, and Turgenev was already *mal vu* on account of "A Sportsman's Sketches.") He was thus obliged at this time to spend sixteen continuous months at Spasskoye, and he had later to return at intervals in order to keep track of his properties, yet one feels that he was never much at home there, and—except in his literary treatment of them—not close to the people and their work. He sees them casually; he shuts himself up to write; he is much addicted to hunting. The supervision of his huge property is a task with which he cannot grapple, and he installs an uncle as manager. Ivan spends as much time as possible in St. Petersburg or Western Europe. But the uncle proves extremely incompetent, and Turgenev has to go back from time to time to straighten matters out. On one occasion—in 1867, seventeen years after his mother's death—the complaints of his uncle at his absence compel him to return to Russia, but he can hardly drag himself to Spasskoye. The situation is all the more trying because by this time Turgenev has decided to have

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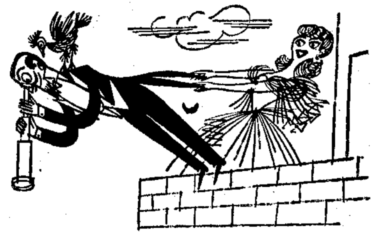

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the uncle replaced. His letters to Pauline Viardot have the sound of a journey to the Dark Tower on the part of a reluctant Childe Roland who is equipped with no resonant slug horn to challenge the evil spirits. In St. Petersburg, business delays him from making the trip to Moscow. In Moscow, he expects to return to Baden in less than four weeks: "I am leaving tomorrow for Spasskoye. . . . I hope to be back in a week." But the train can take him only sixty miles. "We are in Russia at the time of year when, due to the melting snow, all communications cease." By the time he has travelled two or three miles by sleigh over roads that are full of appalling holes, he has developed "a violent cough, which is continually getting worse. . . . I passed a sleepless night in a wretched inn room, with my pulse at a hundred a minute and a cough that was cracking my chest, and at seven o'clock in the morning I was obliged, in that miserable condition, to subject myself again to the torture of the washout holes and to get back, more dead than alive, to the railroad line and Moscow. . . . If my uncle would only be reasonable and let things be arranged by mail!" In Moscow, he partly recovers: "Tomorrow I set forth again on the assault of Sebastopol." But he doesn't; three days later he is still in Moscow, with the iron ball of the journey still fastened, as he says, to his leg; and this iron ball turns into gout, which keeps him in Moscow till spring. "I have received not a letter but a novel from my uncle, who treats me as if I were a murderer because I don't come to Spasskoye. . . . My new manager has found everything literally in chaos—there are debts that I didn't expect." Turgenev never got to Spasskoye; he returned to St. Petersburg in April.

Two years after his mother's death, Turgenev wrote two short stories—"Mumu" and "The Wayside Inn" (1852), in which, for the first time in his fiction, he deals with his mother directly. The first of these was based, he said, on actual happenings, and Var-

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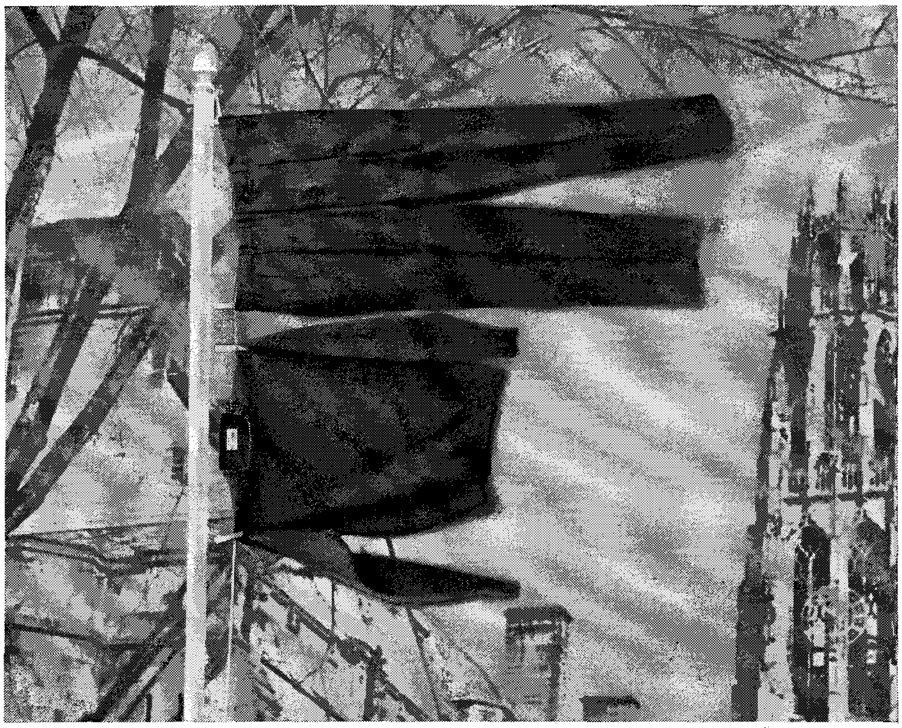

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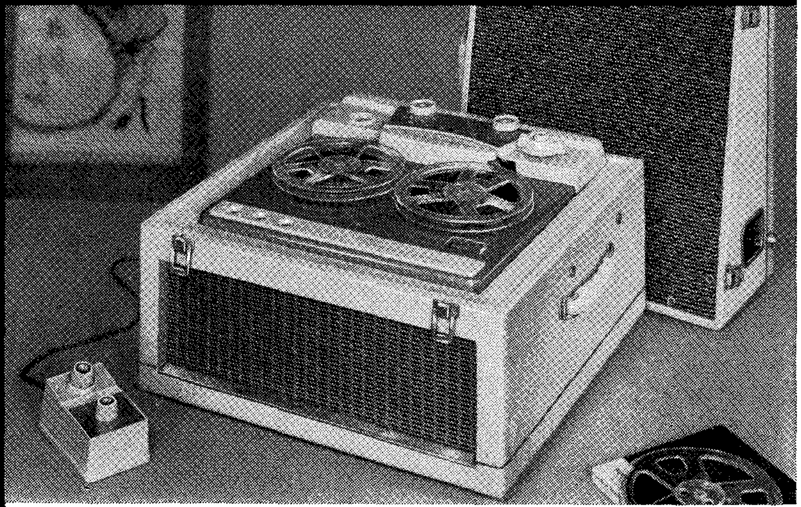

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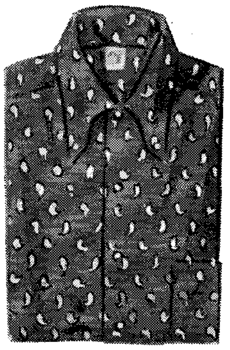

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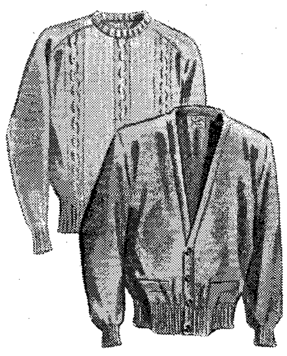
vara Petrovna appears in person as a tyrannical and cruel landowner who compels a deaf-mute serf to drown a little pet dog which he has earlier rescued from drowning and which is the only thing he has to love. The bitterness of the mistress at not being loved herself figures here as a motive, and we appreciate the story more if we have some independent knowledge of Varvara Petrovna's life: she has tried to make friends with the little dog, which has refused to come to her when called and then snarls at her when she tries to pat it. In the other story, the callous woman landowner is combined with the Force of Evil—unconquerable and inexpugnable—embodied in a masculine character. This demon in human form works on the lady's cupidity to induce her to sell him an inn that has been occupied and run for years by one of her most trusted serfs. This serf has had every reason to assume he could trust his mistress, but the scoundrel has moved in on him, seduced his wife, and brought her to a point of infatuation at which she is ready, at his orders, to steal her husband's savings. The villain conceals his real plan, pretending he needs the money for another purpose, and when he uses it to buy the inn and turn her husband out, she is horrified at what she has done, whereupon he turns her out, too. He prospers and is lucky enough to sell the inn just before it burns down. His victim, who has lost his wife and his living, is driven to fall back on religion and spends the rest of his life in pilgrimages.

There is so little overt bitterness in Turgenev, and to his contemporaries his life seemed so easy, that they were likely to be puzzled by his pessimism. It moved Henry James to complain of his "atmosphere of unrelieved sadness. We go from one tale to the other in the hope of finding something cheerful, but we only wander into fresh agglomerations of gloom." And, what is more striking, even Mérimée—at the moment when he has just written "Lokis"!—begs Turgenev not to be so painful: "*Faites-nous donc une histoire qui ne finisse pas trop mal. Vous abusez depuis quelque temps de notre sensibilité.*" But Mérimée's stories, some of them practical jokes, are shockers. Turgenev's show the permanent stamp of an oppressive, a completely hopeless, and a permanently harrowing experience.

He could not have talked very much of the uglier aspects of his early life, for no one appears to have thought of accounting in terms of this for the



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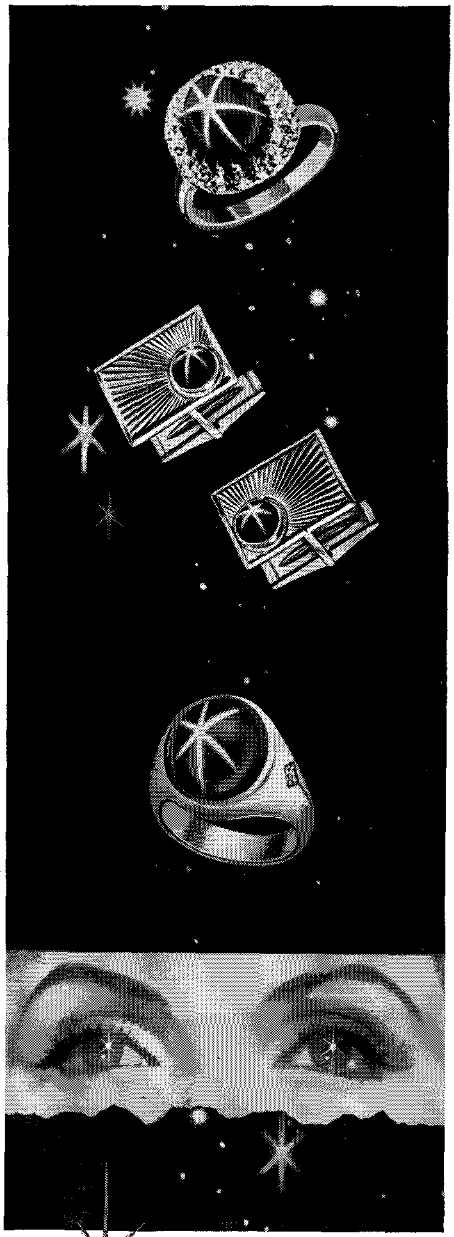
themes and the mood of his fiction. Nor could even his great Russian contemporaries, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, when they reproach him for his love of the West, for his indifference to affairs in Russia, have quite understood the terrible weight, the lasting effect of Spasskoye—its implications for the whole of Turgenev's thought. Dostoevsky was a congenitally dislocated man; his family had gone to pieces even before his parvenu father had been murdered by his own peasants. Tolstoy had been an orphan, exhilaratingly self-dependent; he had inherited his estate at nineteen, with no hateful family memories, and during the years of his rather wild freedom and his service in the Crimean War, it had been kept for him as a home by an affectionate aunt whom he loved. When he married, he founded a family that was something completely his own. His property of Yasnaya Polyana was a romance he was always inventing, as he had invented—out of old family papers and legends—the idyll of "War and Peace." And even in his latest phase of pretending to abdicate his status of landowner, nobleman, and popular writer, he was reserving for himself *le beau rôle*. But Spasskoye for Turgenev was a block of his past; he had grown up in it, been maimed by it, escaped from it. In jeering at him for making himself comfortable abroad and shirking his duties to Russia, his contemporaries were mistaken in several ways—not least in regard to the degree of his comfort. As he had never been at home in Spasskoye, so he was never really to feel at home anywhere, and even in the freedom of Europe—as Mr. Magarshack and others have noted—he reëstablished Varvara Petrovna in the person of Pauline Viardot, a formidable Spanish gypsy—like his mother, not handsome, though magnetic—who carried her household with a very high hand and cost Turgenev a good deal of suffering. What was fatal in her hold on Turgenev was that she not only possessed a strong character but combined with it a remarkable voice, which enabled him to regard her as a great artist. Her manager was her husband, and Turgenev had adored her and paid court to her for years without her allowing him to become her lover. He did, however, eventually succeed—Viardot was twenty years older than she—and, in a more or less harmonious *ménage à trois*, he became a kind of member of the family. He lived, in fact, with Viardot on terms that seem to have been almost fraternal. A great deal of his time was spent in the house of the Viardots or near them, but his daughter, who had been put in the care of Pauline, coming eventually to understand her father's position in the household, strongly reacted against it and her, and refused to remain with the family. Pauline, in the long run, was unfaithful to Turgenev with Ary Scheffer, at a time when he was painting her portrait, and Turgenev, finding out about this, broke with her. The next year she gave birth to a son, and the situation became even more painful—because, if the boy was his, Turgenev wanted to see him, but he could not be sure that he was and tormented himself with the suspicion that Pauline's love affair with Scheffer had already been going on for some time before he discovered it.

Turgenev resented his slavery, and in the story called "A Correspondence"—as Mr. Magarshack suggests—he is evidently caricaturing himself as an idiotic lover and Pauline as a stupid ballerina: "From the very first moment I saw her . . . I belonged to her entirely, just as a dog belongs to his master; and if now that I am dying I have ceased to, that is only because she has thrown me down. To tell the truth, she never paid much attention to me." In his letters to her, you feel his awe of her, and that he is writing of his thoughts and imaginings to someone who will not listen and who he knows will not listen. Many of Turgenev's friends did not like Pauline Viardot and deplored his devotion to her, but if one does not know anything about her except in connection with Turgenev, it is difficult to estimate how far the unpleasant impression one has of her is due to Turgenev himself. Here is one outside piece of testimony—by Heine, in an article on the music season in Paris in 1844: "One regrets, at the Opéra Bouffe, the absence of Pauline Viardot, or, as we like to call her, La Garcia. There is nobody to replace her, and nobody can replace her. This is no nightingale, who has only the talent of her species and admirably sobs and trills her regular spring routine; nor is she a rose—she is ugly, yet ugly in a way that is noble—beautiful I might almost say, and which has sometimes stirred to enthusiasm the great lion painter Lacroix [evidently Delacroix]! La Garcia recalls, in fact, not so much the civilized beauty and the domesticated face of our European homeland as the terrible splendor of an exotic wilderness, and at moments of her impassioned performances, especially when she opens wide her great mouth with its dazzling white teeth, and smiles with



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such cruel sweetness and such delightful ferocity, you feel as if the monstrous plants and animals of India or Africa were about to appear before your eyes."

IF one were to put together all of Turgenev's stories of the unappeasable Evil Force, and if one were to read only these, one would think him a one-theme writer—like Poe or Nerval or Bierce, the victim of a neurotic obsession. Actually, however, these stories make little impression on the ordinary reader. The reason for this is that the Evil Power with which Turgenev is dealing here is, in a sense, no part of Turgenev himself but something that has been forced on his unwilling attention. With Dostoevsky, the Devil is inside him, and we are made to enter as much into the perverse and malignant characters as into the saintly ones. But though Turgenev can describe from inside many varieties of masculine weakness, he is unable to identify himself with any kind of aggressive malice. Already, in his early stories—and even more in the later ones, which have an element of the supernatural—the demons always come from outside. The villain of "The Wayside Inn" walks in on the family he will ruin from a world that is never described and is never accounted for; in the end, he disappears. The story is presented entirely from the point of view of his victim.

Turgenev, in his personal relations, had nothing of morbid suspicion; he was likely to believe in people to the point of gullibility, and when their treachery or dishonesty was proved to him, he would refuse to have anything more to do with them. Short of this, he gave money, in France, to every Russian who asked him for it, and one finds in "Tourguéneff Inconnu," by a Russian friend, Michel Delines, some curious stories about this. Two young men, just arrived from Russia and representing themselves as Nihilists who had served prison terms for their writings, were taken up and aided by Turgenev. "One would have thought that the appearance of these two young men was of a kind that might have excited the mistrust of a student of faces, but they elicited, on the part of the novelist, only benevolent feelings; he was convinced that he was dealing with honest fellows." Later, apropos of an article in which Turgenev had expressed his political opinions, one of these young men sent Delines a letter of vulgar abuse of Turgenev and declared that he would never have anything more to do with him; yet, still later, he persuaded Delines

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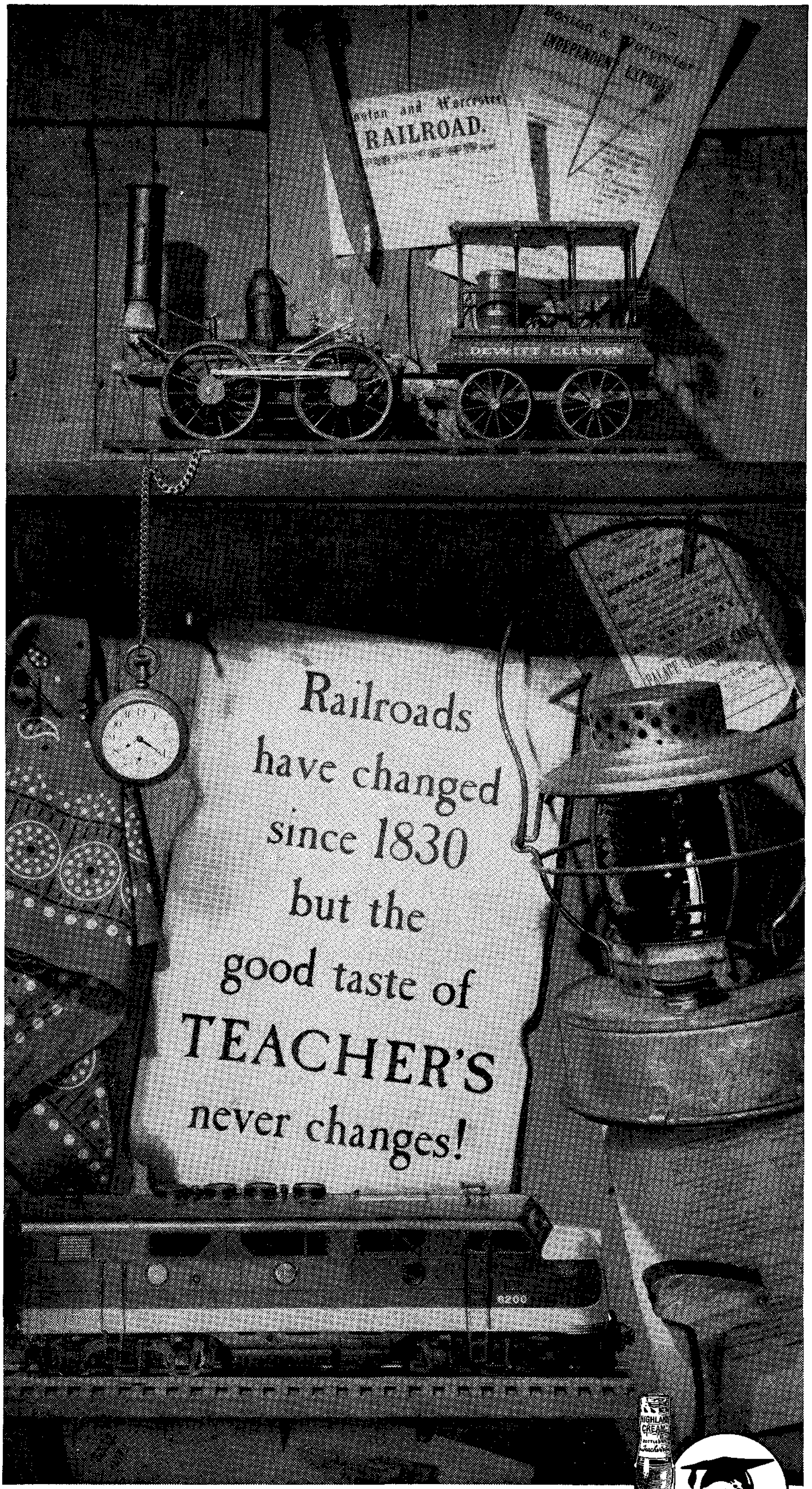
to borrow for him some money from Turgenev, without mentioning for whom it was wanted—he would pay it back in a month. Then, instead of paying it back, he went to Turgenev and told him that he had owed Delines two hundred francs and that the latter had repaid himself by collecting this amount from Turgenev. When he was told that he had behaved dishonestly, the young fellow only sneered.

Delines at once wrote to Turgenev to straighten the matter out and let him know about the abusive letter. Turgenev asked to see it, and when he had read it turned pale and was silent. "Gradually his face lit up and he said to me with a reassured air, as if with the satisfaction of a man who has just made a discovery: 'I was mistaken about that young man, but now I can predict with certainty what his future career will be . . . [he] will become a collaborator with Katkov [the editor of a reactionary paper], he will desert the Nihilists, with whom he is now allied, and he will cover them with mud; after my death, he will write about me and pretend to have been my intimate friend!' . . . I began to protest at this, but with an angry gesture he interrupted. He was feeling the impatience of the artist who is not allowed time to finish his sketch. 'Wait, wait,' he said. 'I haven't finished. He will not die a natural death. He will be killed by a woman. He's a coward before the strong, and bold, very bold, against the weak. Women will have a good deal to suffer from him. But someday he'll fall into the hands of one of those strong and resolute Russian women, and she will blow his brains out.' " As for the other young Russian, continued Turgenev—" 'He, too!' I cried with amazement." Turgenev went on to explain that he had got this young man a subsidy to pursue his chemistry studies, "because he promised me that he would then return to Russia to apply his science to agriculture, and to teach the peasants new methods. But now that he has finished his studies, he thinks about nothing but getting rich and regards a humble schoolmaster's duties as far beneath him. . . . Oh, you'll see that he'll raise hob with the muzhiks; he'll turn moneylender and rob our peasants of their last bit of earth; he'll become the terror of the village, and he'll be murdered in the end by a muzhik." The first of these men, adds Delines, did abandon his Nihilist associates and bring accusations against them, did write for a reactionary paper, and did publish a memoir of Turgenev. He did exploit women, and brought one of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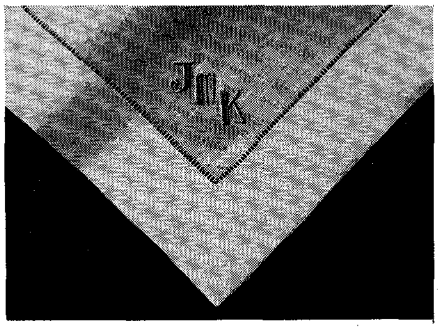

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them to misery and madness; he had not, at the date of this writing, as yet been murdered by one. The other man did not return to Russia but became a planter in Africa, and was said to be a very harsh master. It was from observation of others that Turgenev had learned how such people behaved; his own character gave no key to their conduct, and it never at first occurred to him that there was anything sinister about them.

But in observation Turgenev is always extremely strong. He is the expert detached observer rather than the searching psychologist of the phenomena of Russian life, and when he tries to go inside his characters he is likely to be less satisfactory than when he is telling you merely what they say and do, how they look, and what one feels about them. It is curious, in view of this, that he should so much complain, in his criticism of Tolstoy, of the ineptitude of the latter's account of what is going on in his characters' minds. It was surely one of Tolstoy's most conspicuous gifts that he could put himself in the place of other people; it seems scarcely even a question of "psychology" but a matter of living in another's skin. Whereas, when Turgenev is telling what his hero or heroine is thinking, what ordeals they are going through, he sometimes becomes—what is rare with him—a little bit labored and boring. His characters perhaps come out best when they are presenting themselves to other people—as in such masterpieces of irony as "A Correspondence" and "Faust," in which the two ignoble men, in their letters, unconsciously reveal to the reader what they do not know about themselves.

What people show themselves to be in relation to other people is Turgenev's particular forte, and he is for this reason especially successful in the invention of social types. This is now the direction that his work is to take. He is embarked by the middle eighteen-fifties on a deliberate and scrupulous study of the social situation in Russia. The cool, clear, and balanced intellect that was central to the character of Turgenev was expanding and taking over after the panics and the repressions of Spasskoye. Turgenev, in his early stories, had usually concentrated on a single character or on his ever-recurrent two friends—one rather well-off and timid, the other rougher and bolder, a pair who almost count as a unit. This pair—with the accompanying girl, in whom, as a rule, they share—begin, with "The Two Friends" of 1853, to represent something more than the intimacy of a per-

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sonal relationship. Here the youth who is more cultivated and sensitive marries a much less well-educated wife, who charms him at first and then bores him. He escapes to St. Petersburg, promising to come back soon, but then goes on to Germany and then to France, and in Paris, to which he comes as a greenhorn, he is killed by a Frenchman in a stupid duel. The cruder but more enterprising friend takes over the uneducated wife, and they live together in perfect contentment. A social dilemma emerges: shall a cultivated Russian landowner remain at home and be bored or shall he go to the West, where he does not belong, and which may very well prove fatal to him? But in the next story—"A Quiet Backwater" of 1854—Turgenev's world opens out. We have here, for the first time in his fiction—though it had earlier appeared in his plays—the Turgenev country house, with its full cast of characters. The men—as is so common in Turgenev—let the women down, but the St. Petersburg petty snob, the genial swaggerer who comes to nothing, the correct, unimaginative man of property, are all intended here to be typical, as are the proud and serious girl, who, finding no one worthy of her, throws herself into a pond, and her jolly, attractive friend, who has to content herself with a pretentious but shoddy Pole; and the weakness of the men in comparison with the women is here made, by implication, to illustrate a theory of Turgenev's as to the relative stamina of the sexes in Russia. This is followed the next year—after three of his weak-hero stories: "A Correspondence," "Faust," "Yakov Pasynkov"—by Turgenev's first novel, "Rudin." The character of Rudin was partly suggested by Turgenev's friend Mikhail Bakunin, and Rudin is evidently impotent, as Bakunin is known to have been. He, too, disappoints the heroine.

These basic themes—the two friends, the inadequate man and the demanding woman—are present in the novels that follow, and they are always now made to figure as motifs in a large social picture. The more farouche and tough-minded of the two friends comes to the front as a new kind of hero: the Bulgarian patriot Insarov, who is awaiting, in "On the Eve," the moment to go back to Bulgaria and fight for his country against the Turks; the humbly born young medical student Bazarov, who, in "Fathers and Children," exposes himself to a typhus epidemic in his village, in an attempt to

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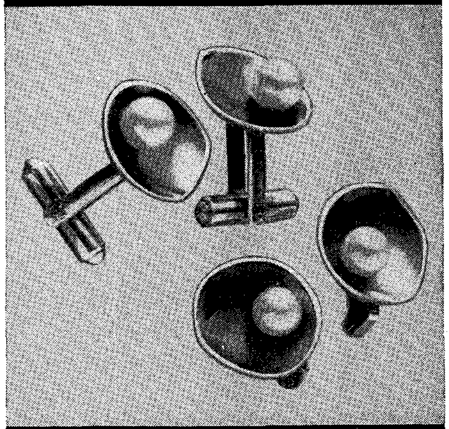

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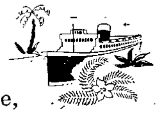

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do something for the peasants, catches the contagion, and dies. But Turgenev's recurrent characters appear in a variety of guises. The women who demoralize or outclass the men may be selfish coquettes, like Irina in "Smoke" and Maria Nikolaevna in "The Torrents of Spring," or noble zealots, like Elena in "On the Eve" and Marianna in "Virgin Soil." These latter—along with Maria Pavlovna of "A Quiet Backwater"—are likely to be monsters of pride, and one remembers that one of the last entries that Turgenev read in his mother's diary was "My mother! my children! Forgive me! And you, Lord, forgive me, also, for pride, that deadly sin, was always my sin." "On the Eve" is a significant example of the author's familiar pattern, for, though Insarov is tenacious and dedicated, he is tubercular and not up to his mission, and thus weak in relation to Elena, who runs the poor patriot ragged in insisting that he take her to Bulgaria, as truly as Irina does Litvinov in breaking up his relations with his fiancée and then backing down on elopement. It is Elena who gets to Bulgaria; Insarov expires in Venice. But these principals have foils and opponents. The characters about them multiply; whole new milieux appear.

A brilliant satirical element now comes to life in Turgenev's work: the expatriate Russians at the beginning of "Smoke," all rallying around their empty great man and alternately, among themselves, denouncing and fraternizing; the wonderfully caricatured family of Sipyagin in "Virgin Soil," an official in smart society, who is ostensibly and smilingly liberal but in a pinch unrelentingly conservative. Each of these books is designed to throw light on some general situation and to suggest certain conclusions about it. "A House of Gentlefolk" (1858) develops on a larger scale the theme of the as yet unbridgeable gulf between Russia and Western culture: Lavretsky, who has been studying agriculture abroad, finds conditions at home too primitive for him to have any field for his science, and his unreliable wife, who has been making a fool of him in Paris and whom he has left and believes to be dead, turns up to prevent him from marrying the serious little girl at home. Elena, in "On the Eve" (1860), cannot find any Russian she respects and runs away with a foreign insurrectionist. Bazarov, in "Fathers and Children" (1861), has really been training himself for a technical and classless society that does not as yet exist, and in the meantime

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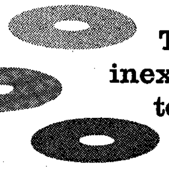

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he cannot survive in the contemporary Russian world, where he is bound to be out of place and which has no faith but science to offer him. In "Smoke" (1867), again, as in "A Quiet Backwater," the simple old Russian virtues, enduring though a little dull, are betrayed by international sophistication; and in "Virgin Soil," Turgenev's last novel (1876), the radicals of the Populist movement, who tried to "go to the people," are shown to be as powerless to make contact with it as the landowner Lavretsky was with his up-to-date methods of agriculture or as the medical student Bazarov, who has sprung from it but is quite out of touch with it.

Turgenev—in the teeth of the Populists, the mystical Slavophils, and the official reactionaries—remained firmly a "Westernizer." He never ceased to compare Russia with Europe, to see it in the perspective of history, to estimate Russian possibilities in terms of the preliminary conditions that had made Western institutions possible. He was not in the least susceptible to the visionary excitements of his countrymen: he tried to look at everything in Russia with the same self-possession and realism that one brings to a foreign country, and to judge it with the same common sense. Turgenev was always proud to believe that he had contributed—through "A Sportsman's Sketches," by which Alexander II was supposed to have been influenced—to the emancipation of the serfs, but in politics he was not optimistic. He could never lose sight of the discrepancies, the disparities so impossible to reconcile, that he was occupied with dramatizing in his novels. He did not approve of Russian feudalism, so he was hated by all the conservatives, but he could not believe in the imminence of a genuine revolution, since he could not make out any forces that were as yet far enough developed to put a revolution through, so he antagonized the more advanced Leftists. He was publicly opposed to violence and declared that he looked to the government to introduce the needed reforms, yet in his work unsubmissive violence does certainly play a role. In a later edition of "Rudin," six years after its first publication, he made his hero die on the barricades, but in Paris, in 1848; in "On the Eve," we have an intransigent rebel, but a rebel against the Turks in Bulgaria, who has no involvement in Russia and who has, in consequence, seemed to Russians a more or less unconvincing character. Turgenev's last novel, "Virgin Soil," however, is all about revolu-

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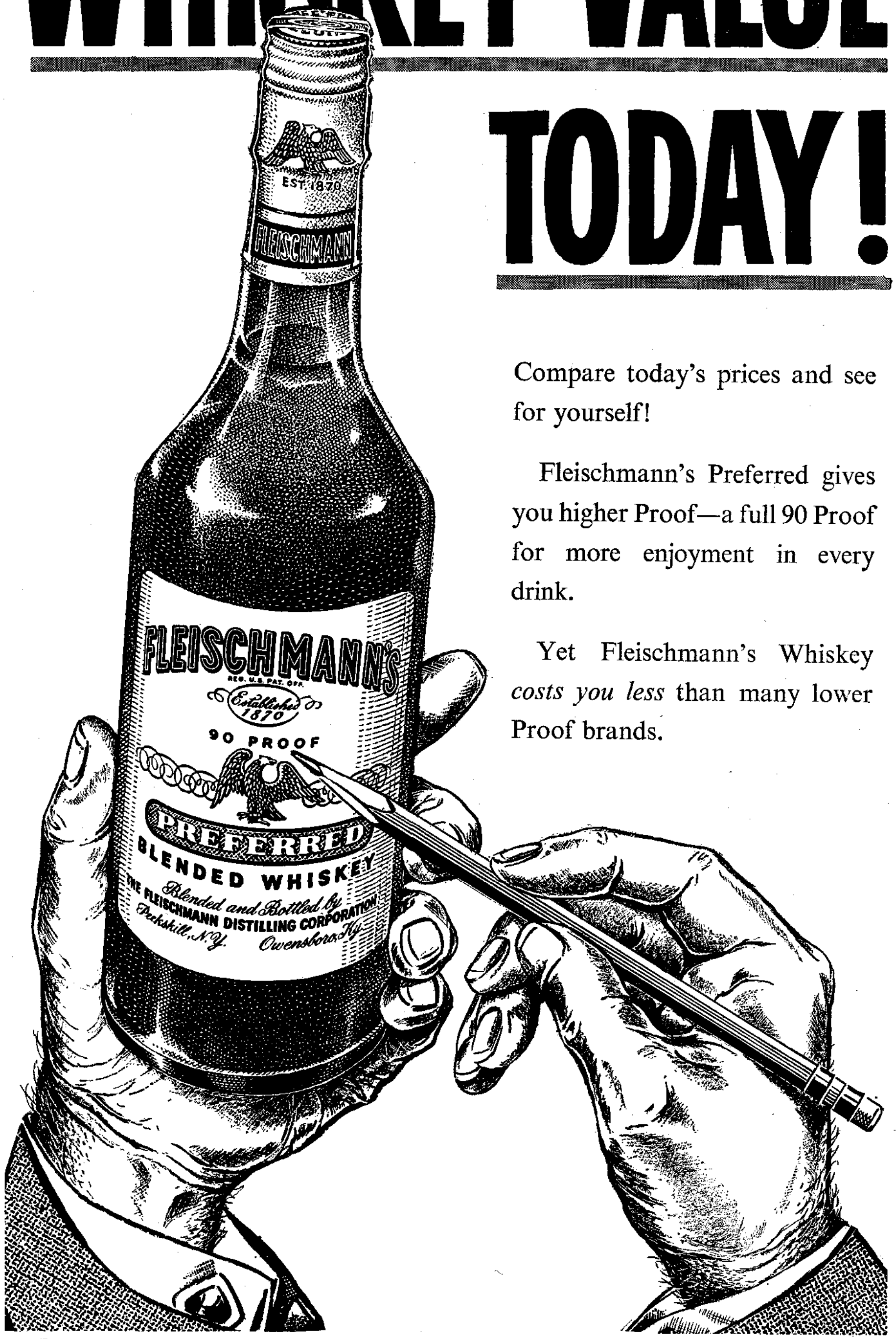

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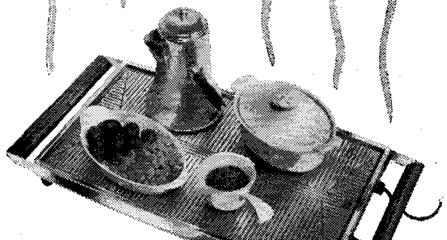

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tionaries at home. He still believes at this point that the Populist agitation is premature, and he makes one of his characters predict that there will be no revolution for thirty years. This was said as of 1876, and twenty-nine years later the 1905 revolution occurred, to be followed twelve years afterward by the Kerensky revolution, so Turgenev was not far out.

In the meantime, Turgenev had no religion, so he could not bedazzle himself with the light of Russian Christianity with which Tolstoy and Dostoevsky consoled themselves and which led them to condemn him so readily as a frivolous man of the world. No delusion and no emotion could fantasticate his strong conviction of the wretched situation of Russia or obscure his lucid perception that the remedy would be a long time coming. He was taken in by fraudulent idealists; he was stirred to bursts of sympathy by real ones. He was constantly under fire from both sides, and he sometimes answered his opponents back. He had always, on the one hand, to be careful of arousing the censorship and, on the other, to resist the clichés that his editors tried to impose on him. But through his casual blowings of hot and cold, his professions of belief in reforms from above and his secret contributions to radical papers; through his sometimes hysterical encounters with Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, his glowing amours and his slumps of gloom, his shuttling between Russia and Europe—like the man in his strange story "Phantoms," who flies back and forth between them without ever being satisfied with either—he sticks to his objective judgment, his line of realistic criticism, his resolve to stand free of movements, to rise above personalities, to recognize all points of view that have any sincerity or dignity, to show Russia how to know herself. In this he is truly heroic, and the time has come now to thank him for an effort that in Turgenev's own day would seem to have been sometimes most thankless—since he had constantly to offend his countrymen and since foreigners who admired his writings could have had no idea of the pressures that Turgenev was obliged to withstand or even of the significance of what he wrote. It is as if his sense of justice, his magnanimity, his instinct to see things in their proper proportions had been prodded to especial stubbornness, in the household of Varvara Petrovna, by injustice, vindictiveness, and outrageous pretentions. And if Pushkin, "my idol, my teacher, my unattainable model," had taught him how to pack social meaning into the simple presentation of incident, it is probable that the Germany of Goethe (another of his admirations), the Germany of his student days, had inspired him with the high conception of the writer's responsibility that was to win him his peculiar authority, an authority all the more striking because many of his countrymen would not admit it. It is, in any case, true that by Turgenev's time—as Annenkov tells us in an eloquent passage—the imaginative writer, since he could comment on society as other people could not do, occupied a unique place of importance. And Turgenev's picture of Russia—which involved an analysis of society of a kind that we do not get in Tolstoy or Dostoevsky and which held out little hope for the immediate future—is particularly interesting today and abundantly justifies itself, when we know what was then the future. It may be worth while to note here some passages in Turgenev's novels that have acquired a special interest in the light of what has happened since.

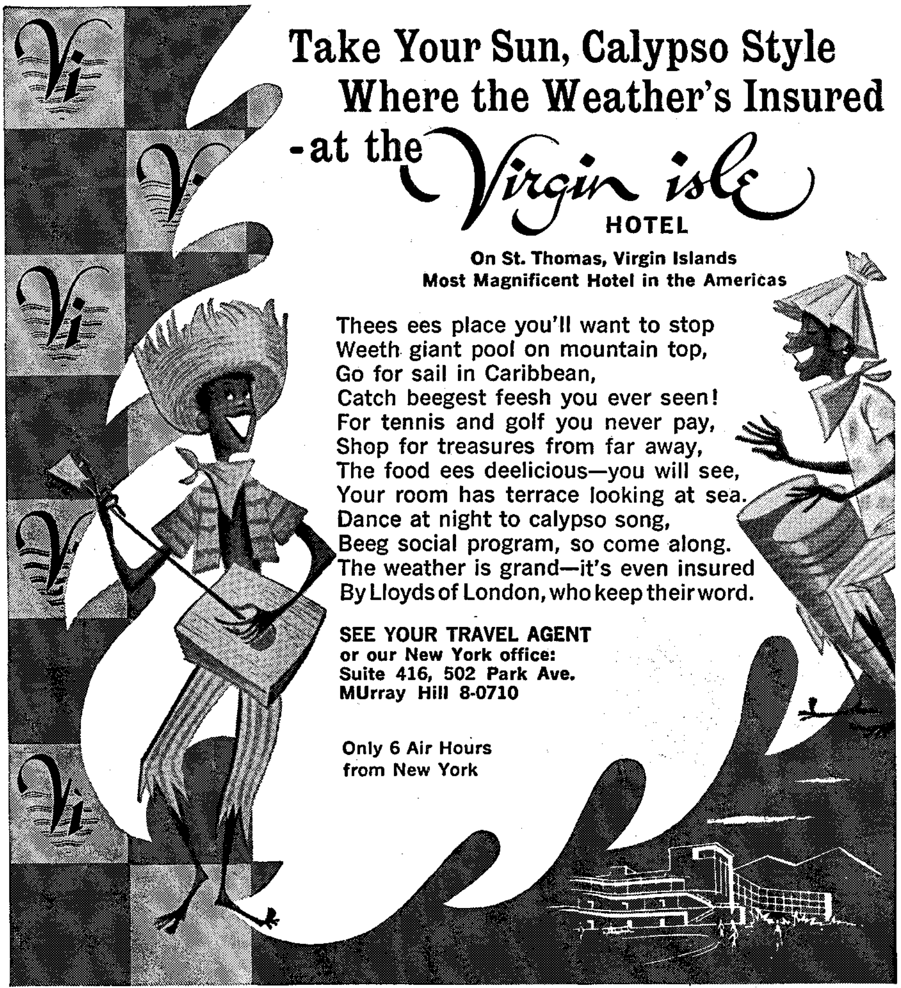
One of the most amusing characters in "Smoke" is a man named Sozont Ivanich Potugin, whom Litvinov meets in Baden and with whom he has long conversations. Potugin is worried and depressed about Russia and disgusted with the delusions of his countrymen. They boast about "Russian inventiveness," but the Russians "have invented nothing;" they boast of their architecture, art, and music, when none of them exists in Russia (this did not long remain true of music); they even boast that nobody in Russia starves. In an earlier conversation, Litvinov has asked Potugin about another expatriate in Baden, whose prestige seems to be immense, though Litvinov does not find him interesting and cannot, in fact, get anything out of him:

> "Tell me—how do you account for the unquestionable influence of Gubaryov on everybody around him? He's neither gifted nor able, is he?"
>
> "No, of course not; he has no abilities."
>
> "Is it character, then?"
>
> "He hasn't got that either: what he does have is a strong will. We Slavs in general, as everyone knows, are not much endowed with that virtue and when it does appear, we give up before it. Mr. Gubaryov want-

ed to be a leader, so everybody acknowledges him as one. What can you do about it?! The government has freed us from our dependence on serfdom, and we are grateful to it for that, but the habits of slavery are rooted too deep in us; we shan't get away from them so easily. In everything and everywhere, we have to have a master. This master is usually some active person, though sometimes some so-called tendency takes possession of us—just at present, for instance, we have all bound ourselves over to the natural sciences. But why—convinced by what sort of reasoning—we do give ourselves into bondage, that's the mysterious thing; it's evidently just in our nature to. The great point is that we must have a master. Well, we get one—which means he belongs to us, and we spit upon everything else! We're just naturally underlings! And the pride of being underlings and the underlings' abasement! Then a new master comes along—away with the old. Before it was Jacob, now it is Sidor; give Jacob a box on the ear and fall at the feet of Sidor! Remember how many such tricks we have played! We talk about noncompliance as if it were a peculiar characteristic of ours, but we don't make our refusals as a free man does, laying about him with his sword; we make them like a lackey, hitting out with his fists—and what is worse, if you please, this lackey does his thrashing by his own master's orders. And yet, my good sir, at the same time we're soft; it's not difficult to get us into one's hands. And that's how Mr. Gubaryov has achieved his present domination; he keeps chiselling and chiselling at the same spot and finally he chisels through. People become aware that a man has a high opinion of himself, that a man believes in himself, that he gives orders—that's the main thing, he gives orders; consequently, he is bound to be right, and one is compelled to obey him. All our schismatics, our Onyphryites and Akulinites, established themselves in just this way: the man who takes the staff is the corporal."

Such leaders have nowhere to lead the people, and in the meantime the Slavophils bemuse themselves with a groundless belief in the "masses":

"According to them [the Slavophils], everything is always *going to be.* Nothing ever takes place in the present, and Russia through ten whole centuries has failed to produce anything of her own—not in government or jurisprudence or in science or in art or even in the crafts. . . . But wait a bit, be patient a bit: everything is going to come. And why should it be going to come?—if I may be so curious as to ask. Why, they answer, because we educated folks are trash; but the people—oh, that great people! Do you see that peasant's overcoat?—that's where everything is going to come from. All the other idols have been destroyed: let's believe in the peasant's overcoat. But suppose the overcoat fails us? No, it will not fail us—read Kokhanovskaya and roll up your eyes. [Kokhanovskaya was a woman novelist who wrote about rural life.] Really, if I were a painter, this is the picture I'd paint. An educated man would be standing before a muzhik and making a low obeisance: 'Cure me, little father muzhik,' he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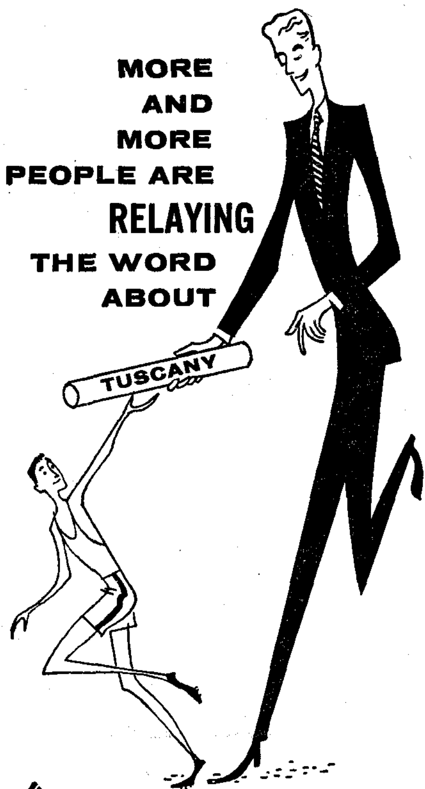

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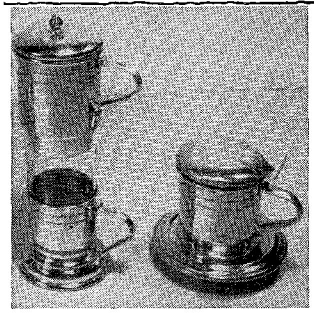

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says. 'I'm deathly ill.' But the muzhik, in turn, bows low to the educated man: 'Teach me, little father master,' he says: 'I'm dying of ignorance.' "

The leader who was actually to impose himself on the demoralized Russia of fifty years later had more character and brains than Gubaryov, but his faith in the peasant's overcoat went somewhat beyond what was warranted. Turgenev—as Mr. Irving Howe has noted in a paper on him—anticipated the solid side of the Bolsheviks, something of the character of Lenin, as Dostoevsky, in "The Possessed," anticipated the fanatical side. Solomin, the factory manager of "Virgin Soil," with his long-range view of Russia, who realizes the natural docility and the ignorance of peasant and worker and tries to make a beginning of training them by instituting a workers' school, goes on to a coöperative factory of his own when his hastier would-be allies have come to grief through precipitate action. "He's a really splendid fellow," someone says of him, "and the great thing about him is that he doesn't pretend to be any quick healer of our social ills. Why, pray, are we Russians the way we are? We're always waiting for something: something or somebody, we tell ourselves, is going to come along and fix everything up in a moment, heal all our sores, pull out all our diseases as if they were aching teeth. Who will that magician be? Darwinism? Country life? Father Perepentev? A foreign war? Whatever you like! Only, little father, do please pull out the tooth!! It's all laziness, flabbiness, inadequacy. But Solomin's not like that, no—he's not going to pull any teeth—he's really a splendid fellow!"

But they did expect Lenin to pull the tooth, and they continued to imagine he had pulled it long after their leader was dead, a victim of the monstrous discrepancies that Turgenev had pointed out. What the Russians were getting instead of Lenin was something that was at first very close to another of Turgenev's characters—the secretary of the Senate, Kurnatovsky, who appears in "On the Eve." Elena is writing to Insarov, the Bulgarian patriot whom she loves. Her father has asked Kurnatovsky to dinner with the idea of having Elena marry him, and she describes him in a letter to her lover. He is short, she tells Insarov, with flat, wide lips and hair cropped close, and he wears a constant smile—as it were, official, as if smiling in this way were a duty.

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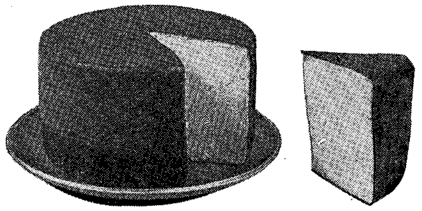

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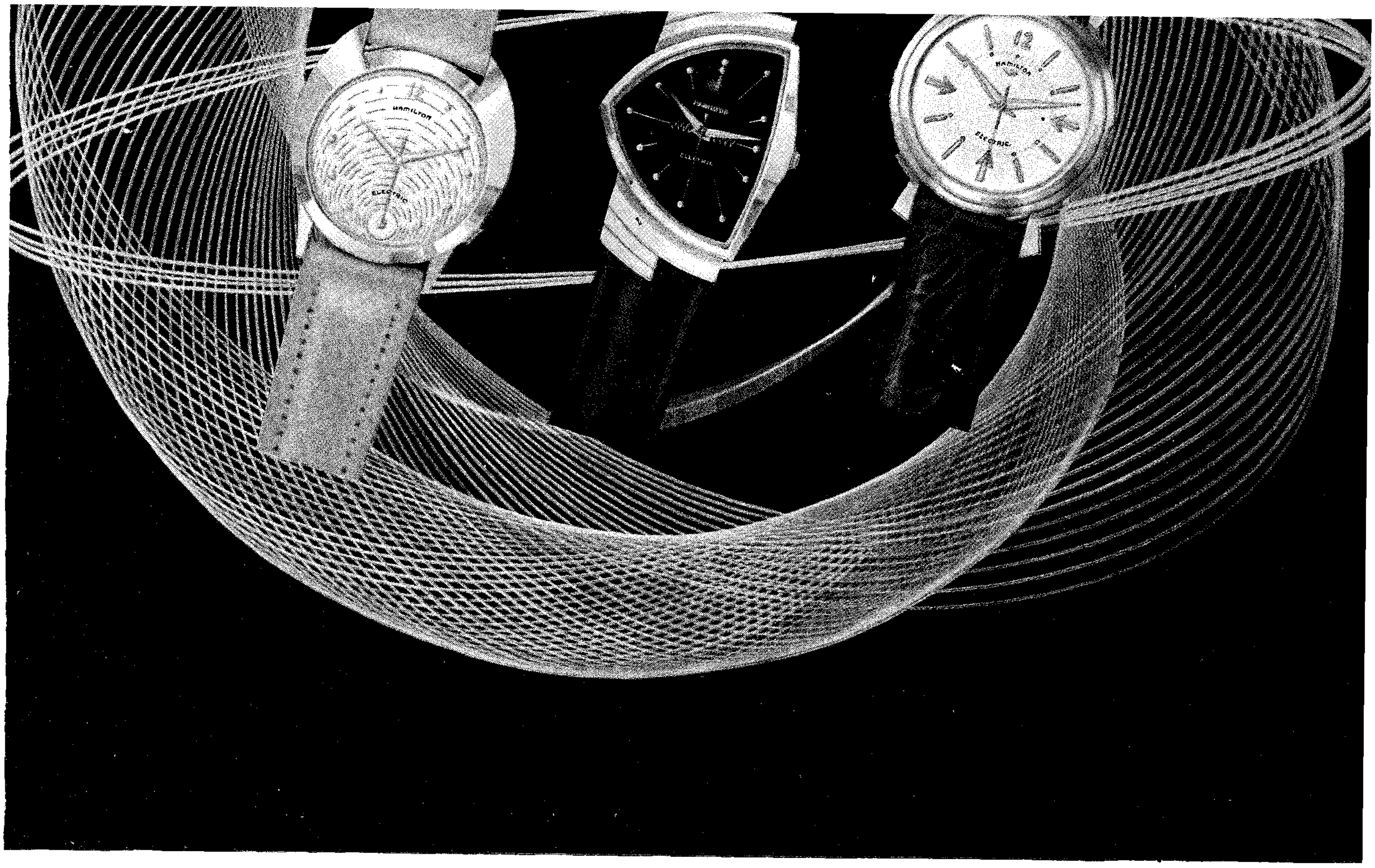
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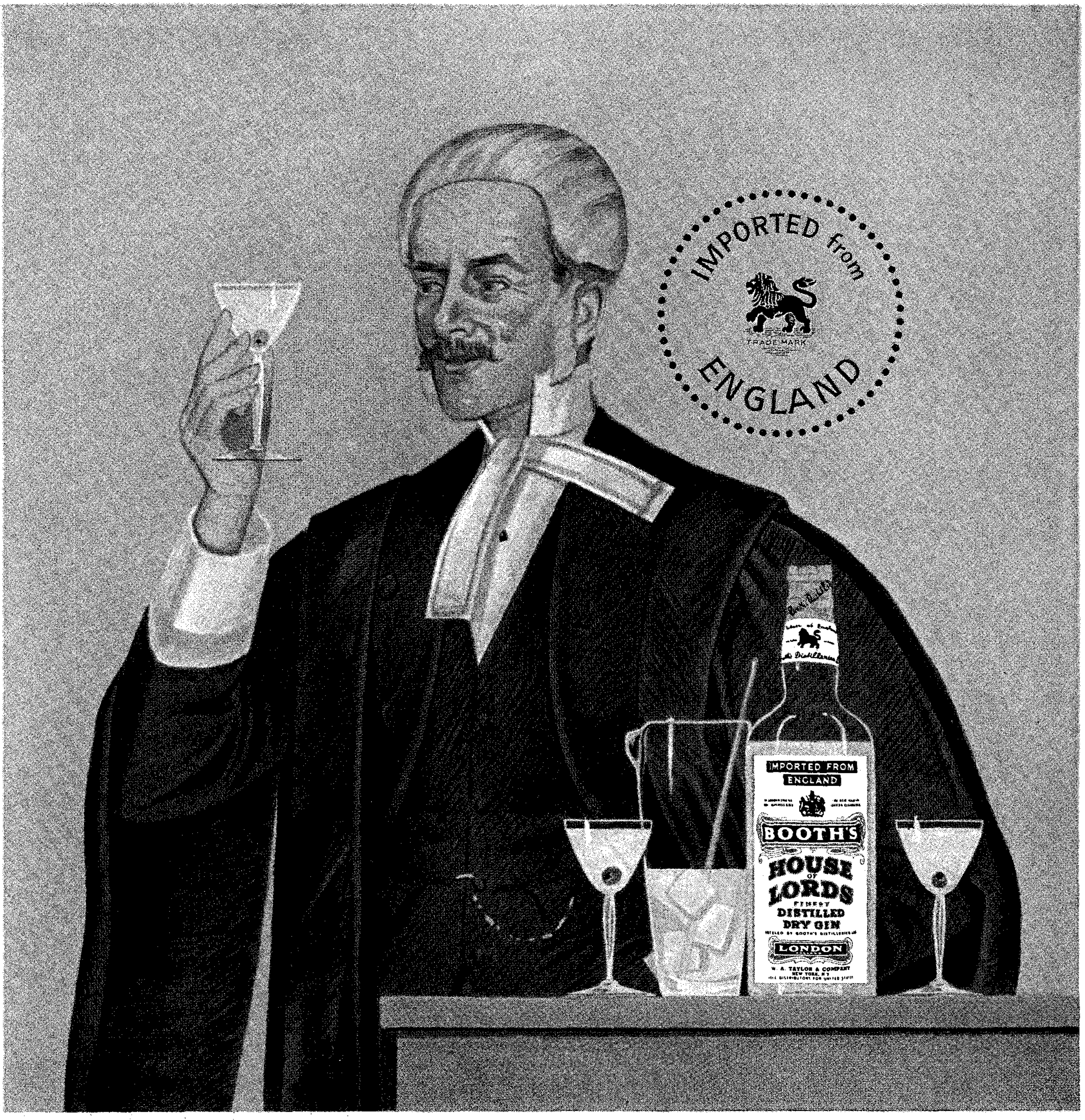
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Imported by W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • Sole Distributor for the U. S. A. • DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF laughs, and eats as if he were performing a duty. . . . There is something iron in him, and dull and empty at the same time—and honorable; they say that he *is* very honorable. . . . He almost gave up his civil servant's job to take charge of a big factory. . . . He said he knew nothing about art, as if he meant to imply that he thought art unnecessary, but that a well-conducted government might, of course, permit it. Rather indifferent, however, to Petersburg and the *comme il faut:* he once even referred to himself as a proletarian. "We're common workmen!" he said. I thought to myself: If Dmitri Insarov had said that, I shouldn't have liked it, but let this fellow talk, let him boast! With me he was very polite; but it seemed to me that I was talking with a very, very patronizing superior. When he wishes to praise someone, he says that So-and-So has principles—that is his favorite word. He must, I am sure, be very self-confident, industrious, and capable to the point of self-sacrifice (you see I am quite impartial); that is, to the sacrifice of his own interests, but he is certainly a great despot. Woe to anyone who falls into his hands. At dinner they started talking about bribes.

"I know," he said, "that in many cases the man who takes a bribe is quite innocent; he couldn't have acted otherwise. But, if he's caught, we have to break him just the same."

"Break the innocent!"

"Yes—for the sake of principle."

"What principle?" Shubin asked. Kurnatovsky seemed to be surprised or to find himself at a loss, and replied, "That needs no explanation."

IT is impressive to see how the authority of Turgenev was felt by the non-Russian world. Taine praised him, and George Sand wrote to him, apropos of "A Sportsman's Sketches," "*Maître, nous devons aller tous à votre école.*" For Mérimée, the courtier of Napoleon III, forlornly dying of asthma and the imminent collapse of the Second Empire, Turgenev, who had helped him with his Russian studies and with whom he had corresponded for years, seems to figure at this point in his life as a kind of last moral support in the serious practice of letters. Mérimée is always hoping that Turgenev will come to see him—as is Flaubert, in his different way also so dreary, in the provincial isolation of Croisset, breaking his back, in his final years, over the desolating and thankless ironies of "Bouvard and Pécuchet." "Courage!" Turgenev had written him, from Weimar, when his friend had been disappointed by the reception of "L'Education Sentimentale." "After all, you are Flaubert!," and he tried to make him known in Russia by translating his "Hérodias" and "La Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier." Conversely, he sent to Flaubert a French translation of "War and Peace," which was one of

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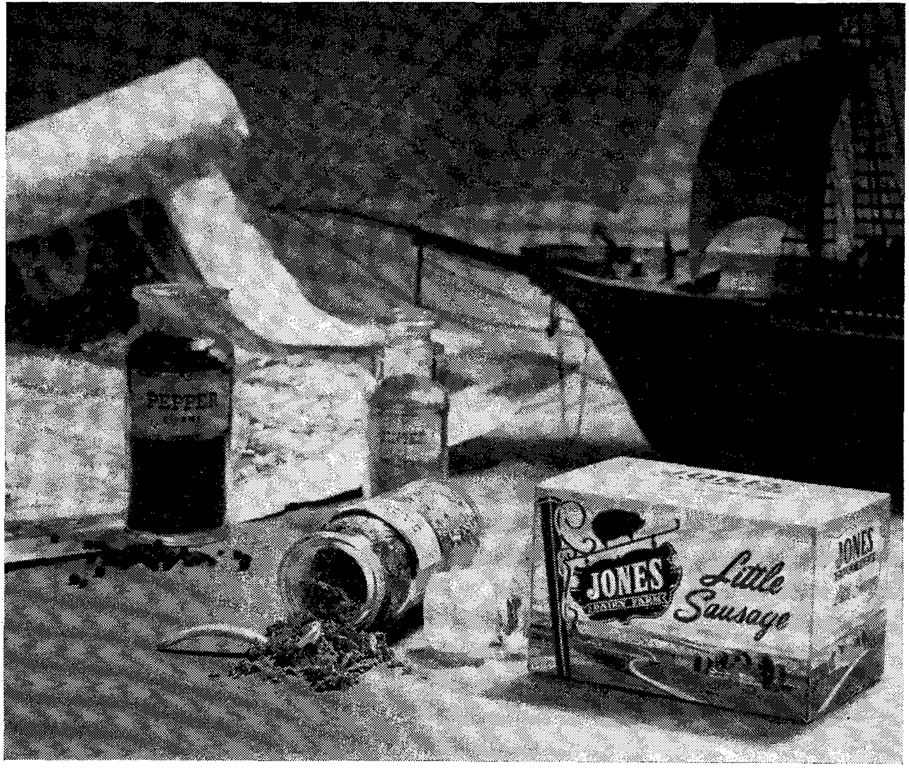

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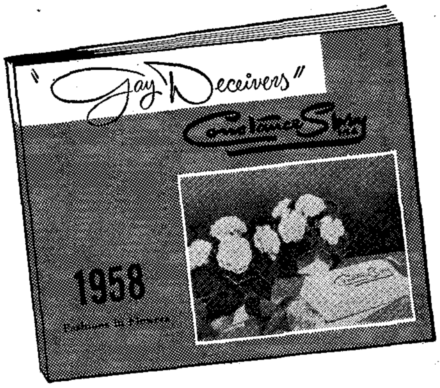

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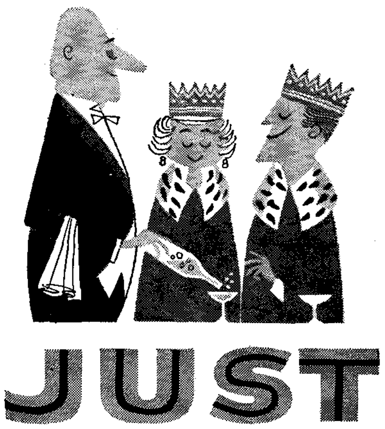
the last books the latter read, and passed on to Tolstoy the high praise of it—accompanied by certain reservations—in a letter that Flaubert had written him. Turgenev knew most of the important writers who were making of the novel, in that period, the great literary form of the nineteenth century, and he followed the work of all of them. He arranged to have Zola and Maupassant translated into Russian, and he was a pillar of the Goncourt dinners. The Goncourts admired him up to the moment when, after his death, Edmond discovered from a memoir by a friend of Turgenev's, Isaac Pavlovsky, that Turgenev had not really cared much for their novels. For Henry James—like Turgenev himself, never much at home among the French and dissatisfied with the ideals of French fiction—he provided the model of a more humane art not inferior in formal distinction, as well as an encouragement to James to develop his own point of view and to deal with his own people, who, like the Russians, were so little known in Europe and did not fit into the European categories. Even in England, Turgenev's name was known by the sixties. On a visit there in 1858, he was invited, at Mérimée's suggestion, to a banquet of the Royal Literary Fund, and, in aid of a similar Russian fund, founded the following year, he wrote a description of it, in which he dwelt on the effectiveness of the English in making such organizations work. He paid his respects to Carlyle, who had found "Mumu" very affecting but who rather surprised Turgenev by laughing immoderately when the visitor was telling him that he suffered from spots before his eyes and had once, on a hunting trip, mistaken one of these for a rabbit; and to Thackeray, who had never heard of him and who also roared with laughter when, after inviting his visitor to recite for him something in Russian, he was unable to restrain himself, at the outlandish sound to his English ears of one of Pushkin's loveliest lyrics. For Renan, who delivered, at the Gare du Nord, a speech over Turgenev's coffin, when his body was being sent back to Russia, Turgenev was a mind like his own, which comprehended the most diverse points of view and which contemplated their ultimate harmony:

> The repellent aspects of things do not exist for him. Everything in him becomes reconciled: the most opposed parties unite to admire him and to praise him. In the region to which he transports us, the words that rouse the vulgar lose their venom. Genius achieves in a day what would otherwise require centuries. He creates a



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higher atmosphere of peace, in which those who were formerly adversaries discover themselves in reality to have been collaborators; he opens the era of the great amnesty, in which those who have fought in the arena of progress clasp hands as they sleep side by side.

This conception by Renan of Turgenev must, I think, derive from a passage in the latter's lecture on Hamlet and Don Quixote, which, though still little known in English, had been early translated in France. Though very characteristic of Renan, it does not really quite fit Turgenev. It was easy enough for Renan to look ahead to the ultimate resolution of conflicts; he was accustomed to dealing with movements that belonged to the remote past. The conflicts in Turgenev are not truly—or only rarely—resolved, any more than the forces they represent were resolved in his contemporary Russia. The Paris of the mid-nineteenth century was quite ignorant of Russian affairs, and for this reason the Russian Turgenev was largely invisible to it; what it knew was the distinguished visitor, the good Russian giant of the Goncourts, the correct and well-balanced and modest friend, the cultivated foreigner who spoke all the languages yet who always was somewhat exotic, and so could charm without discommoding. Turgenev thus came to present in his Western and in his Russian connections two distinct and contrasting faces. For George Moore and Henry James, his stories are beautiful idylls: the Irishman and the American adore his high-souled young women, and they sympathize with his weak young men; they admire the descriptions of forest and field as if they were Corot landscapes, and the peasants, with the fantasy of their folk tales, the devotion of their touching attachments, are a people, almost like the pixies, that appropriately inhabit these landscapes. Turgenev must, of course, have been aware of this, and he exhibited a great deal of skill in managing his double life. This is a problem that has to be dealt with by every Russian exile. The Russian assumes, as a matter of course, that no foreigner can really know Russia, since one cannot imagine it correctly in any terms supplied by the West, and nobody but a Russian, he thinks—not entirely without justification—can have the freedom of the Russian language. But the Russians, wherever they are living, carry with them the Russian world, to which, when they gather together, all the other worlds become peripheral. That this world is unlike the West, that it poses unique problems, that the people of

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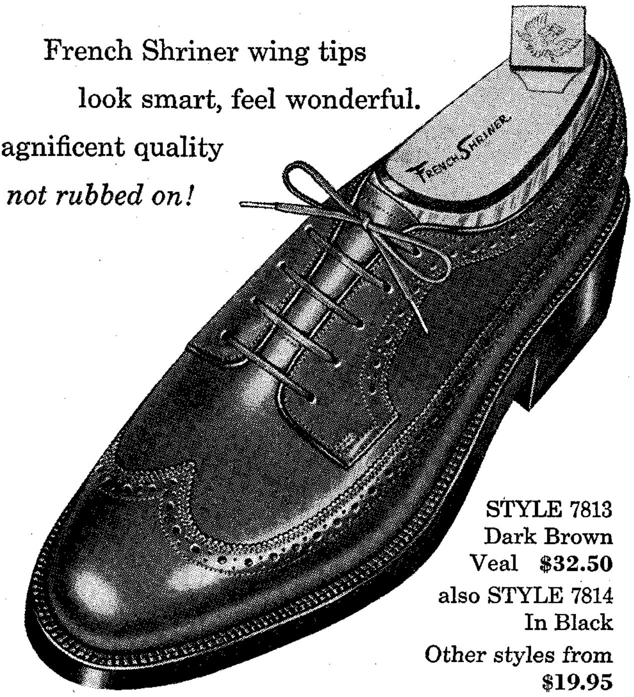

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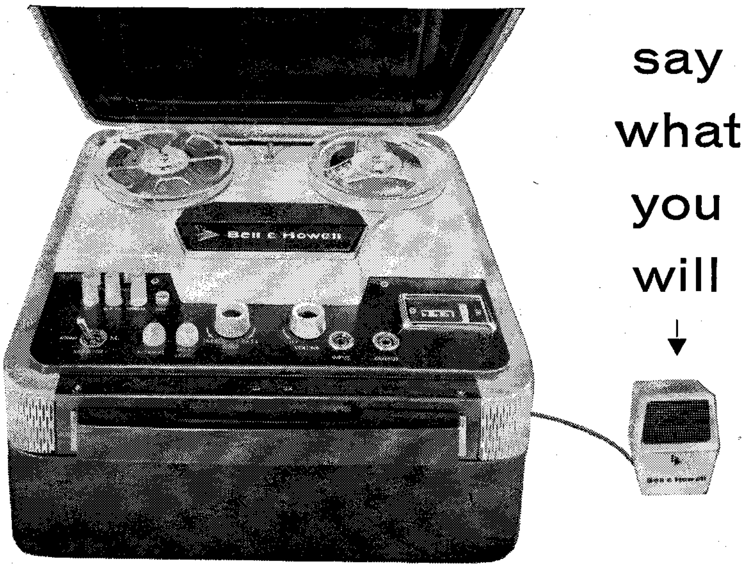

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their half-primitive country are innumerable and the country is vast, and that those Russians who are properly civilized are immeasurably more versatile and brilliant and learned than the intelligentsia of any other nation—all these considerations are bonds of solidarity and sources of pride. Yet when Russians come together and talk, nobody else can hear them, and even if the outsider *could* hear them, he would not in the least understand. Their movements, their groupings, their feudings, their scandals, their benefit performances, and their domestic vicissitudes, discussed passionately wherever there are Russians—among whom every word or event seems communicated instantaneously throughout the whole Russian circle—pass unnoticed by the foreigners about them. But to this alien world the Russian—unlike the average Englishman, Frenchman, or German—deliberately adapts himself; he speaks its language, gets the hang of its attitudes; and the usual educated Russian is so easy to get along with, so amusing and so good a storyteller, so apparently outspoken and spontaneous, though at times perhaps a little evasive, that the foreigner has no way of gauging the immense amount of reserve behind this. Turgenev was a typical example. What Turgenev's friends in the West could hardly have guessed about him was that each of his delightful novels, which, in form and in sensibility, could stand up beside anything of the kind that the West itself had produced, was, from the moment it appeared in Russia, an occasion for passion and polemics, that for Turgenev himself to return meant attacks and entreaties and ruptures, putting his head in a hornet's nest, as well as an opportunity for sudden reprisals by the government.

We are struck by this piquant contrast between these two faces of Turgenev when we compare his letters to foreigners—rather formal, in perfect taste, always respectful to the recipient and his country—with his letters to his Russian friends. The voice of the Turgenev who at thirty-eight addresses the twenty-eight-year-old Tolstoy seems to proceed from a different person: "I shall never cease to love you and to value your friendship, though—probably through my fault—each of us, in the presence of the other, will be bound for a long time yet to feel a certain embarrassment. . . . Whence this embarrassment arises . . . I believe you yourself understand. You are the only person in the world with whom I have misunderstandings, and this comes precisely from the fact that I

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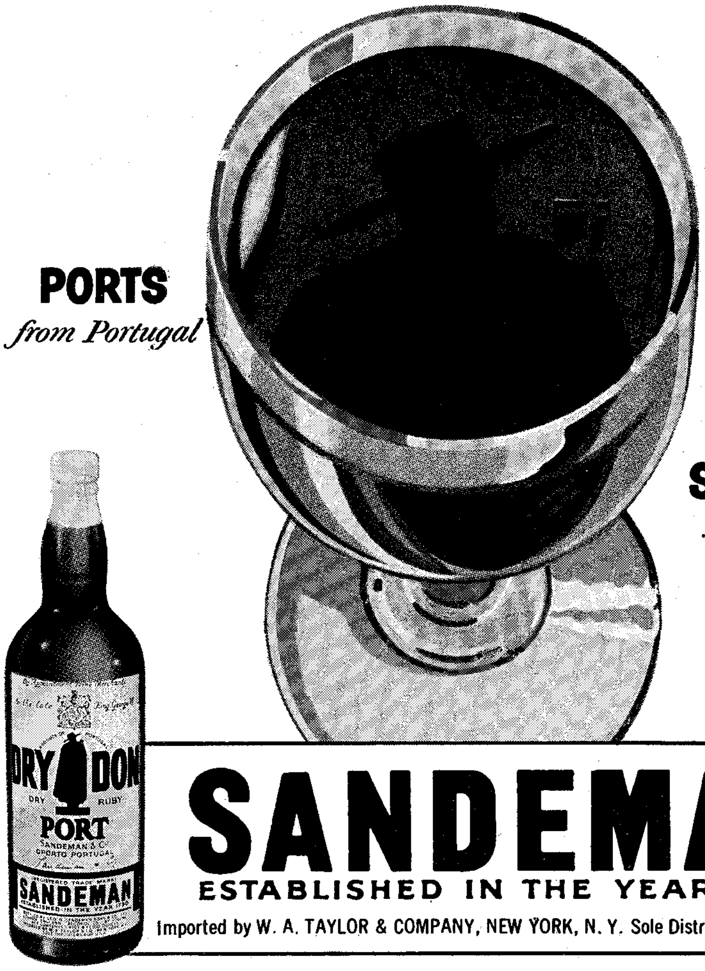
have wanted not to limit myself to simple friendly relations—I have wanted to go further and deeper, but I have been doing this in an indiscreet way: I hooked on to you, made demands on you, and then, becoming aware that I had made a mistake, relinquished you, it may be, too hastily; that is what has caused this 'gulf' between us." And he goes on to analyze the situation. He is worrying, in another letter, about Tolstoy's opinion of his work: "I know you did not care for my last story ["Asya"], and you were not alone; many of my best friends are not enthusiastic about it; I am sure you are quite right; and yet I wrote it at white heat, almost in tears—so we never know what we are doing." In Paris, he complains to Tolstoy of the French, a line that was likely to please him: "I have met only one nice girl—and she is a Russian; only one intelligent man—he is a Jew. I don't really care much about the French; they may be splendid soldiers and administrators—but in their heads there is only one alley, along which they poke always the same ideas, ideas they have accepted once for all. Everything that isn't their own seems to them outlandish and silly: '*Ah, le lecteur français ne saurait admettre cela!*' Once he has said these words, the Frenchman cannot even imagine that it is possible for you to make any reply—well, let us leave them to God!" To another Russian friend, Turgenev expresses himself with equal frankness on the subject of "Anna Karenina." What has here put Turgenev's back up is the issue raised by Tolstoy in his novel between good old honest Russian Moscow and wickedly Westernizing St. Petersburg—which is one of those matters of perennial interest to Russians, since the competition between these two centers has gone on even under the Soviets and was involved in the rivalry of Kirov with Stalin, of which the non-Russian is hardly aware. "I haven't yet," Turgenev writes, "read the continuation of 'Anna Karenina,' but I can see with regret the direction that this whole novel is taking. However great the talent of L. Tolstoy, he will not be able to extricate himself from the Moscow bog into which he has got himself. Orthodoxy, the gentry, Slavophilism, gossip, Arbat [a then aristocratic section of Moscow], Katkov [the reactionary editor], Antonina Bludova [who had a Slavophil salon in Moscow], bad manners, conceitedness, feudal customs, officerdom, hostility to everything foreign, sour cabbage soup and absence of soap—chaos, in a word. And in this chaos so gifted a



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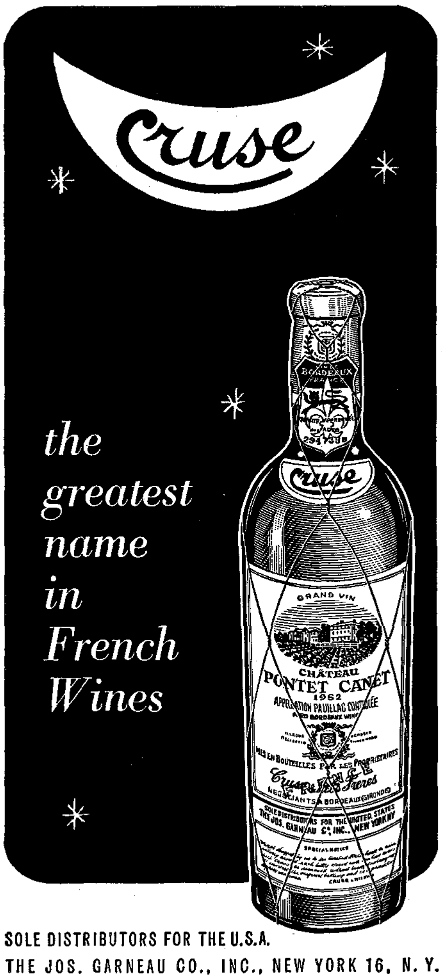
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man must perish. That's the way it always is in Russia." One feels here, on Turgenev's part, a certain impulse to assign to Tolstoy the destiny of a frustrated Turgenev character, to bury him in the old Russian swamp that Turgenev had come out of and dreaded.

Turgenev's relations with Tolstoy as well as with Dostoevsky were intensely dramatic and comic. In the case of both his great contemporaries, when, on visits to that Western Europe which they made such a point of disdaining, they had lost all their money gambling—Dostoevsky lost even his watch—Turgenev would lend them money. Dostoevsky rewarded him for this by denouncing him on every occasion, but, fleeing, two years later, from his creditors and making a stay in Baden, at the time when Turgenev was living there, Dostoevsky reasoned with himself that just because he had not paid Turgenev back he ought not to fail to call on him. Dostoevsky, in his account of this interview, an anonymous memorandum of which he wanted to have put in the official archives, said that Turgenev had been outrageous; that the bad reception of "Smoke" had caused him to inveigh against Russia, declaring that if the Russians were totally destroyed, it would be no loss to human thought; that "we must grovel before the Germans" and that he now regarded himself as a German. Dostoevsky had advised him, he said, to acquire a telescope so that he could see what was going on in Russia. It is not implausible that Turgenev should have let himself go à la Potugin of "Smoke" and declared, as Dostoevsky reported, that "there was but one universal and inevitable road—that of civilization, and that any attempt at a policy of Russianism and independence was pigheaded stupidity and folly." But Turgenev does not elsewhere appear as a slavish admirer of the Germans, and in his own account of this interview—sent to Petersburg when he learned of the memorandum—he asserts that Dostoevsky had stayed with him no longer than an hour, in the course of which he had bitterly attacked the Germans and had stormed against Turgenev and "Smoke" in tirades to which Turgenev "had had hardly the time or the wish to reply." He regarded Dostoevsky, he says, on account of his epileptic attacks and for "other reasons," as "not in full control of his intellectual faculties" and had "behaved with him as he would with a sick man." Dostoevsky was again gambling madly and as usual ruining himself. A few years later (Turgenev's

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loan still not repaid), he put his creditor into "The Possessed" as the exquisite and silly Karmazinov. But at last, in 1874, nine years after the loan had been made, hearing that Turgenev had returned to Russia, Dostoevsky sent him the money. His explanation for not having done so before was that he had not been able to remember whether it was fifty or a hundred thalers—Dostoevsky had asked for a hundred but Turgenev had given him only fifty—and that it had been only a few days before, when he had come upon a letter from Turgenev, that he had learned the correct amount.

With Tolstoy, who was also opposed to Turgenev's Westernizing policy, Turgenev had a disagreeable quarrel in the course of a conversation in which he was telling with complacency of the new English governess he had found for his daughter. Turgenev the next morning sent apologies, but he misdirected his letter and soon received from his friend a challenge—not, Tolstoy fiercely declared, to the usual literary duel of the kind that concludes with the adversaries drinking champagne together; they would have to shoot it out with rifles. Turgenev apologized again, but later heard that Tolstoy was circulating the story and calling Turgenev a coward. Turgenev now challenged Tolstoy, but said that he was just going abroad and couldn't be bothered to fight him till he came back to Russia again. Tolstoy in his turn now apologized, and seventeen years later, when he had publicly become a Christian, wrote Turgenev proposing a reconciliation. Turgenev went to visit him in the country—their estates were not far apart—but said afterward that he felt rather nervous when he beat the new saint at chess. Immediately after this, when Turgenev was in Paris, he received from Tolstoy a letter in which the latter tried

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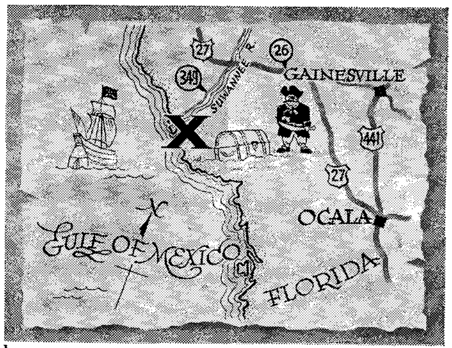
to pick a quarrel with him, expressing doubts of Turgenev's "sincerity." Later, in 1881, when Turgenev was visiting Spasskoye again, Tolstoy, at one o'clock in the morning, suddenly descended upon him, dressed in a peasant's costume, and put on such a performance of Christian humility that Turgenev was impressed. What, Turgenev said, showed that Tolstoy was actually making some progress as a Christian was that, instead of laying down the law, he allowed his opponent to do some of the talking. When Turgenev returned this visit, there was a birthday party in progress. He took off his coat and danced the cancan with a twelve-year-old girl. Tolstoy noted in his diary: "Turgenev—the cancan. Sad."

Turgenev did sometimes lose his temper; with Russians he was rather touchy. Is it entirely Dostoevsky's parody—ascribed to the absurd Karmazinov—that makes the elegiac "Enough" sound perhaps a little petulant and mawkish? And yet it is impossible not to feel, as Mr. Magarshack suggests, that Turgenev, the atheist, was a good deal more successful at practicing the Christian virtues than either the holy man of Yasnaya Polyana or the creator of Alyosha Karamazov.

One result of assimilating Turgenev to the school of writers, either French or influenced by the French, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries—to Mérimée, Flaubert, Maupassant, George Moore, Henry James, Joseph Conrad—has been that it has not been thought worth while to translate his nonfictional writings, which are mainly concerned with Russian affairs. It was no doubt assumed at the time of Turgenev's great foreign reputation that the men and the movements with which these writings dealt were quite unknown in the West and that they would not be of interest abroad. But it is a pity that they should still remain untranslated. Turgenev's explanation of his literary aims in his preface to his collected edition would, for example, have been salutary reading for our writers of the "Art is a weapon" thirties, when Russia had become so much more real to us but was sending us inferior literary products. And the "Literary Memoirs" of Turgenev—which has never, so far as I know, except for two or three pieces, been translated into any language—is certainly of Turgenev's best, comparable in beauty and interest to Yeats' "The Trembling of the Veil," which in some ways it rather resembles. In the case of many books about the literary world, we are main-



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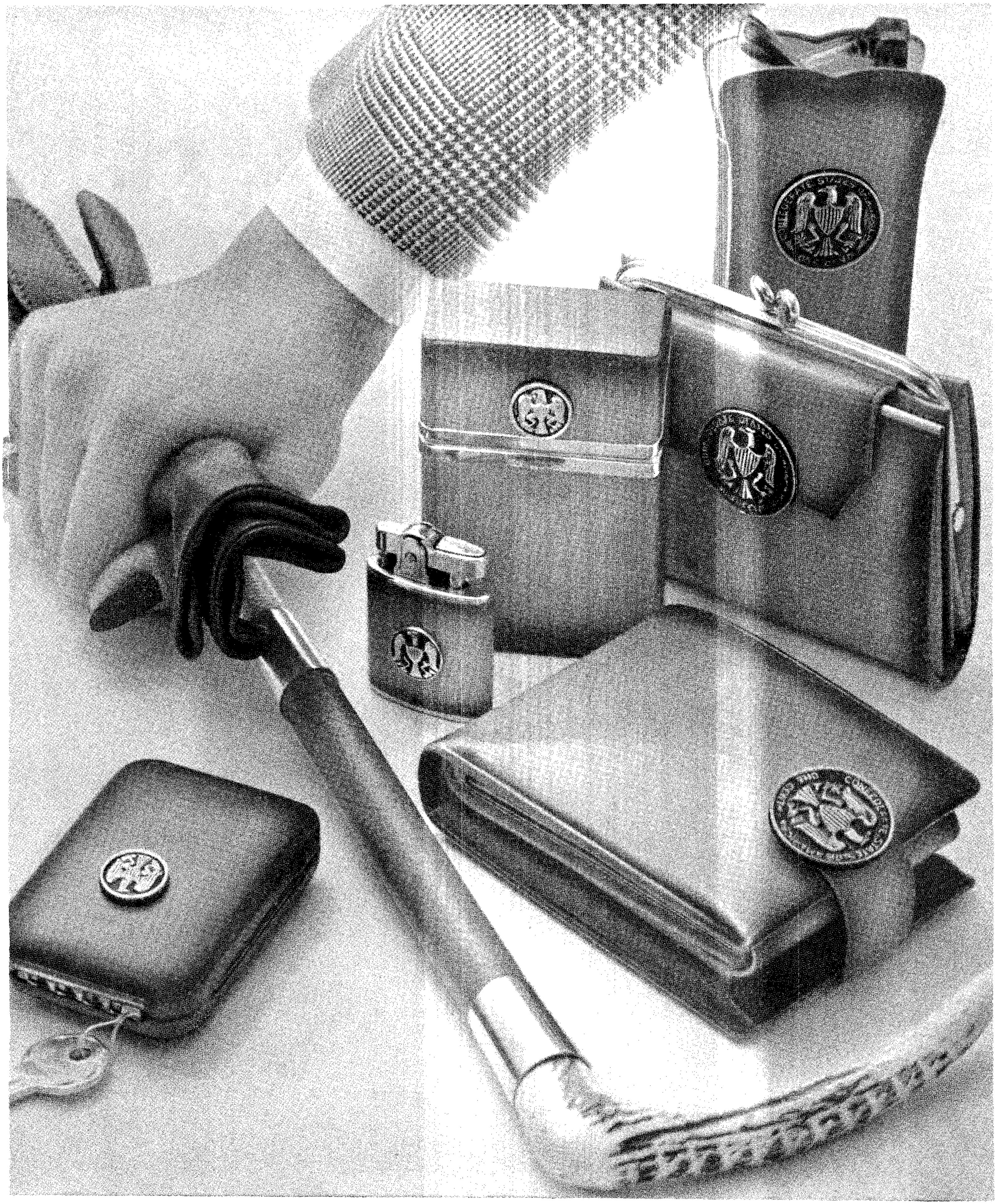

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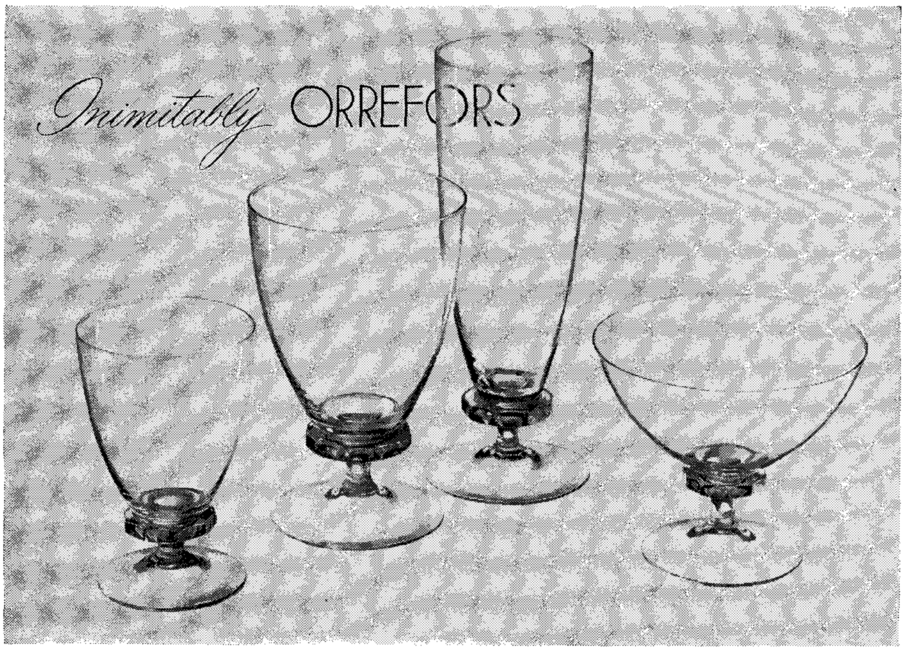
BURROUGH'S BEEFEATER GIN • IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND CORPORATION, NEW YORK 1, N. Y. • 94 PROOF DISTILLED FROM GRAIN ly impressed by the author's having managed to see at close range so many distinguished people without finding anything interesting to report of them; but a Yeats or a Turgenev is able—as in the latter's two brief glimpses of Pushkin—to make of a remark or an anecdote the revelation of a whole personality. The dominating figure in these memoirs is Vissarion Gregorevich Belinsky, the great Russian critic of the eighteen-forties, who, seven years older than Turgenev, took an interest in his work from the first and with whom he became close friends. At a time when the young Turgenev was full of affectations and regarded as a silly fellow, Belinsky discerned his sincerity in his first published work, a long poem called "Parasha," and, in spite of Belinsky's humble origin, his harsh manners, his limited learning, and his ignorance of the world, Turgenev came not only to admire him but even to find inspiration in his candor and moral nobility, his passionate interest in letters (which was finely aesthetic as well as moral), his vigorous and earnest efforts for the development of a great literature in Russia, at a time when, as Turgenev says, the Czar was doing everything possible to discourage not merely literature but even higher education. To call on his friend, he remembered—in that atmosphere of spies and suppression—was enough to set one up for the day. This intimacy with Belinsky was undoubtedly one of the crucial events of Turgenev's life. It is obviously reflected in his fiction in the eternally recurring motif of the two contrasting friends—though, in the years before he knew Belinsky, he had already had a somewhat similar friendship with another intellectual of the period, Nikolai Stankevich, which makes one think that he must have been predisposed to this kind of relationship. Stankevich died in 1840, and Turgenev first met Belinsky in 1842, and the first of the stories that exploit this theme—"Andrey Kolosov"—was written in 1844. Later on, the description of Yakov Pasynkov in the story of that name is so similar to the description of Belinsky in the "Memoirs" that it is evident that the latter had sat for Yakov, who dies of an injury to the lung, as both Belinsky and Stankevich died of tuberculosis. Now, "Yakov Pasynkov" is also a kind of preliminary study for the large-scale "Fathers and Children," and when we come to "Fathers and Children," we find that it is dedicated to the memory of Belinsky—who had died thirteen years before—and that its hero, like



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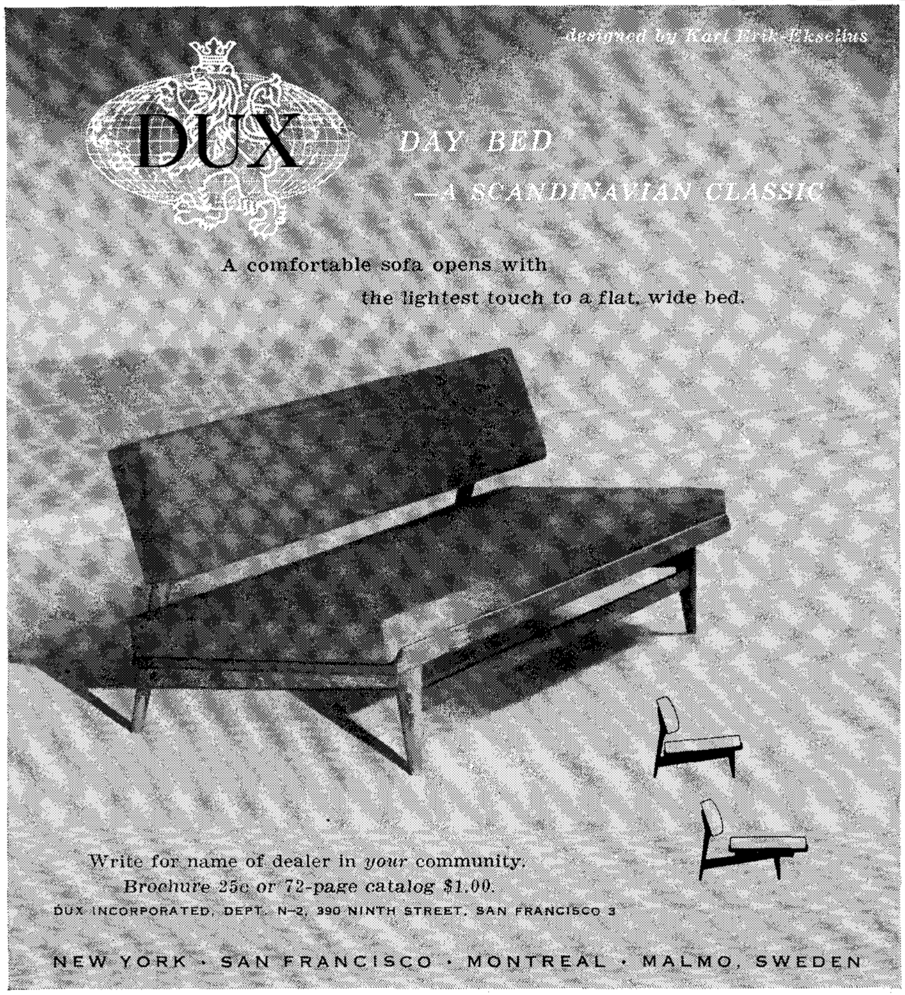

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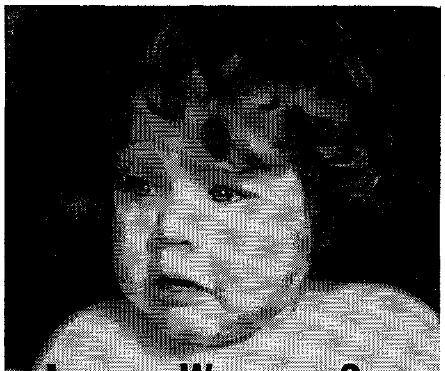

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Belinsky himself, is the son of a poor Army doctor and has a pitiful premature death. Turgenev had spent two months with his friend, not long before the latter's death in 1848, in a hotel at a German spa, where it was hoped that his health might improve. Turgenev pointed out to Pavlovsky that Bazarov, of "Fathers and Children," was blond, "like all my sympathetic heroes," like "Belinsky, Herzen, and others."

III

The work of Turgenev has, of course, no scope that is comparable to Tolstoy's or Dostoevsky's, but the ten volumes collected by him for his edition of 1883 (he omitted his early poems) represent a literary achievement of the concentratedly "artistic" kind that has few equals in nineteenth-century fiction. There are moments, to be sure, in Turgenev novels—"On the Eve" and "Virgin Soil"—when they become a little thin or unreal, but none can be called a failure, and one cannot find a single weak piece, unless one becomes impatient with "Enough," in the whole four volumes of stories. No fiction writer can be read through with a steadier satisfaction. Greater novelists are more uneven: they betray our belief with extravagances; they bore or they fall into bathos; they combine poetic vision with rubbish. But Turgenev hardly even skirts these failings, and he is never mediocre; his texture is as distinguished as his temperament.

This texture barely survives in translation. Turgenev is a master of language; he is interested in language in a way that the other great nineteenth-century Russian novelists—with the exception of Gogol—are not. His writing is dense and substantial, yet it never marks time, always moves. The translations of Constance Garnett are full of omissions and errors; the translations of Isabel Hapgood do not omit, but are also full of errors and often extremely clumsy. Neither lady seems ever to have thought of taking the indispensable precaution of reading her version to a Russian holding the Russian text, who would at once have spotted the dropped-out negatives and the cases of one word mistaken for another. The translations of Turgenev into French—though some are by Mérimée and Turgenev himself—have a tendency to strip him down to something much barer and poorer. The task of translating this writer does present some impossible problems. "What an amazing language!" wrote Chekhov on rereading

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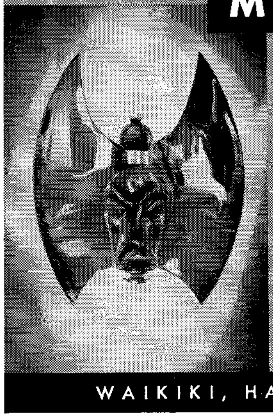

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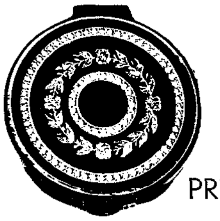

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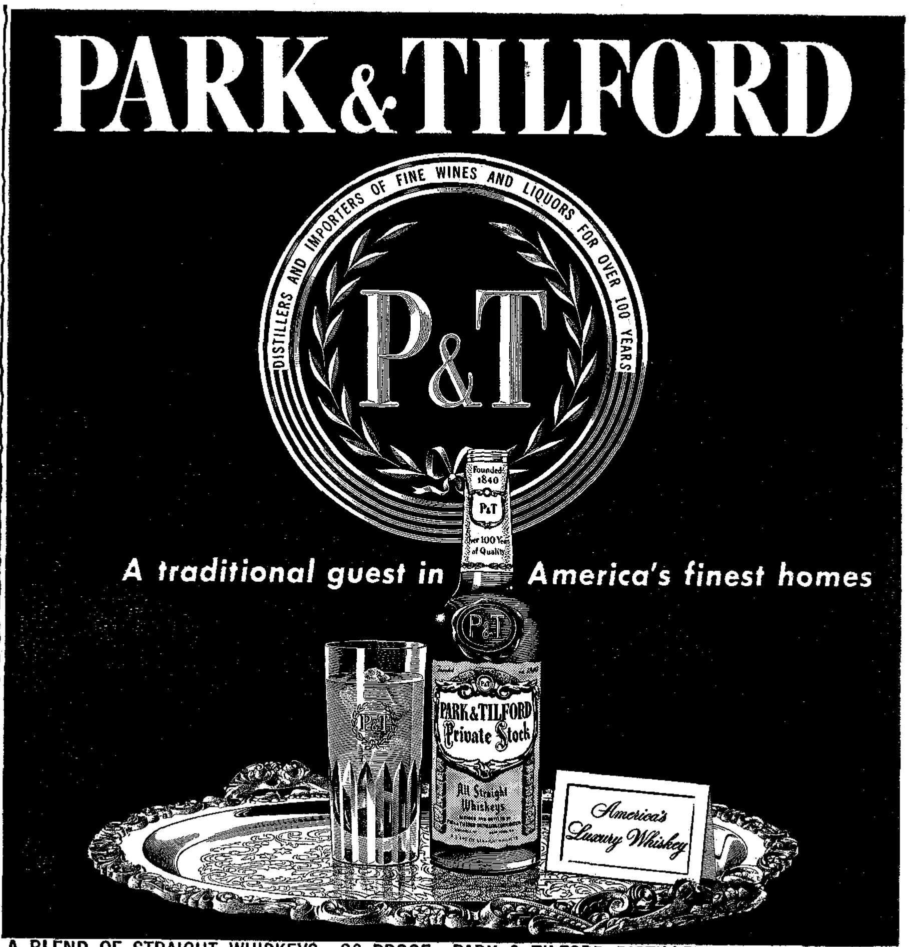
the story called "The Dog." But this language will not reach the foreigner. How to render the tight little work of art that Turgenev has made of "The Dog," narrated by an ex-hussar, with his colloquialisms, his pungent sayings, his terseness and his droll turns? And the problems of translating Turgenev are to some extent the problems of translating poetry. There is a passage in "The Torrents of Spring"—a tour de force of onomatopoeia—that imitates in a single sentence the whispering of leaves, the buzzing of bees, and the droning of a solitary dove. This is probably a conscious attempt to rival the well-known passage in Virgil's First Eclogue and Tennyson's imitation of it:

> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees.

But it would take another master to reproduce Turgenev's effects, just as it took a Tennyson to reproduce those of Virgil, and a Turgenev to compete with these.

Since I am going to go on in this section to call attention to the principal themes that run all through Turgenev's work and to relate them to his personal experience, I must emphasize here the solidity and the range of Turgenev's writings. It is only in the later stories which deal with the supernatural that these underlying themes emerge as obsessions or hallucinations. Otherwise, they are always embodied in narratives, objectively presented, in which the backgrounds are always varied and in which even the individuals who belong to a constantly recurring type are always studied in a special context and differentiated from one another. Turgenev is not one of the great inventors, as his two colleagues and Dickens are, but in his tighter, more deliberate art he more than holds his own among the writers with whom he is comparable, for he never oppresses, as Flaubert does, by his monotony and his flattening of human feeling, or fatigues, as Henry James sometimes does when his wheels of abstraction are grinding, or makes us nervous, as Conrad may do, through his effortfulness and occasional awkwardness in working in a language not native to him with materials that are sometimes alien. The material of Turgenev is all his own, and his handling of it is masterly. The detail is always amusing, always characteristic; every word, every reference, every touch of description has naturalness as well as point; the minor characters, the landscapes, the milieux are all given a full, succulent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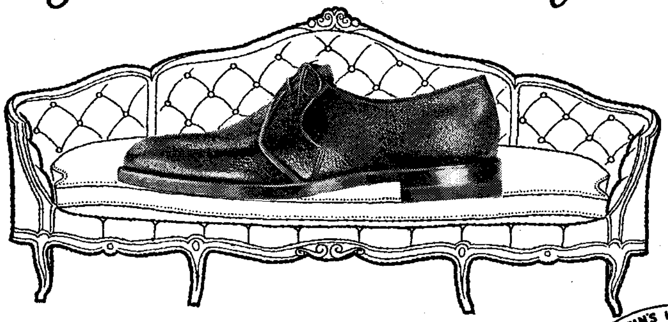
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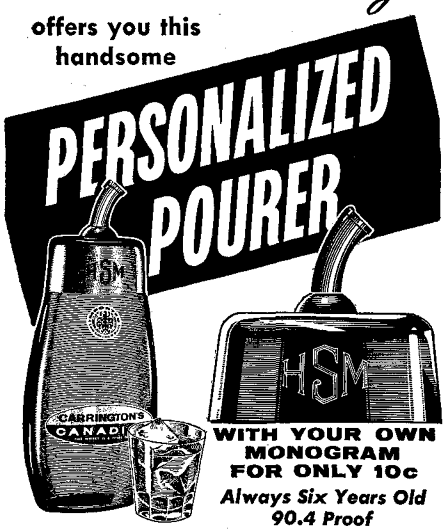

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flavor. The genre pictures—the funeral supper at the end of "An Unhappy Girl," the transference of the property in "A Lear of the Steppes"—are wonderfully organized and set in motion, though such exhilaration of movement as Tolstoy is able to generate in the episode of the hunt in "War and Peace" or the races in "Anna Karenina" is quite beyond Turgenev's powers, as is the cumulative fun and excitement of the town celebration in Dostoevsky's "The Possessed." But neither can fill in a surface, can fit language to subject like Turgenev. The weather is never the same; the descriptions of the countryside are quite concrete, and full, like Tennyson's, of exact observation of how cloud and sunlight and snow and rain, trees, flowers, insects, birds and wild animals, dogs, horses, and cats behave, yet they are also always stained by the mood of the person who is made to perceive them. There are moments, though not very many, when the affinity between natural phenomena and the emotion of the character exposed to them is allowed to become a little melodramatic in the old-fashioned romantic way—the volcanic sunset in "Faust" when the heroine is herself on the verge of eruption—but in general Turgenev is protected from the dangers of the "romantic fallacy" by his realistic habit of mind.

Let me here, also, call attention to a story that seems to me a masterpiece and that sounds a different note from those I shall discuss later: "The History of Lieutenant Ergunov," of 1867. This Lieutenant is a heavy and clumsy and extremely naïve young man who is highly susceptible to women and who regards himself as something of a dandy. Stationed in a provincial town, he becomes involved with a household that purports to consist of an elderly woman living with two nieces. They are of mongrel and dubious origins; one of them, who calls herself Colibri, is semi-Oriental, exotic. The Lieutenant never discovers that the two girls are prostitutes and that their bully is lurking in the background. His suspicions are not even aroused when he has dropped off to sleep on a couch one day and been awakened by the efforts of one of the girls—he is carrying government money—to detach from his belt his wallet. He becomes so fascinated by Colibri that it is no trouble at all for her to drug him. They rob him, bash in his head, and, assuming he is safely dead, throw his body down a ravine. It is only his exceptional vigor that enables him in time to recover from this. The thieves

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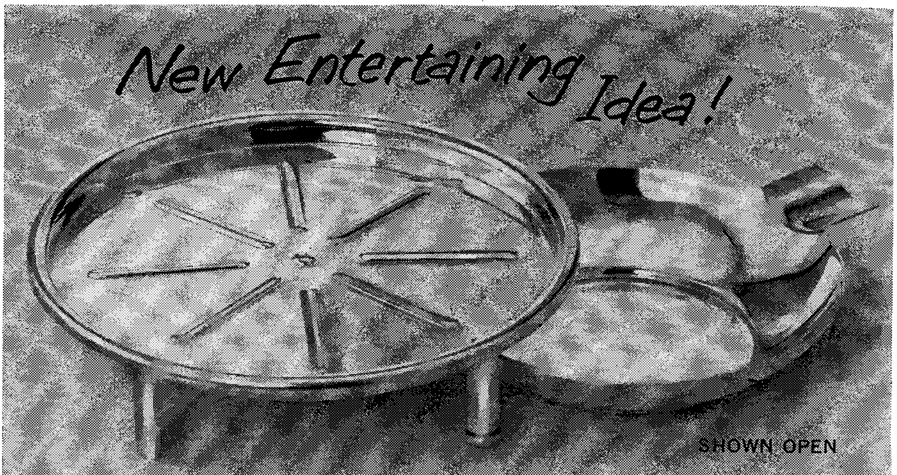
have, of course, made their getaway, but he presently receives a long letter from the girl who tried to steal his wallet, in which she tells him that though she has "a bad morality" and is "flighty," she is not really "a villainess." She is terribly sorry about the whole thing; the others had induced her to lend herself to luring him to the house and then sent her away for the day. "The old villainess *was not* my aunt." She begs him to answer, but he never does. All the rest of his life Ergunov tells the story at least once a month.

It is typical of Turgenev's art that the anecdote in itself, as I have sketched it, cannot convey Turgenev's point. Nothing could be more different than a story, say, by Maupassant. There are no tricks of the professional raconteur, no sudden surprise at the end. We follow a steady narrative, built up with convincing detail. It closes calmly enough with Ergunov's shaking his head and sighing, "That's what it is to be young," and displaying his terrible scar, which reaches from ear to ear. And it is only when we have finished the story that we grasp the whole implication of the triumph of good faith and respect for the innocent over the brutal violation of human relations. Ergunov is the side of Turgenev himself that never could believe at first that the people who exploited him were not honest. It is a question in "Lieutenant Ergunov" not of one of the author's obsessive themes but of a feeling that, for all his demons, all his ogresses and their helpless victims, continues to assert itself almost to the end of his work—Gemma's letter of forgiveness to Sanin, in the later "Torrents of Spring," reversing the roles of the sexes in "Ergunov," embodies the same moral—and a feeling that he shares with the creator of Myshkin as well as with the creator of Pierre. This instinct sets the standards for Turgenev's mind, and it is the basis of his peculiar nobility. It is the essence of the life-giving drop that he has rescued from the cave of the reptiles.

But this story is almost unique. The positive force of honesty, even the survival of innocence—though they sometimes occur in the novels: Solomin in "Virgin Soil," Tatyana and her aunt in "Smoke"—are excessively rare in these tales. There are examples of religious dedication—"A Living Relic" in "A Sportsman's Sketches," "A Strange Story," "A Desperate Character"—but, especially in the last two of these, you feel that they are simply cases, included with the other cases,



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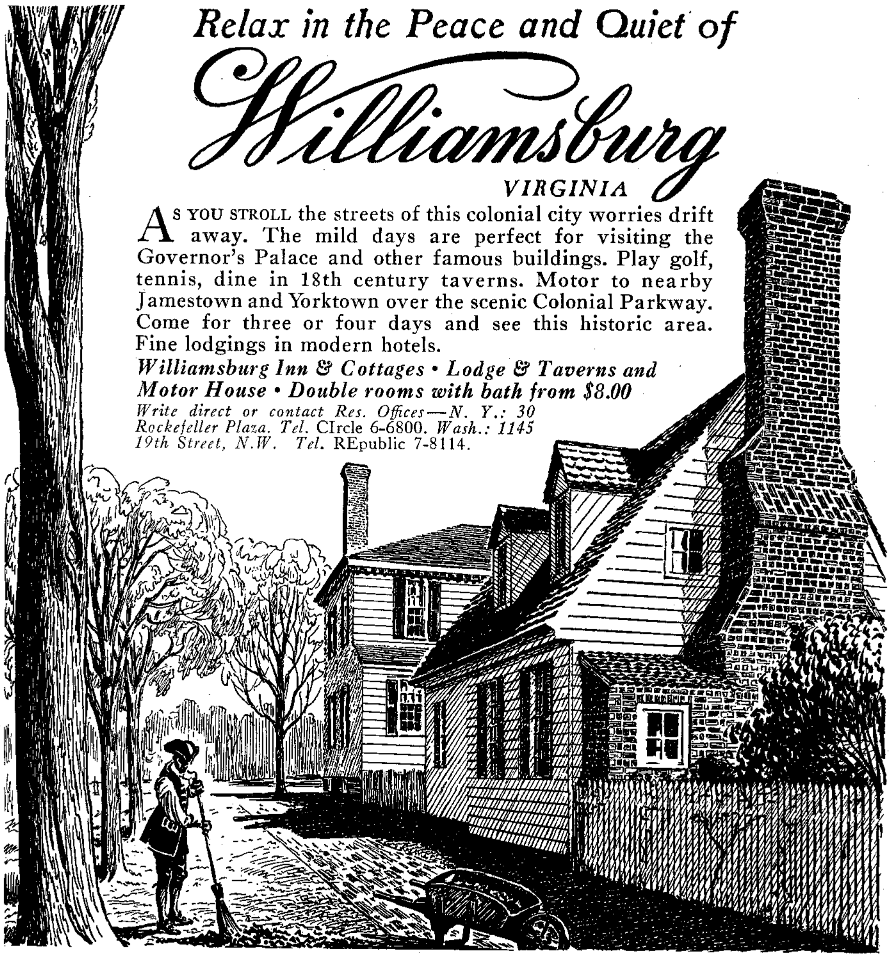

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of the unhealthiness of Russian life. In general, the ogresses and devils continue to have the best of it, and the timid and snobbish young men continue to disappoint the proud women. To return to the series where we dropped it—in 1857, ten years before "Lieutenant Ergunov"—this has happened to the heroine of "Asya" and to Gemma of "The Torrents of Spring," and is to happen to the heroine of "An Unhappy Girl" (two of these the illegitimate daughters of gentlemen and one the daughter of an Italian confectioner). It is only in "First Love" that the girl under a social shadow is allowed to have a passionate love affair, and I am sure that it is partly to this, the exceptional element of sex interest, that this story owes its especial popularity—along with, for the same reason, "The Torrents of Spring"—among Turgenev's shorter fictions. But note that it is not the young boy but his father who enjoys Zinaida's love, and that Turgenev explained that the story was based on an experience of his own youth. The figure of Turgenev's father plays no such role in his work as that of Varvara Petrovna, but the aloof and dashing father of the narrator of "First Love," who fascinates Zinaida and slashes her arm with his riding crop, evidently has something to do with the diabolic brother of "The Song of Triumphant Love," who mesmerizes and rapes his sister-in-law. If the heroes in Turgenev are inhibited from going to bed with the women and do so only, still with inhibitions, when—as in "Smoke" or "The Torrents of Spring"—they, the men, are themselves seduced, the man who prevails over women is likely to treat them with violence and to become an embodiment of the Evil Force.

In the meantime, Varvara Petrovna is reasserting herself in "Her Ladyship's Private Office" (included in the "Literary Memoirs"), and in "Punin and Baburin," and the Lutovinova grandmother who killed the little serf boy turns up as a variation of the Varvara Petrovna character in Agrippina Ivanovna of "The Brigadier." The masculine Force of Evil reappears in "A Tour in the Forest" of 1857, after lying in abeyance since "The Wayside Inn" of 1852, and it is here for the first time invested—at least in the minds of the peasants of the story—with supernatural implications. This piece was added by Turgenev to a new edition of "A Sportsman's Sketches" published in 1860, but afterward presented by the author—in his collected edition of

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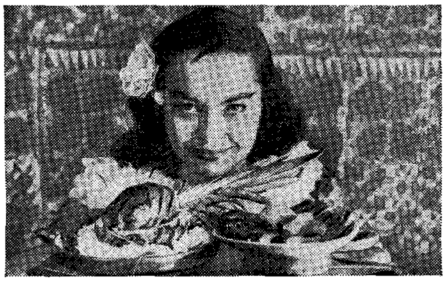

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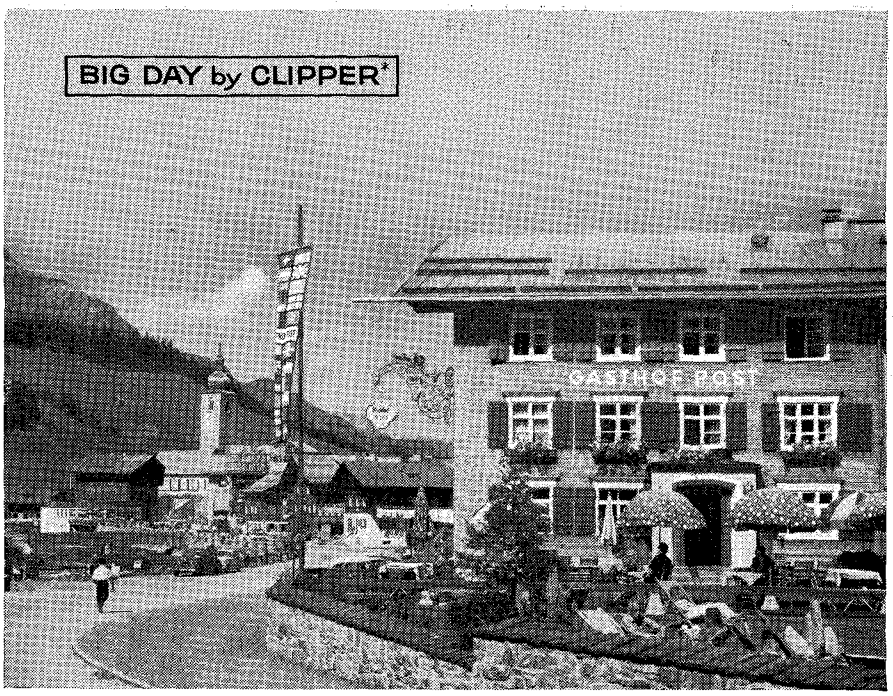
1865—in its chronological place. For it does not belong with the "Sketches"—it is more philosophical and more complex; it shows the development of Turgenev's art. I agree with Dmitri Mirsky in his admiration for "A Tour in the Forest"—with its wonderful descriptions of pine forests, its feeling for the non-human life of trees that both embraces and isolates human beings, that oppresses at the same time it calms. And in the forest the demon is found—Efrem, a bad peasant who fears nobody, who stops at nothing and whom his neighbors can do nothing about. He makes his living through robbery and brings up his son as a thief. It is no use to arrest him and put him in jail. The only good thing one can say of him is that he usually will not injure anyone who comes from his own settlement. Sometimes he will shout from a distance if he sees a fellow-villager, "Keep away, brother! I'm a killer! The forest demon is on me!" "But why do you mind what he says?" the narrator asks the man who is telling the story. "Can't the lot of you deal with a single man?" "That seems to be the way it is." "But he's not a magician, is he?" "Who knows?" And the forester goes on to tell of a chanter in the church who had thrashed Efrem in the dark when he did not know who he was, but then, when he recognized him, had fallen on his knees before him. Efrem had punished the chanter by putting a spell upon him and causing him to waste away. "That chanter must be an idiot." "Do you think so?" the peasant replies. Once an order goes out to catch Efrem. They have a smart chief of police, and he leads ten men into the forest. Efrem comes out to meet them. "Grab him! Tie him up!" someone cries. But Efrem, looking hideous and frightful, breaks off a big club from a tree and threatens them. "On your knees!" he commands them, and they all fall down on their knees. They have had to get a new chief of police. "But why did they all obey him?" "Why? That's the way it is." But though Efrem connects himself with the *leshi*, the forest goblin, and though, on one of his marauding exploits, he successfully masquerades as a devil, the element he represents has not yet come to wear the aspect of something quite outside the natural world. He is identified also with the bear; the foresters regard him as a kind of bear. And Turgenev here succeeds in assigning him to a role in a partly comprehensible world. The bad peasant—in his own way normal, as normal as his brother the bear—seems now to fade into the back-



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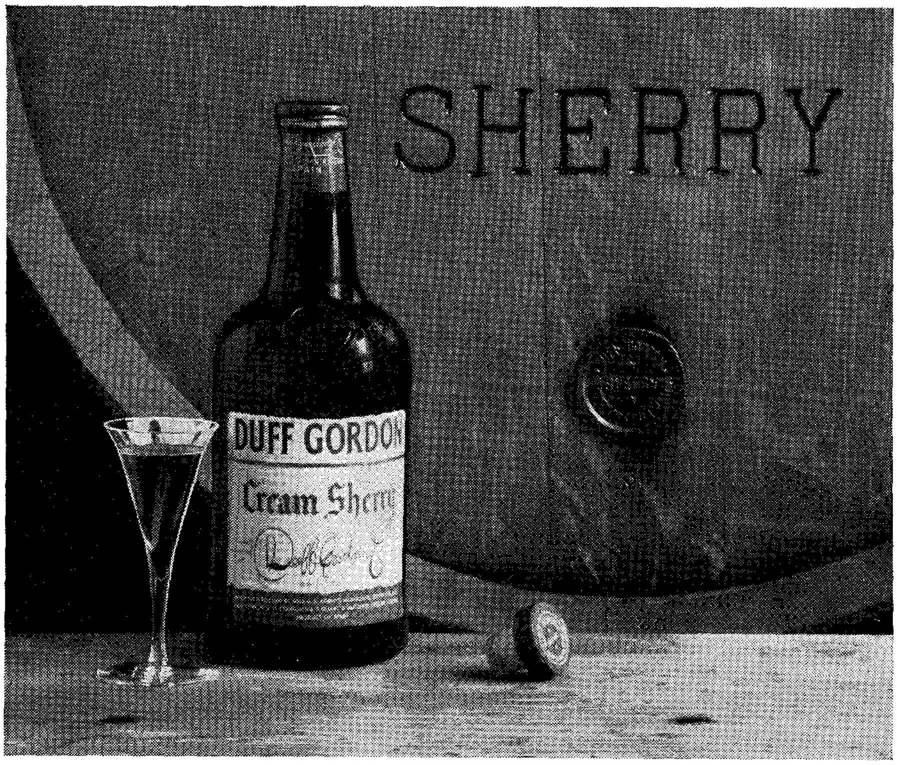

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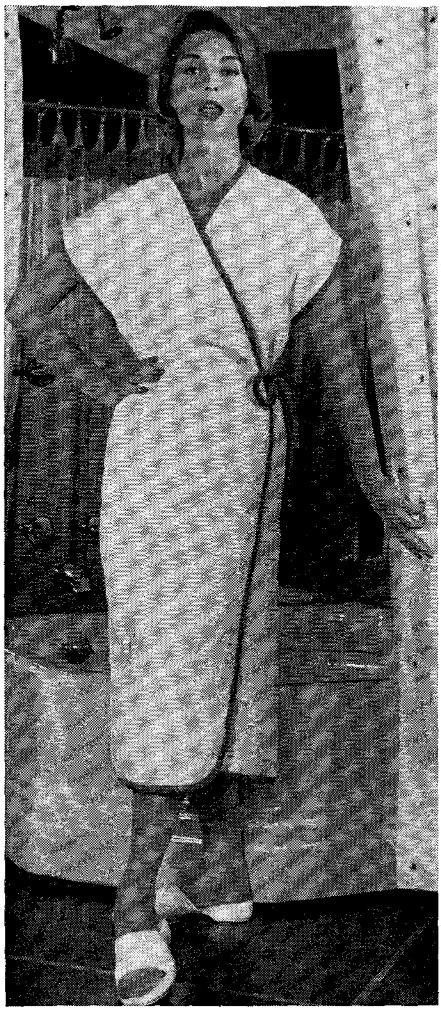

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ground as a part of the order of nature. As we keep meeting this formidable figure, it occurs to us that he represents something which, however inacceptable he seems to us, has been an ever-recurrent phenomenon of Russian history: Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible, Stalin—the bad master whom one cannot resist.

This masculine Force of Evil reappears in "An Unhappy Girl" (1868) as Susanna's horrible stepfather, and in "A Lear of the Steppes" (1870) you have one male and two female villains, all more or less unaccounted for. In "Lear," the two daughters of old Kharlov, who destroy him, no doubt dominate the son-in-law, but there is nothing to explain why both of them should have risen to such positions of power save the example of Varvara Petrovna, on whose character they present variations. Maria Nikolaevna in "The Torrents of Spring"—another strong and cunning peasant—is a still further variation. And thereafter, as Turgenev nears sixty, both the female and the male evil powers not only cease to wear the aspect of noxious products of the social system or even of elements of animal nature; they become supernatural beings, who prey upon and take possession, who swoop in on us from outside our known world. This development on Turgenev's part synchronizes—despite the fact that during the seventies he wrote, in "Virgin Soil," his most ambitious social novel—with a haunting and growing sense of the nullity of human life and the futility of his own endeavors. This feeling first breaks out in "Enough" of 1864. The title of "Smoke" is inspired by it: "He sat alone in the train," he writes of Litvinov at the end of this book. "There was nobody to disturb him. 'Smoke, smoke!' he several times said to himself [he is watching the smoke of the train]. And suddenly everything seemed to him smoke, everything, life itself, Russian life—everything human, especially everything Russian. It was all smoke and steam—he thought—everything seems constantly changing; always new shapes; appearances fly after appearances; but actually it is always the same and the same; everything is hurrying away, everything is speeding off somewhere—and everything vanishes without a trace, without ever achieving anything; a different wind has blown, and everything has been driven in the opposite direction, and there you have again the same ceaseless agitation, the same movement that results in nothing." In the late "Poems in Prose" (1878-82), this de-

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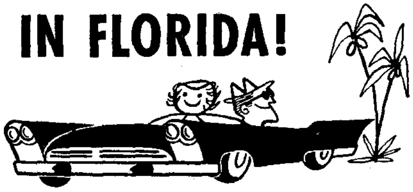

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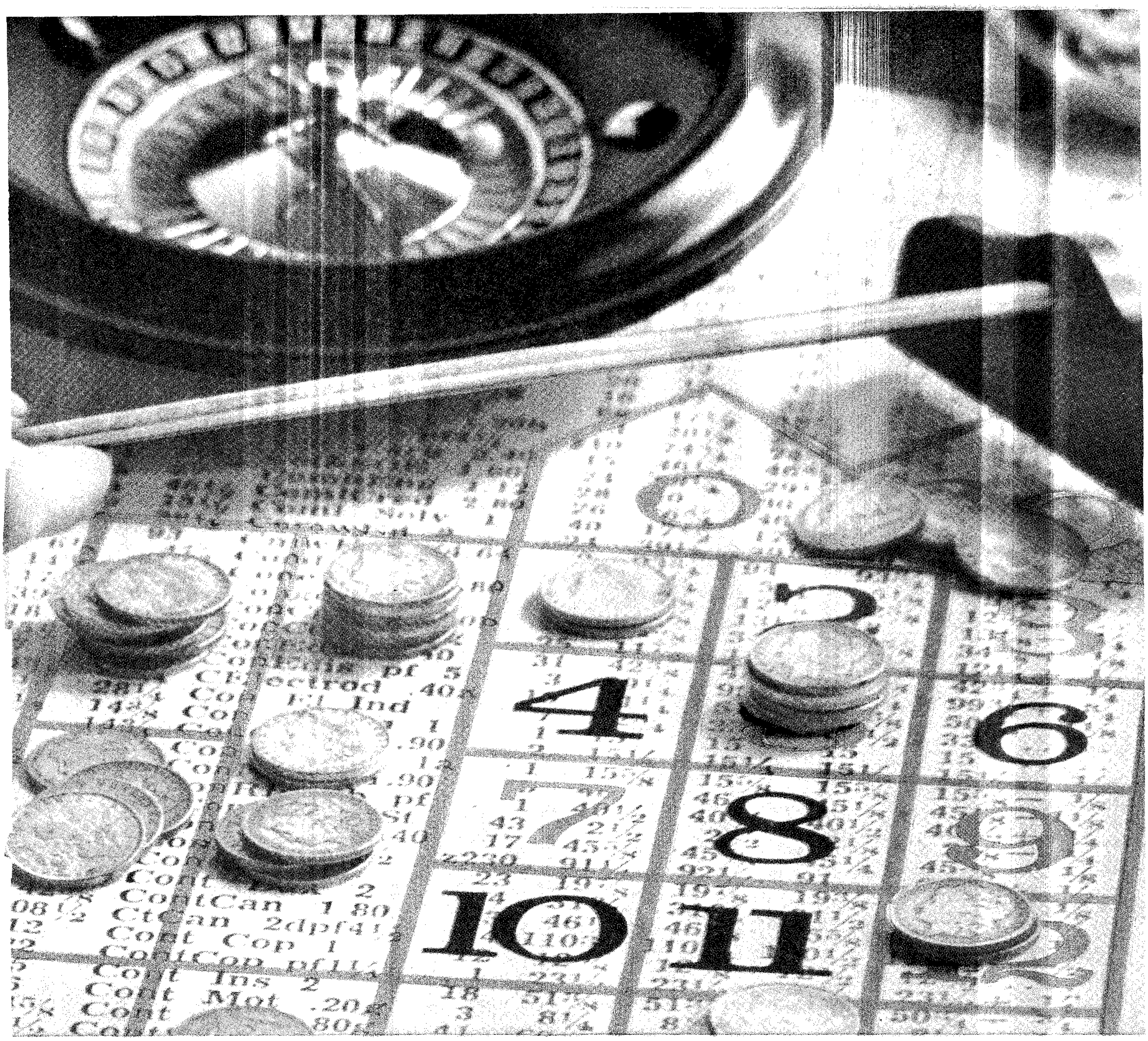

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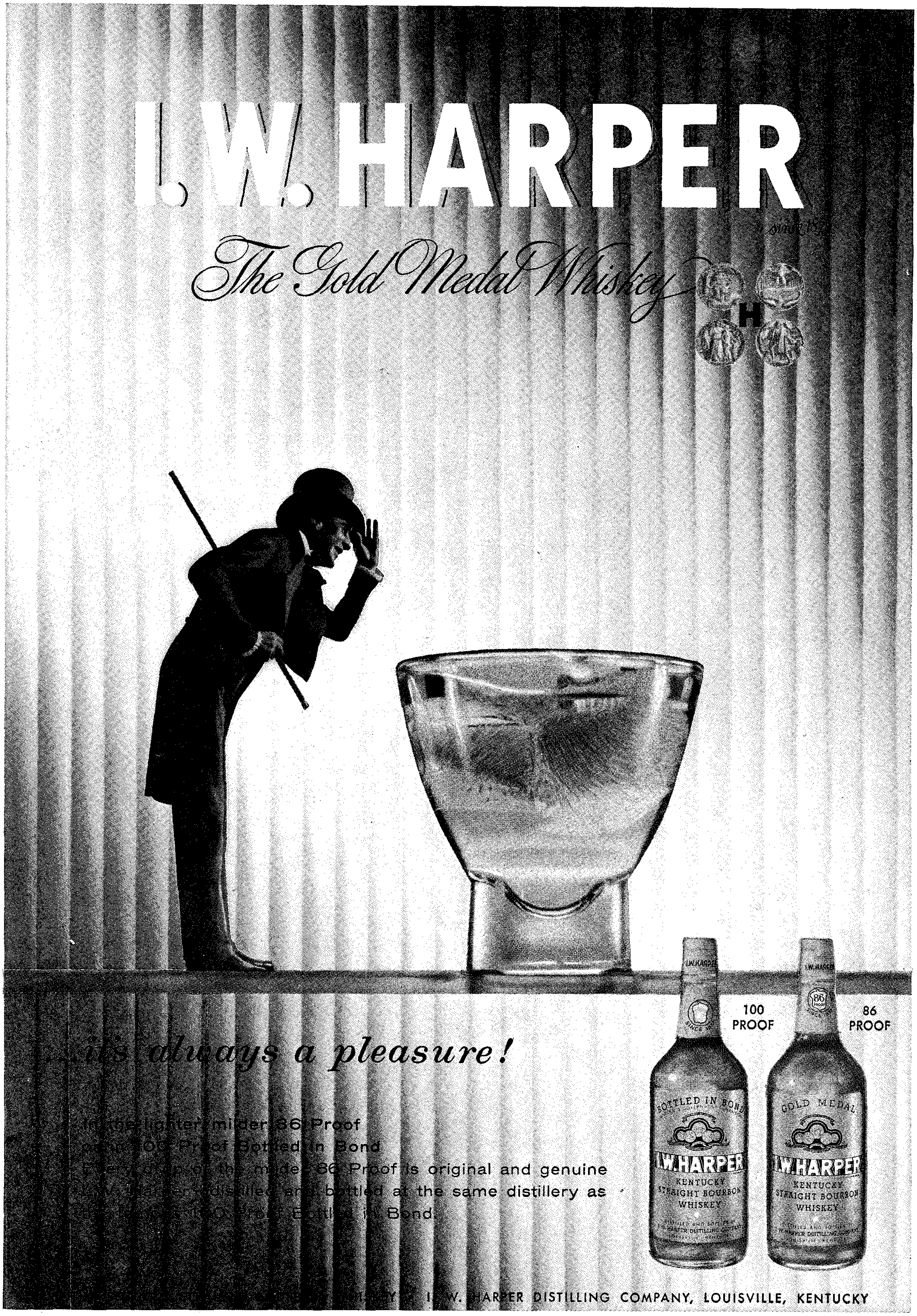
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These nightmares have begun in "Phantoms" of 1863, and this is followed, thirteen years later, by "The Dream." The element of the supernatural first appears in "The Dog" of 1866. This very curious story associates itself with "Knock! . . . Knock! . . . Knock! . . . ," which follows it in 1870. Both deal with mysterious destinies, one fortunate, the other unfortunate—a suggestion of which is also to be found in "The Torrents of Spring" of 1871. In "The Dog," the Force of Evil wears the aspect of the gigantic mad dog, which persistently attacks the hero and from which he is only saved by his heaven-sent protector—a setter which has come to him first as an invisible but audible presence. This faithful guardian angel is again, like the Lieutenant's innocence, a form of the life-giving drop. But this angel in the subsequent stories grows feebler and at last gives way before the Demon of Evil: the diabolic baron of "The Dream;" the priest's son, possessed by the Devil, of "Father Alexey's Story;" the sinister Renaissance sorcerer of "The Song of Triumphant Love." I do not agree with Mirsky that the realistic setting of these stories prevents them from being successful. They *are* certainly less compelling than the diabolic tales of Gogol, from which they may partly derive, for the reason that the world of Gogol, being always distorted and turbid, is more favorable for this kind of horror, but they are nonetheless creepy enough and can hold their own with any such fantasies. The fault that one would find with them is rather that they are not merely horrible but hopeless. The forces that battle with the goblins are too feeble; they do not have a chance of success. Compare Gogol's vampire story "Viy" with Turgenev's "Clara Milich," which fundamentally it somewhat resembles. It is not only that the rude village church in which the young student of Gogol keeps his terrible vigil

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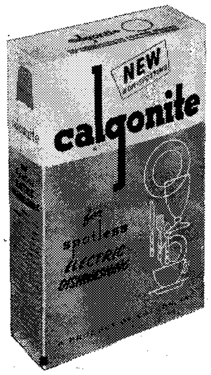

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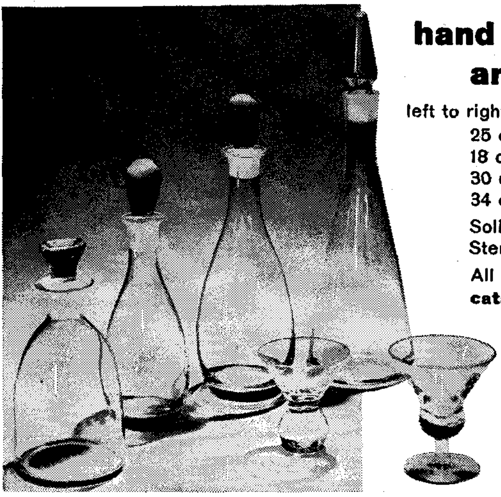

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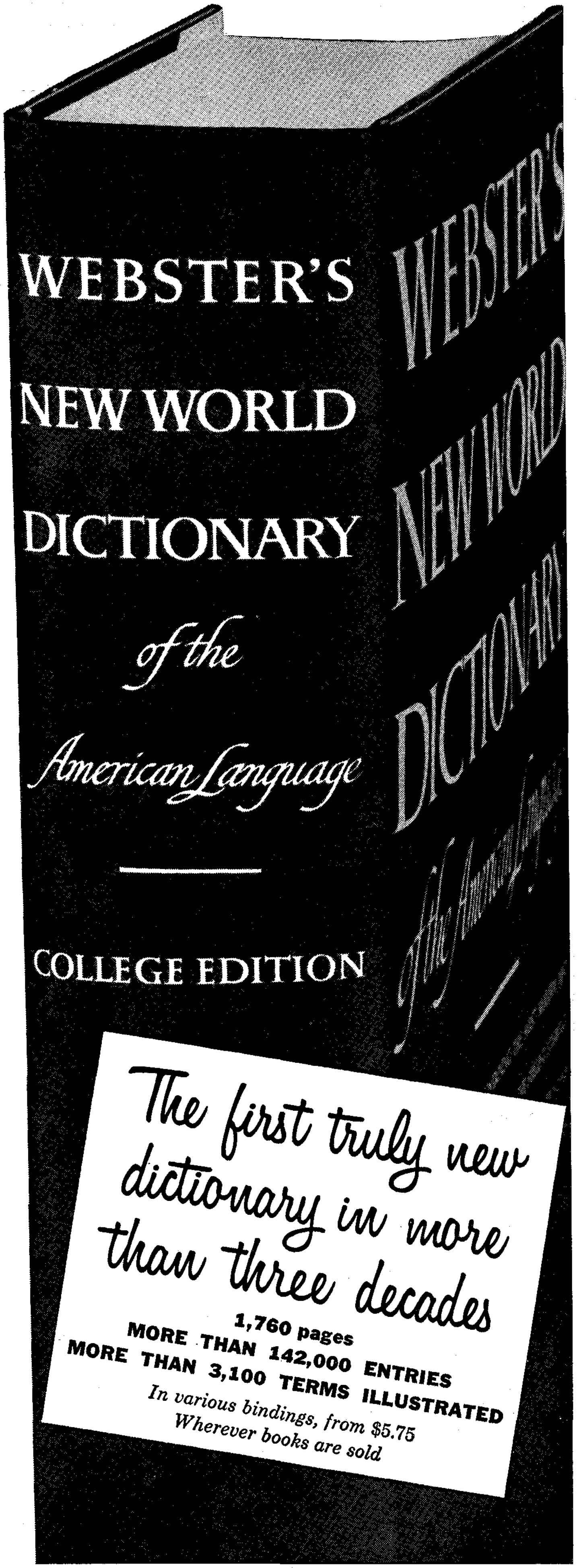
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with the girl in the coffin is closer to peasant folklore than the "small wooden house" in Moscow where Turgenev's student lives with his aunt and has his rendezvous with the dead Clara; Gogol's hero arouses more sympathy, puts up a better fight than Turgenev's, who is actually, like Sanin in "The Torrents," more attracted than frightened by the vampire.

This story—of 1882, the last that Turgenev published—is, in any case, the culmination of the whole morbid side of his work. Clara Milich is a talented young girl as to whom people cannot be sure whether she will turn out "a Rachel or a Viardot." She is not really beautiful; she has a swarthy complexion, coarse hair, and a mustache on her upper lip. She is very much the gypsy type; one would imagine she was bad-tempered and capricious—a passionate, self-willed nature, hardly even particularly intelligent. "What tragic eyes!" someone says. Clara fixes upon the student Yakov, a somewhat feminine and frail young man, with whom she has hardly exchanged words at a party, and she sends him a mysterious and urgent message begging him to meet her in a certain street. When she meets him, she tells him, with tears in her eyes, that she feels a great need to talk with him but does not know how to go about it, and he behaves in such a priggish way—he thinks her not respectable, too forward—that she gibes at him and runs away. He soon hears that she has committed suicide. Performing in a provincial theatre, she had drunk poison just before going on and had played the first act with unusual feeling and warmth, then, the moment the curtain fell, had dropped writhing in convulsions to the floor. "What strength of will! What character!" people said. Yakov fears that he is to blame, and he looks up her family and reads her diary and finds that—for reasons not clear—she had counted on him to "decide her destiny," and had then written, "No! no! no!," in evident disillusionment and despair. Clara begins to haunt him in dreams and hallucinations (she is rather like the female spirit who carries Turgenev around in "Phantoms"). At one of their meetings he kisses her—he feels her burning nearness and her cold, moist lips—and he wakes his aunt with a cry. What can come of such a love! he wonders. When he remembers that kiss from the dead, a wonderful sensation of cold runs quickly and sweetly through all his limbs. "Such a kiss," he says to himself, "not even Romeo and Juliet ex-

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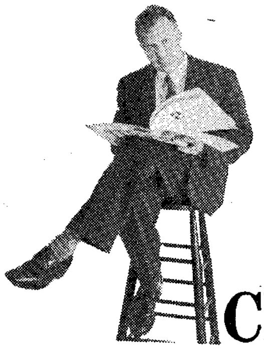

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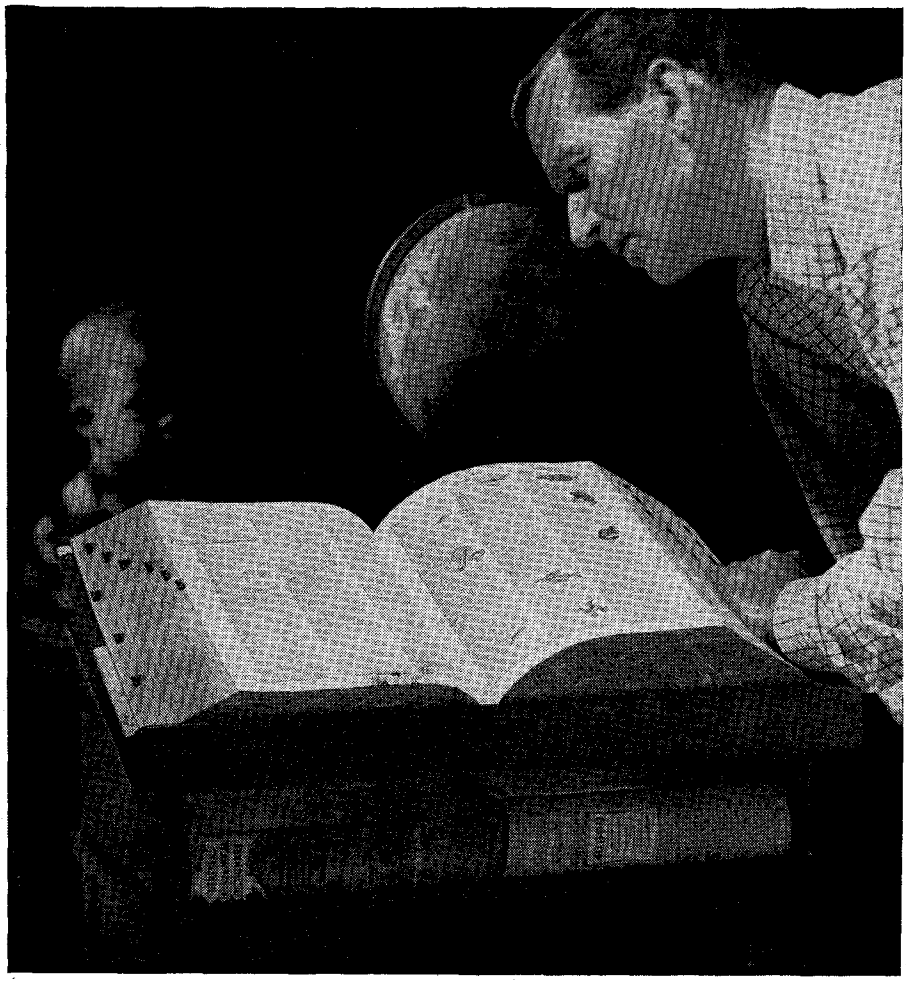
changed. But the next time I shall hold out better. . . . I shall possess her." The next time he throws himself upon her: "You have conquered! Take me!" he cries. His aunt finds him on his knees, with his head on the armchair where the ghost had been sitting. In a delirium, he declares he is Romeo, who has just taken the poison, and he dies with a smile on his face.

SPASSKOYE, the prison of his childhood, is closing in on Turgenev, but though his progress in nightmare has brought him to surrender to Clara Milich, he finds courage, in his strange last story, to strike back at the Evil Force. Turgenev in his earlier phase had hoped, as has already been said, that the feudal social system of Russia might be reformed from above by the Czar. It is the Bulgarians, not the Russians, to whom, in "On the Eve," Elena devotes her life. Bazarov, in "Fathers and Children," though he does not believe in institutions, is by no means a revolutionist. But the implication of "Punin and Baburin" is certainly revolutionary. Even after "Fathers and Children," the theme of the two friends persists, but in this story of 1874 the stronger of the pair is no longer a Nihilist: he is a republican who is sent to Siberia. The story ends, however, with the good news of the emancipation of the serfs. In "The Watch," which follows this story in 1875, the two friends appear again, and again—though in the guise of a parable—with implications that seem subversive to the old regime. "Virgin Soil" (1876), as we have seen, is occupied entirely with a revolutionary subject. Though the agitational activities of the Populists are regarded as premature and shown here as coming to grief, it is implied at the end that the movement is quietly going on and may eventually result in something. And among the "Poems in Prose," there is one, "The Threshold" (1878), that Turgenev did not publish and that was not known till after his death, when a Populist paper printed it, which was inspired by the attempt of Vera Zasulich to assassinate General Trepov: " 'O you who want to cross that threshold, do you know what awaits you there?' 'I do,' the young girl replies. 'Cold, hunger, hatred, ridicule, scorn, insult, jail, illness, and death itself.' 'I know it.' . . . The young girl crossed the threshold, and behind her fell a heavy curtain. 'Fool!' snarled someone after her. The answer came from somewhere: 'Saint!' "

"I once," Pavlovsky reports that



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Turgenev used to say in his latter years, "believed that the reforms would come from above; now I am entirely disillusioned. I should have joined the youth movement if I had not been so old and if I could have believed in the results of a movement that came from below. The new social type whose existence I have put on record, the literate peasant who reads the papers and despises and robs the other peasants, is a hundred times worse than the old-fashioned landlord."

In "Old Portraits" (1881), a cruel and unscrupulous landowner takes advantage of a technicality to reclaim from another landowner a serf who has spent twenty years as the latter's devoted servant. The serf promises to kill his new master, bides his time for a favorable moment, and then splits his head with a hatchet. Two weeks before Turgenev's death, in 1883, he carried this theme further. He was dying of cancer of the spine and in such pain that a little later, when Maupassant came to see him, he begged him to bring him a revolver. But he managed to compose one more story, which he dictated to Pauline Viardot in, for some reason, not merely French but Italian and German, too. When she asked him whether he would not rather use Russian, he replied, with tears in his eyes, that he did not feel strong enough to bother about style as he would have to do if he put it into Russian. The title of this story—which in the Soviet edition of Turgenev will be found in a Russian translation—was originally "Une Fin." Here the Russian landowning gentry, whose emergence from a barbarism of brigands has been shown retrospectively in "A House of Gentlefolk" and whose origins recur as a horror in the "Stenka Razin" episode of "Phantoms" (Stenka's Cossacks had drowned in the Volga a seventeenth-century Turgenev), returns to its original brutality in a now degenerate form. Talagaev—*talagai* means an obstinate lout—belongs to an old country family, of which he is very proud. His father was famous for his hunting, for his turnouts with silver trimmings, and for once having ordered his coachman to blindfold the eyes of a horse and plunge into an ice-covered river. This father and his generation have squandered the family money, and the surviving Talagaev, though reduced to peddling poultry, makes a point of keeping up his appearance so as not to be taken for a peasant, a sacristan, or a merchant: "Why shouldn't I go in for trade? What if I do belong to the gentry? What if my ancestor did wear the

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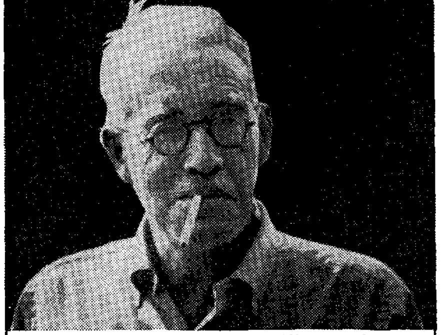

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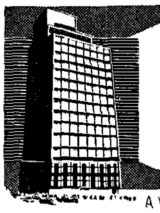

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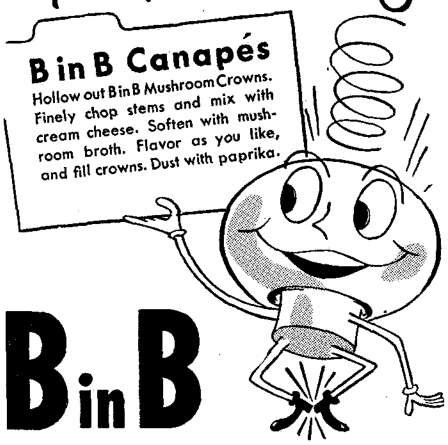

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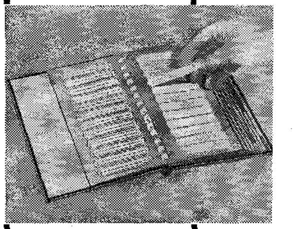

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brocaded gold cap that was given him by Tamburlaine?" When an innkeeper refuses to buy, he insults him and shoots off a gun that he carries—"Do you think it's not loaded?" he jeers—and goes away singing "Stenka Razin" in a voice "neither pleasing nor true." "He wants to be a bandit," one of the men at the inn mutters, "but he can't even sing the bandits' song!" Having lost caste with his own social group, he succeeds in luring away from home, with the promise that he will show her the Kremlin, the fifteen-year-old daughter of a neighbor of good standing but small property, and makes the usual insolent scene when her father comes to take her back. When we next see Talagaev, he has just been detected in cheating a peasant on a horse deal and is mobbed in the market place. At last, in a bitter snowstorm, when the narrator is battling the weather on his way to dine with a neighbor and has been suggesting to his coachman the possibility of marrying the girl whom Talagaev has tried to abduct (a bridging of the social gulf which the coachman cannot accept: "Oh, but she's a lady," he says), the horses shy suddenly away from something dark in the road. It is the body of Talagaev, lying in a pool of blood, his forehead split with a hatchet and a thick rope around his neck. The narrator remembers having said once in the presence of the murdered man that it was sad to think he might end his life in a brawl, and that Talagaev had answered, "Oh, no, my good sir! The Talagaevs don't die like that!" So the Evil Force of Turgenev is again given a social role and—never defeated before—is finally brought to a reckoning.

The last important event of Turgenev's literary life was his well-known letter to Tolstoy, written not long before his death, in which he tells his uncomfortable friend how glad he is to have been his contemporary and urges him to return to literature. It is a good deal more moving than anything on record in his letters to Pauline Viardot. He had had a rapprochement with her when she was aging and had lost her voice, and she had joined him in Baden. Unable any longer to sing, she now began to compose and teach singing. Her ambition was to have a school and a concert hall of her own, and Turgenev actually built her one. He wrote the librettos for the operas in which her pupils performed and himself pumped the bellows for the organ. He even acted comic parts in these operas. When a Russian friend tried to remon-

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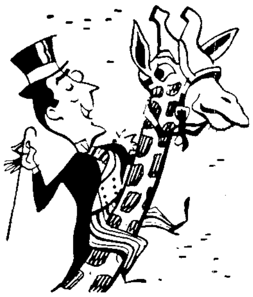

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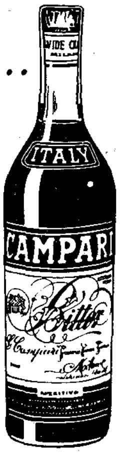

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strate, he only answered that Anton Rubinstein and Clara Schumann had thought so highly of "Le Dernier Sorcier" that they had advised Mme. Viardot to orchestrate it, but he wrote to a German friend, "I must confess, however, that when I lay stretched out on the floor in the part of the Pasha and saw a cold sarcastic smile of disgust play on the haughty lips of your Crown Princess, something went cold inside me. You know how little I care for my dignity, but even I could not help thinking that things had gone a little too far." Undoubtedly a helpless resentment against his relation to his mistress is expressed in the abject bondage of Sanin in "The Torrents of Spring" to the terrible Maria Nikolaevna, the daughter of a millionaire peasant, who combines irresistible attraction with merciless love of power. In the delirium of his last days, he called Pauline Lady Macbeth and railed against her for having denied him the happiness of married life. On one occasion, when she entered the room, he—symbolically—threw his inkwell at her. (One of her few recorded comments on Turgenev was that he was "*le plus triste des hommes.*") Later he sank into a coma and emerged from it only to say, "*Venez plus près . . . plus près. Le moment est venu de prendre congé . . . comme les tsars russes. . . . Voici la reine des reines. Que de bien elle a fait!*"

His body was transported to Russia and buried, by his orders, beside Belinsky's.

—EDMUND WILSON

•

MANCHESTER—The East Franklin Board of Education lessened its teacher shortage problem by firing three new teachers at a recent meeting.—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal.*

It's a beginning, anyway.

•

Hammer-heads have picked up an evil reputation as dangerous to man. But the case against them—besides their formidable appearance—rests mainly upon finding the remains of a man, including parts of his clothing, in a shark taken in 1805!

—*Science News Letter.*

Oh, that!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Kansas City (Mo.) Times*]

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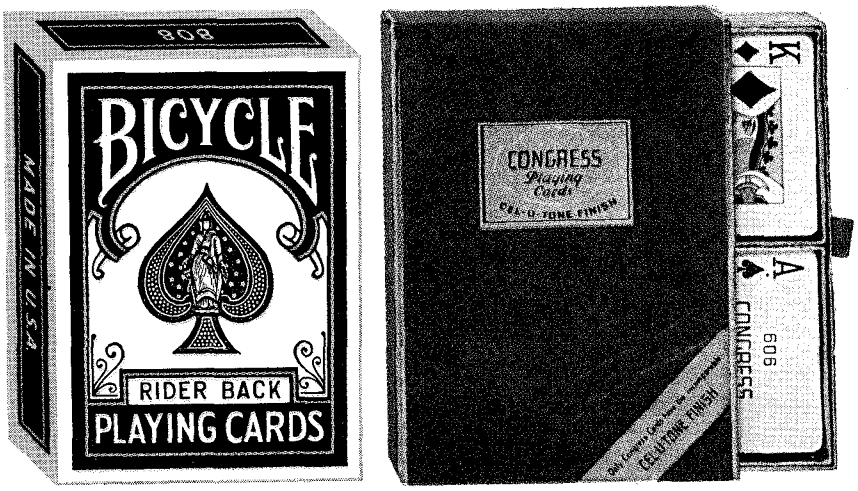
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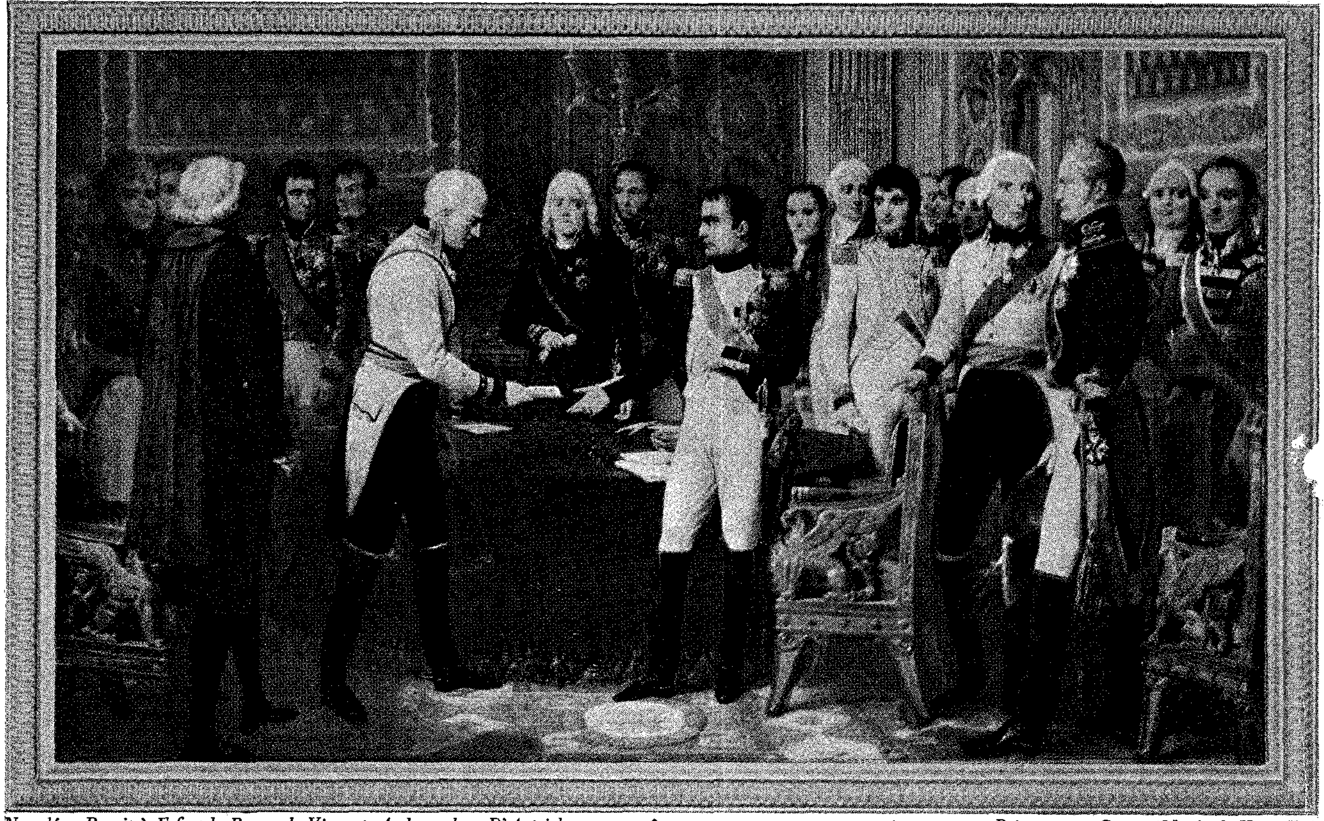

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